★ April 29, 1944

THE NEW YORKER

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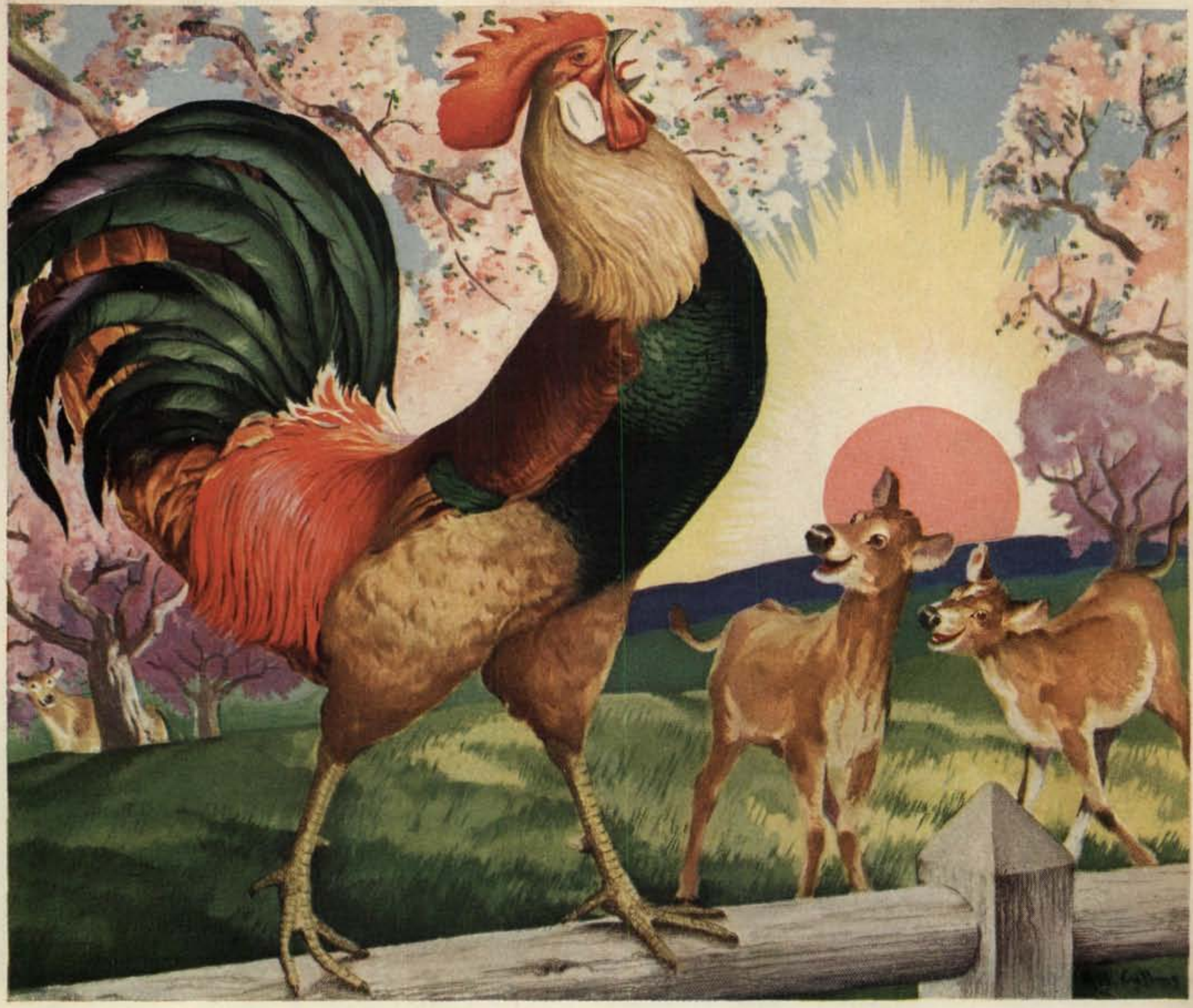

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AT BETTER STORES EVERYWHERE

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, APRIL 27, THROUGH SATURDAY, MAY 6.

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Angel Street—A superior melodrama about a man who tries to drive his wife crazy. Judith Evelyn and Leo G. Carroll are prominent in the dirty work. Third year. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Arsenic and Old Lace—Two nice old spinsters are in the habit of poisoning their boarders and burying them in the cellar. Now in its fourth year, this Crouse-Lindsay comedy, with Josephine Hull and Effie Shannon, is still one of the funniest things in town. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Tues., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Chicken Every Sunday—About a landlady in Tucson and how she copes with her dreamy husband. Rather pleasant and funny. The cast is headed by Mary Philips and Rhys Williams. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Decision—A worthy, rather heavy-handed play about Fascism on the home front. With Raymond Greenleaf and Gwen Anderson. (Ambassador, 49, W. CI 7-0760. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

The Doughgirls—Joseph Fields' farce about present-day Washington seems to contain all the necessary ingredients. Virginia Field, Arleen Whelan, Arlene Francis, and Doris Nolan are the ladies who upset the government. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Jacobowsky and the Colonel—Franz Werfel's slightly disappointing play (as rewritten by S. N. Behrman) about two refugees from France. The cast includes Oscar Karlweis, Annabella, and Louis Calhern. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Kiss and Tell—Typical George Abbott piece about a couple of adolescents who pretend they're going to have a baby. Jessie Royce Landis and Robert Keith head a competent cast. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Life with Father—This intelligent and high-spirited comedy, based on Clarence Day's stories, is in its fifth year. Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Mrs. January & Mr. Ex—A pleasant and amiable comedy by Zoë Akins about a woman who seems on her way to marrying one of our duller Presidents, with Frank Craven and Billie Burke. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Only the Heart—June Walker in one of those plays about a man-eating woman that have been turning up so often lately. Honest but occasionally pretty tiresome. With Mildred Dunnock and Will Hare. (Bijou, 45, W. CO 5-8215. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Othello—Margaret Webster and the Theatre Guild are responsible for this majestic revival. Paul Robeson is very impressive as the Moor, and José Ferrer's Iago is a masterpiece. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Over Twenty-One—Ruth Gordon as Dorothy Parker in a comedy about an Officers' Candidate School. Miss Gordon also wrote the darn thing, which isn't really as witty as some say. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Public Relations—Some sort of foolishness about a couple of old silent stars and how they are reunited. Philip Merivale and Ann Andrews do their best to take your mind off the plot. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40. May close Sat., April 29.)

Ramshackle Inn—A melodramatic farce that almost comes off but not quite. At least it introduces Zasu Pitts to Broadway, which is something. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

The Searching Wind—Lillian Hellman looks back over the history of Fascism and adds a few thoughts about love. A little confused and disappointing but certainly something for you to see. The cast assembled by Herman Shumlin includes Dudley Digges, Cornelia Otis Skinner, and Montgomery Clift. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Sheppey—W. Somerset Maugham's investigation of the possibilities of Christ-like behavior in modern times. An old theme, but adroitly and pleasantly handled. Edmund Gwenn has the title rôle and Sir Cedric Hardwicke was the director. The play has been previously produced in London. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Three Is a Family—A simple-minded, sometimes funny piece about pregnant ladies and the current housing shortage. With Ruth Weston, Una Merkel, Robert Burton, and William Wadsworth. (Longacre, 48, W. CI 6-6454. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 2:50.)

Tomorrow the World—What to do when you have a little Nazi in your home. An honest, if not always credible, attempt to solve a difficult post-war problem. Skippy Homeier is remarkable in his rôle of the young Nazi, and Conrad Nagel and Shirley Booth are very helpful as his American hosts. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Two Mrs. Carrolls—The main attraction of this melodrama is Elisabeth Bergner, who puts in a sound, workmanlike evening. Playing opposite her, when he gets a chance, is Victor Jory. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Voice of the Turtle—An expert comedy with a small, expert cast consisting of Margaret Sullavan, Elliott Nugent, and Audrey Christie. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Wallflower—A variation of the ugly-duckling theme, but it will probably remind you of "Kiss and Tell" and "Three Is a Family." (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Winged Victory—A cast of more than three hundred servicemen and some women civilians in Moss Hart's gigantic and beautiful recruiting poster for the Air Forces. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:15. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:15.)

WITH MUSIC

Allah Be Praised!—Some engaging performers wrestling with a weird book contrived by George Marion, Jr. Mary Jane Walsh, John Hoysradt, and Joey Faye figure prominently in all the confusion. Don Walker and Baldwin Bergersen wrote the music. (Adelphi, 54, E. CI 6-5097. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

Page

BOOKS 74
THE CURRENT CINEMA 48
MUSICAL EVENTS 70
NOTES ON SPORTS 69
OF ALL THINGS 47

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:

ABOUT THE HOUSE 50
MARKETS AND MENUS 53
THE RACE TRACK 63
TABLES FOR TWO 65
THE THEATRE 42

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, BRYANT 9-6300
EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 9-8200

Carmen Jones—A handsome and hilarious version of Bizet's opera, with an all-Negro cast. Oscar Hammerstein II has followed "Oklahoma!" with another tour de force. Produced by Billy Rose. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Early to Bed—A musical comedy concerned dimly with bull-fighting and Martinique. The cast includes Muriel Angelus, Mary Small, and Bob Howard, and there is Fats Waller's music. but the whole thing needn't bother you one way or another. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Follow the Girls—Gertrude Niesen demonstrating how to put over a song in a piece about some sailors and their girls. Guy Bolton and Eddie Davis wrote the book and the cast includes Jackie Gleason, Buster West, and Tim Herbert. (Century, 7 Ave. at 59. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

The Merry Widow—A big, good-looking revival, with Jan Kiepura and Melville Cooper. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Mexican Hayride—Bobby Clark is very funny in an otherwise standard musical. Cole Porter wrote the music and the lyrics, and the cast also includes June Havoc, George Givot, and Paul Haakon. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Oklahoma!—Splendid musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," contrived by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II and presented by the Theatre Guild. The cast includes Joan Roberts, Celeste Holm, Alfred Drake, Joseph Buloff, and Betty Garde. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

One Touch of Venus—Mary Martin as a statue who comes to life to the amazement of Kenny Baker, John Boles, Paula Laurence, and many others. Ogden Nash, S. J. Perelman, and Kurt Weill attended to the book and music, and Agnes de Mille has contributed some stunning ballets. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Ziegfeld Follies—Not the "Follies" as the Master used to turn them out, but still big and occasionally funny. Milton Berle and many, many others. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:35. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:35.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Helen Goes to Troy—Jarmila Novotna and Ernest Truex in Max Reinhardt's American adaptation of the operetta "La Belle Hélène." Staged by Herbert Graf, with choreography by Leonide Massine. Produced by the New Opera Company. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

A Highland Fling—A comedy by Margaret Curtis, with Ralph Forbes and Miss Curtis. Staged and produced by George Abbott. Opens Fri., April 28. Benefit performance Thurs., April 27, at 8:40, for the Joint Anti-Fascist Refugee Committee; for tickets, call MU 3-0180. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey presenting the usual stupendous attraction. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6800. Daily at 2:15 and 8:30 P.M.)

Children's Entertainment—The Heckscher Children's Theatre Group presenting "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer," Sat., April 29 and May 6, at 2:30 P.M. (Heckscher Theatre, 5 Ave. at 104. LE 4-3546.)

BALLET AND DANCE RECITALS

Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo—"Chopin Concerto," "Rodeo," "Pas de Deux Classique," and "Gaité Parisienne," Thurs. Eve., April 27. . . "Carnaval," "Ancient Russia," "Bluebird," and "Le Beau Danube," Fri. Eve., April 28. . . . "The Snow Maiden," "Rodeo," "Bluebird," and "Gaîté Parisienne," Sat. Aft., April 29. . . . "Etude," "The Cuckolds' Fair," "Pas de Deux Classique," and "The Red Poppy," Sat. Eve.,

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This is our Mrs. Blossom

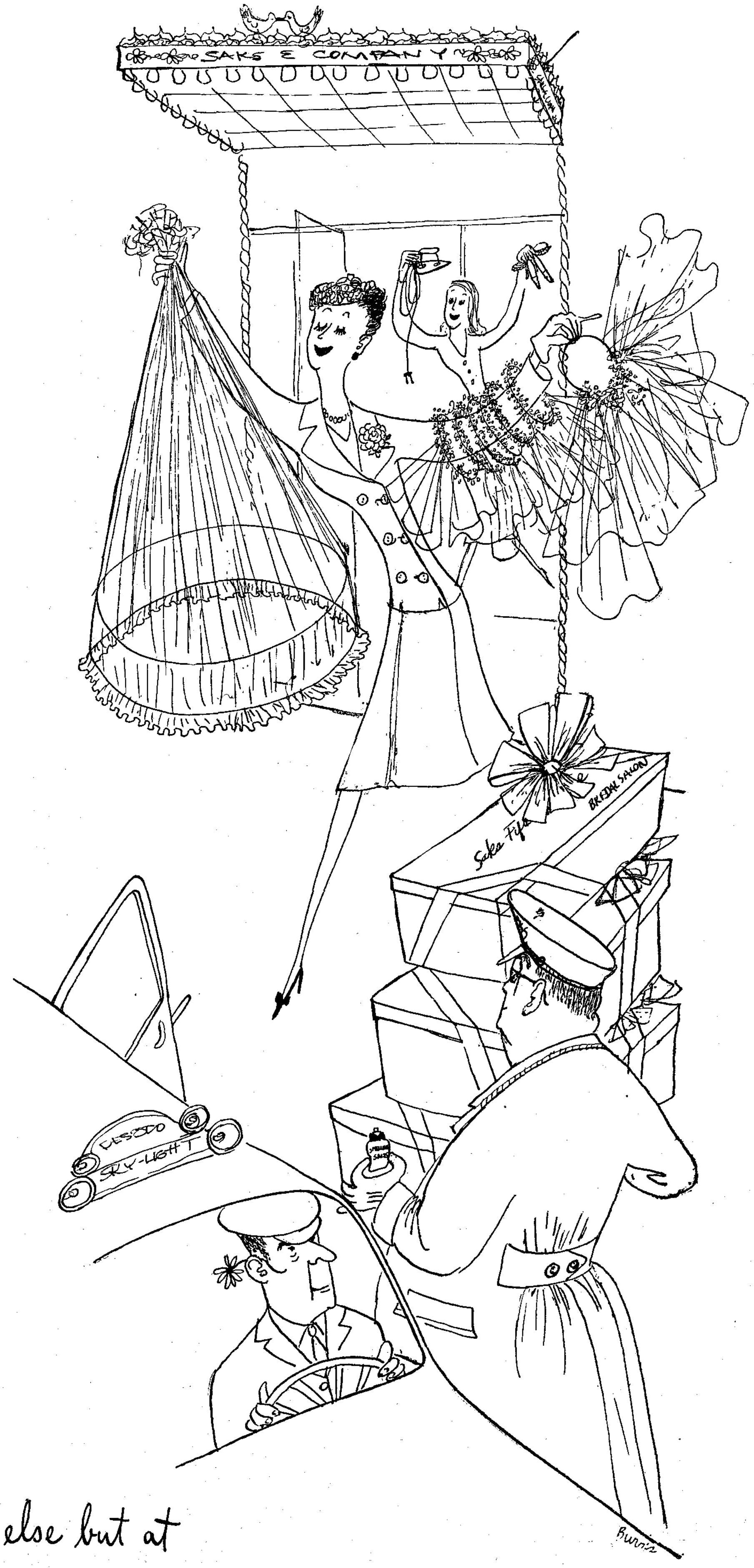
Mrs. Blossom, an indestructible brunette, goes to weddings the way commuters go for the 8:17 — at an eager, running dog-trot. As a member of Saks Fifth Avenue's Bridal Salon, she has dressed more brides and dissolved more crises than you could shake an old shoe at.

For instance, there was the trembling groom who tried to beautify himself just before the ceremony and accidentally shaved off half his debonair black mustache. It was Mrs. Blossom who resourcefully glued him together, and helped him keep a stiff upper lip, in more ways than one.

When a Westchester bride about to descend for the ceremony spilled nail polish on her Saks lace wedding train, Mrs. B. grabbed a handful of orange blossoms, pinned it over the gooey spot, and gave a ladylike leer when she read next day's accounts of the wedding, with the society editors burbling on about "the charming, unusual treatment of the train."

Right now she has a rather baffling case. Seems a pretty girl came into the Bridal Salon a year ago, and had Mrs. B. help her choose one of Saks best Lohengrin get-ups — shell pink satin embroidered with little pearl wedding rings. The girl paid for it, asked to have it held, and now she writes Mrs. B. cheery little notes every few months, saying: "Haven't found a man yet, but hope to make it by June."

Mrs. Blossom promised to keep us informed.



Oh Mrs. Blossom — where else but at

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

at Rockefeller Center

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

April 29. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55. CI 6-8989. Eves. at 8:40. Mat. at 2:40.)

Ballet Theatre—"Tally-Ho," "Aleko," and "Fair at Sorochinsk," Thurs. Eve., April 27. . . . "Romeo and Juliet," "El Amor Brujo," "Dim Lustre," and "Fair at Sorochinsk," Fri. Eve., April 28. . . . "The Romantic Age," "Fancy Free," "Pas de Deux," and "Bluebeard," Sat. Aft., April 29. . . . "Swan Lake," "Fair at Sorochinsk," "Pas de Quatre," and "Bluebeard," Sat. Eve., April 29. . . . "Aleko," "Fancy Free," "Bolero," and "Helen of Troy," Sun. Eve., April 30. . . . "Fancy Free," "Tally-Ho," "Pas de Quatre," and "Fair at Sorochinsk," Mon. Eve., May 1. . . . "Capriccio Espagnol," "Dim Lustre," "Pas de Quatre," and "Bluebeard," Tues. Eve., May 2. . . . "Three-Cornered Hat," "Lilac Garden," "Spectre de la Rose," and "Helen of Troy," Wed. Eve., May 3. . . . "Les Sylphides," "Fair at Sorochinsk," "Pictures of Goya," and "Gala Performance," Thurs. Eve., May 4. . . . "Giselle," "Fancy Free," and "Gala Performance," Fri. Eve., May 5. . . . "Les Sylphides," "Peter and the Wolf," "Spectre de la Rose," and "Tally-Ho," Sat. Aft., May 6. . . . "Romeo and Juliet," "Aleko," and "Mademoiselle Angot," Sat. Eve., May 6. (Metropolitan Opera House. PE 6-1210. Eves. at 8:40. Mats. at 2:40.)

Mia Slavenska—With her group—Central High School, 225 W. 24 (ST 9-1391), Sat., April 29, at 8:30 P.M. . . . Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington at 92 (AT 9-2400), Sun., April 30, at 3:30 P.M.

Doris Humphrey and Charles Weidman—In a series of repertory recitals. Sat., April 29 and May 6, and Sun., April 30, at 8:45 P.M. (Humphrey-Weidman Studio Theatre, 108 W. 16. CH 2-9819.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Because of the new cabaret tax, several hotel rooms and clubs, as noted below, are discontinuing dancing during the dinner hour or making other changes so that the tax will not apply. As further changes may be made, you'd better phone ahead before starting out. Also, many clubs are closed altogether or have fill-in performers on either Sunday or Monday, so you'd better phone about that, too.)

Ambassador, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—The Trianon Room is quiet and spacious. Jules Lande's orchestra plays for dancing.

Biltmore, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—A good-looking ice revue and Emile Petti's orchestra are in the Bowman Room.

Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Jimmy Savo, Mildred Bailey, Pearl Primus, and Teddy Wilson's orchestra. In other words, your money's worth.

Café Society Downtown, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—Cheerful and offhand, with music by Eddie Heywood's orchestra and a show including Josh White and Mary Lou Williams.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—An enormous and tumultuous room with pretty girls and palm trees. Tumult by Joe E. Lewis, music by an orchestra and a samba band. . . . The Copa Bar has music by the Kris Kay Trio.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Be it ever so gorgeous, it's still home to some people. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and a rumba band.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—After the dinner hour there is sweet and continuous music (for waltzers, too) by Eddie Davis's and Michael Lo Scalzo's orchestras.

Monte Carlo, Madison at 54 (PL 5-3400)—Very large, very regal, with Dick Gasparre's orchestra and Ralph Rotgers' rumba band.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Jane Pickens sings in the Cotillion Room, and you can dance to Stanley Melba's orchestra. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre Mon. through Fri. at the supper hour, and Sat. and Sun. for dinner and supper. Tea dancing daily.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Celeste Holm will sing saucily at the supper hour in the Persian Room until Tues., May 2, when Hildegarde takes over. Bob Grant's orchestra will continue to play there throughout the evening.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—The Iridium Room, which has an ice show at the supper hour and Freddy Miller's orchestra all evening, will close for the season on Wed., May 3. On the following night the Roof will open, with Freddy Miller's orchestra playing for dinner and supper. . . . Bob Simone's and Evan Jones' orchestras play for dancing in the Maisonette after 9 P.M.; this room will also close on Wed., May 3.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Joseph Marvin's orchestra and Clemente's marimba band are in the Café Lounge. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—A rather well-known playroom for the children. Noro Morales' rumba band and Peyson Ré's orchestra. Ernie Holst's orchestra plays for tea dancing daily.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Leo Reisman's orchestra plays for dancing in the Wedgwood Room and Victor Borge and Russell Swann suavely entertain the after-theatre trade. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Lounge Restaurant.

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS
FROM THURSDAY, APRIL 27,
THROUGH SATURDAY, MAY 6.

Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—**LE RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): Imogene Coca and Irwin Corey should make anyone laugh. . . . **BLUE ANGEL**, 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626): a rococo sort of place, with Robert Crum at the piano and the Bernards at their imitations. . . . **LA VIE PARISIENNE**, 3 E. 52 (EL 5-8553): Peggy Fears being Peggy Fears. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF**, 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): Spivy is back, with all her old raucous songs and a few new ones. . . . **1-2-3 CLUB**, 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns plays piano while the young folks talk.

Miscellaneous—At the **VERSAILLES**, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): Carl Brisson, beautiful in tails, and some showgirls, beautiful in rather less; Ray Sinatra's orchestra and Monchito's rumba band. . . . **LE COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): small but fancy; Dick Wilson's orchestra plays for dancing after 10 P.M. . . . **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): one of the tiniest dance floors yet; George Morris's orchestra, and songs by Anne Francine after 11 P.M. . . . **CASBAH**, 112 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-2236): not as rough as the original but much handsomer; Danny Yates' orchestra plays for dancing after 9:30 P.M. . . . **CASINO RUSSE**, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): Cornelius Codolban's orchestra and Russian entertainment. . . . **COMMODORE**, Lexington at 42 (MU 6-6000): Boyd Raeburn's orchestra. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Nick D'Amico's orchestra plays for dancing after 10:15 P.M. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Jerry Wald's orchestra, and an ice show which will be replaced by a variety show on Mon., May 1. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA**, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Glen Gray's orchestra. . . . **ROOSEVELT**, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): lots of Latin atmosphere in a fairly small space. . . . **CAFÉ ZANZIBAR**, B'way at 50 (CI 7-7380): Maurice Rocco and Ethel Waters, much the best of a rowdy Negro show.

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Mostly for Music— At the **HURRICANE**, B'way at 49 (CO 5-1995): Duke Ellington and his band and one of those Broadway shows. . . . **LINCOLN**, 8 Ave. at 44 (CI 6-4500): Count Basie's band. . . . **NICK'S**, 7 Ave. S. at 10 (CH 2-6683): jazz and nothing but, by Miff Mole, Peewee Russell, Bobby Hackett, and Eddie Condon; no dancing. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): the Clarence Profit Trio makes a trip downtown worthwhile, and there's also a Calypso singer. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Art Hodes and his piano heading a hot trio; no dancing. . . . **ONYX**, 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): the noise is supplied by the Al Casey Trio, the songs by Billy Eckstein. . . . **YACHT CLUB**, 66 W. 52 (EL 5-9511): lively music by Coleman Hawkins' band; no dancing. . . . **THREE DEUCES**, 72 W. 52 (EL 5-7742): Sidney Catlett's new band (including Ben Webster), the Leonard Ware Trio, and mad piano playing by Harry Gibson; no dancing.

ART

Ault Collection—Degas, Cézanne, Tamayo, Eilshemius, and other moderns; a benefit for the American Field Service: Valentine, 55 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 29.

Darrel Austin—Recent pastels: Perls, 32 E. 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 20.

Ballet—At the **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64: lots of old *engravings and a few good paintings, tracing the* history of the art; a benefit for French Hospital. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 13. . . . **SCHACHT**, 23 E. 64: drawings by Abraham Walkowitz. Daily 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., April 29.

George Bellows—Paintings from 1909 to 1922: Allison, 32 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 29.

Louis Bouché—*New paintings by an artist who knows* how to enliven the usual: Kraushaar, 730 5 Ave., at 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 13.

Robert Brackman—New oils and pastels: Macbeth, 11 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 13.

Arthur B. Carles—Semi-abstract still lifes and some abstractions: Nierendorf, 53 E. 57. Weekdays *9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 15.*

Arthur G. Dove—Twenty new paintings: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through May 21.

Max Ernst—New work by the French Surrealist: Julien Levy, 42 E. 57. Weekdays 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 6.

French—Derain, Dufy, Picasso, Vlaminck, and others of the Paris school: Niveau, 63 E. 57. *Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 6.*

Juan Gris—Forty oils, gouaches and drawings: Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 29.

Groups—At the **LILIENFELD**, 21 E. 57: New York artists including Lyonel Feininger, Borislav Bogdanovich, and B. J. O. Nordfeldt. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 29. . . . **KLEEMANN**, 65 E. 57: drawings, prints, and water colors by *modern French and American artists.* Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 29. . . . **DOWNTOWN**, 43 E. 51: new paintings and sculpture by Bernard Karfiol, Yasuo Kuniyoshi, Julian Levi, and other members of the gallery's group. Weekdays 10 A.M to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 6. . . . **ARTISTS'**, 43 W. 55: drawings and prints by Hans Boehler, Federico Cantú, Maurice Golubov, and others. Daily 1 to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 29. . . . **FINE ARTS**, 215 W. 57: annual show by the National Association of Women Artists. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 1:30 to 6 P.M.; through Sun., April 30. . . . **ROSENBERG**, 16 E. 57: Milton Avery, Marsden Hartley, Abraham Rattner, and Max Weber. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 29. . . . **PEIKIN**, 5 Ave. at 55: the Artists League of America, which includes Zoltan Hecht, Helen Ratkai, Chaim Gross, and a good many others. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 6. . . . **BRANDT**, 15 E. 57: paintings and drawings by John Sloan, Walter Pach, and others. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 29. . . . **JUNIOR LEAGUE CLUBHOUSE**, 221 E. 71: Malvina Hoffman, Isabel Bishop, Jon Corbino, and other contemporary painters and sculptors; a benefit for the Junior League Welfare Fund. Daily 10 A.M. to 9 P.M.; through Sat., May 6.

Lily Harmon—First show by a kind of feminine Raphael Soyer: Associated American Artists, 711 5 Ave., at 55. Daily 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 29.

Abraham Harriton—New paintings: A.C.A., 63 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 13.

Frank Herrmann—Landscapes and still lifes, many of them quietly successful: New Art Circle, 41 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 6.

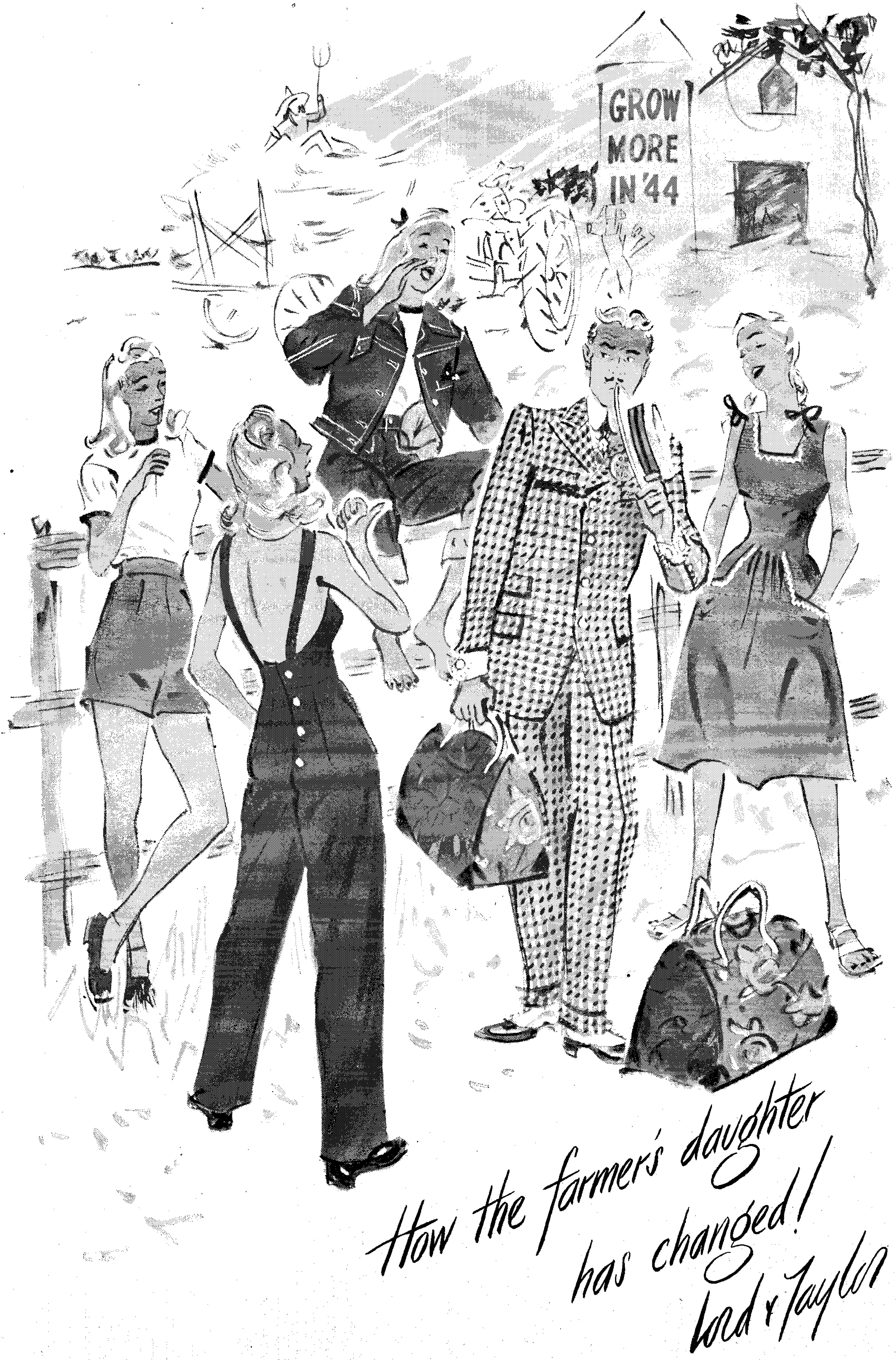
Pietro Lazzari—Flowers and landscapes in egg-tempera: Contemporary Arts, 106 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (also Mon. Eve., 8:30 to 11); through Fri., May 5.

Fernand Léger—His big picture "Les Plongeurs," and the preliminary studies for it: Jacques Seligmann, 5 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., May 6.

Abraham Levin—New oils by this self-taught artist: Galerie St. Etienne, 46 W. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Tues., May 2.

Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—Beautifully executed replicas of mosaics from the Hagia Sophia, and a showing of Turkish objets d'art of the fifteenth through the nineteenth centuries (through June 30); also, Greek paintings from the eighth century B.C. through the fourth century A.D., and a large loan show of Russian ikons (through Sept. 30). Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.

Modern Europeans—Paintings, most of which have never been shown, by Braque. Dali, Hélion, Mondrian, and others: Art of This Century, 30


GROW MORE IN '44
How the farmer's daughter has changed!
Lord & Taylor

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, APRIL 27, THROUGH SATURDAY, MAY 6.

W. 57. Weekdays 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 6.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—A large exhibition of modern Cuban painting (through May 7); also, modern American and European drawings (through May 10). Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 24 E. 54—A loan show of work by thirty-six artists, many exhibiting here for the first time. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Aug. 31.

Nineteenth-Century American—A large, not altogether distinguished collection of paintings from 1820 to 1870, including George Inness, Thomas Cole, and Worthington Whittredge: Newhouse, 15 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 10.

Portraits—At the KNOEDLER, 14 E. 57: paintings by Copley, Sully, Pease, and other Americans from 1730 to 1921. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 13. . . . 460 PARK, at 57: later American portraits, from 1921-44. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 27.

Walter Quirt—Oils by one of the firebrands of American Abstractionism: Durlacher, 11 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 29.

Janet Sobel—A first one-man show of her paintings: Puma, 108 W. 57. Weekdays 10:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 14.

Miron Sokole—Paintings, in his first show in five years: Midtown, 605 Madison, at 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 6.

Three Painters—James Lechay, De Hirsh Margules, and Ladislas Segy: Marquié, 16 W. 57. Weekdays 10:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 12.

Mark Tobey—New temperas: Willard, 32 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 29.

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8—Pictures and sculpture bought by the Museum during the past two years. Daily, except Mon., 1 to 5 P.M.; through April 30.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall and the Carnegie Chamber Music Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

Philharmonic-Symphony—Leonard Bernstein conducting; soloist, Selma Kramer, piano; a benefit for Palestine's First Aid Agency. Thurs., April 27, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

Jazz Concert—The sixth in a series of concerts under the direction of the guitarist Eddie Condon, this one featuring such musicians as Miff Mole, trombone; Peewee Russell, clarinet; Rex Stewart, cornet; and Sonny Greer, drums. Sat., April 29, at 5:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Mandolin Symphony Orchestra—With a choral group; Ignace Strasfogel conducting. Sat., April 29, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Polish Concert—Gregor Fittelberg conducting eighty members of the Philharmonic-Symphony; soloists: Bronislaw Huberman, violin; and Witold Malcuzynski, piano. Thurs., May 4, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

San Carlo Opera Company—"La Traviata," Thurs. Eve., April 27, and Sat. Aft., May 6. . . . "Aïda," Fri. Eve., April 28. . . . "Faust," Sat. Aft., April 29. . . . "Rigoletto," Sat. Eve., April 29, and Fri. Eve., May 5. . . . "La Bohème," Sun. Aft., April 30. . . . "Il Trovatore," Sun. Eve., April 30, and Sat. Eve., May 6. . . . "La Tosca," Mon. Eve., May 1. . . . "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," Tues. Eve., May 2. . . . "Carmen," Wed. Eve., May 3. . . . "Faust," Thurs. Eve., May 4. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Eves. at 8:30. Mats. at 2:30.)

New York City Center Opera—"Carmen," Mon. Eve., May 1. . . . "La Tosca," Wed. Eve., May 3. . . . "La Bohème," Thurs. Eve., May 4, and Sat. Eve., May 6. . . . "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," Fri. Eve., May 5. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55. CI 6-8989. Eves. at 8:15.)

Juilliard Opera—An English version of "The Abduction from the Seraglio," Fri. and Sat., April 28-29, and Mon. and Tues., May 1-2, at 8:15 P.M. (Juilliard Graduate School, 130 Claremont, at 122. MO 2-3302.)

Salmaggi Opera—"Carmen," Sat., May 6, at 8:30 P.M. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700.)

Glee Club of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick—George Mead directing. Thurs., April 27, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Marymount College Glee Club—Giovanni Camajani directing. Fri., April 28, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Elisabeth Rethberg—Soprano. Sun., April 30, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Russian Concerts—A program under the direction of Lazare Saminsky, with the University Women's Chorus and the Emanu-El Choir, as well as Nadia Reisenberg, piano, and other soloists; a benefit for Russian War Relief. Sun., April 30, at 5:30 P.M. (Town Hall.) . . . Sergei Jaroff's Don Cossack Chorus, and several soloists, including Argentinita and Pilar Lopez, the dancers; sponsored by the Russian newspaper *Novoye Russkoye Slovo.* Sat., May 6, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

Branscombe Choral—Gena Branscombe directing. Tues., May 2, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

University Women's Chorus—Lowell P. Beveridge directing. Fri., May 5, at 8:45 P.M. (Carnegie Chamber Music Hall.)

Richard Dyer-Bennet—Ballad singer. Sat., May 6, at 3 P.M. (Town Hall.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Philadelphia, Thurs., April 27, at 2:30 P.M.; Yankees vs. Boston, Fri. and Sat., May 5-6, at 2:30 P.M. . . . POLO GROUNDS: Giants vs. Dodgers, Sat., April 29, at 2:30 P.M., and Sun., May 30 (doubleheader), at 2 P.M.; Giants vs. Philadelphia, Tues. and Wed., May 2-3, at 2:30 P.M. . . . EBBETS FIELD: Dodgers vs. Boston, Tues. and Wed., May 2-3, at 2:30 P.M.; Dodgers vs. Philadelphia, Fri. and Sat., May 5-6, at 2:30 P.M.

Chess—National Championship finals—At the Park Central Hotel, 7 Ave. at 55: Thurs., Mon., Wed., and Thurs., April 27, and May 1, 3, and 4, from 7 to 11 P.M., and Sat., Sun., and Sat., April 29, 30, and May 6, from 2 to 6 and 7 to 11 P.M. At the Manhattan Chess Club, 100 Central Pk. S.: Fri., Tues., and Fri., April 28, May 2, and 5, from 7 to 11 P.M.

Crew—Columbia-Cornell-Navy, Harlem River, Sat., May 6, junior-varsity at 5 P.M., varsity at 6 P.M.

Racing—Weekdays at Jamaica at 1:45 P.M., through Sat., May 6. (Jamaica Handicap, April 29; Grey Lag Handicap, May 6.) Frequent trains leave Penn Station Mon. through Fri. between 11:20 A.M. and 1:30 P.M., and Sat. between 11:01 A.M. and 1:30 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

War Exhibitions—At the CHRYSLER BLDG., 405 Lexington, at 42: a collection, assembled by the Army, of combat vehicles, artillery, bombs, and small arms, including a bazooka. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 11 A.M. to 7 P.M. . . . MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY, R.C.A. Bldg., 1250 6 Ave., at 50; the development of the United States Navy from 1776 to the present, shown by four hundred miniature models of ships, including every type of naval vessel now in active use. Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through June 30.

Narcissus Show—The annual spring event of the Horticultural Society, 598 Madison, at 57 (16th floor). Mon., May 1, from 2 to 10 P.M., and Tues., May 2, from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

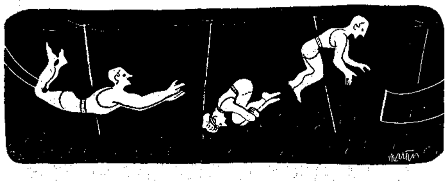
Americana—At the NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, Central Pk. W. at 76: a display of portraits, furniture, books, manuscripts, silver, and china, relating to the Dutch period in New York. Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; other days 1 to 5 P.M.; through Sun., April 30. . . . MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, 5 Ave. at 104: life-size tableaux of scenes along the New York waterfront a century ago, and ship models, paintings, and prints of the period, in a show celebrating the one-hundredth anniversary of the Seamen's Church Institute. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through July 2.

Latin America—The history and cultural development of South and Central America, as shown in prints, diaries, manuscripts, and books, dating from 1500 to 1900: New York Historical Society, Central Pk. W. at 76. Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; other days, except Mon., 1 to 5 P.M.; through July 30.

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36—Religious symbolism, shown in a collection of illuminated manuscripts dating from the ninth through the sixteenth centuries. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through May 20.

Photography—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53: snapshots by amateur camera fans from the 1880's to the present. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through May 10. . . . PHOTOGRAPHY CENTER, 9 W. 54: photographs of people, in the first of a series of exhibitions by younger photographers. Weekdays 1 to 6 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 6 P.M.; through Sun., April 30.

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57—The American antiques collection of the late Mrs. J. Amory Haskell: Thurs. through Sat., April 27-29, at 2 P.M. . . . The James McHenry collection of early American autographs: Wed., May 3, at 2 P.M. . . . Paintings by old masters, the Impressionists, and modern French and American artists: Thurs., May 4, at 8:15 P.M.



ON THE AIR

Music—Philharmonic-Symphony, Artur Rodzinski conducting, Sun., April 30, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . Boston Symphony: Serge Koussevitzky conducting, Sat., April 29, at 8:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . Metropolitan Opera (on tour): "La Bohème," Sat., April 29, at 2:30 P.M.; "Carmen," Sat., May 6, at 2 P.M.; WJZ. . . . New York City Center Opera: "Carmen," Mon., May 1, at 8:15 P.M., WNYC. . . . Ballet Theatre, Thurs., Sun., and Tues., April 27, 30, and May 2; Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, Fri., April 28; at 8:40 P.M., WNYC.

Sports—Racing: Jamaica Handicap, Sat., April 29, at 4:15 P.M., WOR; Chesapeake Stakes, Sat., April 29, at 4 P.M., WEAF; Kentucky Derby, Sat., May 6, at 6 P.M., WABC.

News Commentators—Samuel Grafton, Sun. at 7:45 P.M., WOR. . . . Leon Henderson, Sat. at 6:45 P.M., WJZ. . . . Quincy Howe, nightly, except Thurs. and Sun., at 6 P.M., WABC. . . . Ed Murrow (from London), Sun. at 1:30 P.M., WABC. . . . Waverley Root, Sat. at 7:30 P.M., WAAT. . . . Lisa Sergio, Mon. through Fri. at 7 P.M., WQXR. . . . William L. Shirer, Sun. at 7 P.M., WABC. . . . Johannes Steel, Mon. through Sat. at 7:30 P.M., WMCA. . . . Leland Stowe, Fri. and Sat., April 28-29, and Fri., May 5, at 10 P.M., WJZ. . . . Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Thurs. at 10 P.M., WJZ. . . . Dorothy Thompson, Sun. at 7:15 P.M., WJZ.

News via Short Wave—Mon. through Sat. at 6:45 P.M. and Sun. at 2:30 P.M., WABC. . . . Mon. through Fri. at 7:15 P.M. and Sun. at 11:15 P.M., WEAF. . . . Mon. through Fri. at 6:30 P.M., WMCA.

MOTION PICTURES

Cover Girl—A nice musical, with Gene Kelly, Rita Hayworth, Phil Silvers, and a platoon of beautiful models. Music by Jerome Kern. and lyrics by Ira Gershwin. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50; through Wed., May 3.)

For Whom the Bell Tolls—A scenic and well-acted adaptation of Hemingway, somewhat marred by political cloudiness. The cast includes Gary Cooper, Ingrid Bergman, Akim Tamiroff, and Katina Paxinou. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; through Wed., May 3.)

A Guy Named Joe—Contains some fantasy that gets a little out of hand, but pretty intelligent otherwise. Spencer Tracy as a bomber pilot and Irene Dunne as his girl in the Ferry Command. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; through Sat., April 29. . . . Normandie, Park at 53; Mon. and Tues., May 1-2.)

Jack London—The emphasis is on London's experiences with the Japs. Michael O'Shea and Susan Hayward. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; through Fri., April 28. . . . Beacon, B'way at 75; through Sat., April 29. . . . Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Tues. and Wed., May 2-3.)

Jane Eyre—A pretty good adaptation except for the acting of Orson Welles, which is eccentric. Joan Fontaine is Jane, and there's also Henry Daniell. (Normandie, Park at 53; Fri. through Sun., April 28-30. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Fri. through Wed., April 28-May 3.)

Lady in the Dark—Bigger and gaudier than Moss Hart ever dreamed of. Ginger Rogers, Ray Milland, and Mischa Auer. (Paramount, B'way at 43; through Tues., May 2.)

Lifeboat—Alfred Hitchcock has set several people adrift in an open boat and given them some very realistic adventures. Tallulah Bankhead, William Bendix, Walter Slezak, and Canada Lee are in the cast. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; and Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Fri. through Mon., April 28-May 1. . . . Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sat. through Mon., April 29-May 1.)

The North Star—Lillian Hellman has written a movie about the Russians that combines good international thinking with fine cinema art. The cast includes Erich von Stroheim, Walter Huston, Anne Baxter, and Ann Harding. (Normandie, Park at 53; Thurs., April 27.)

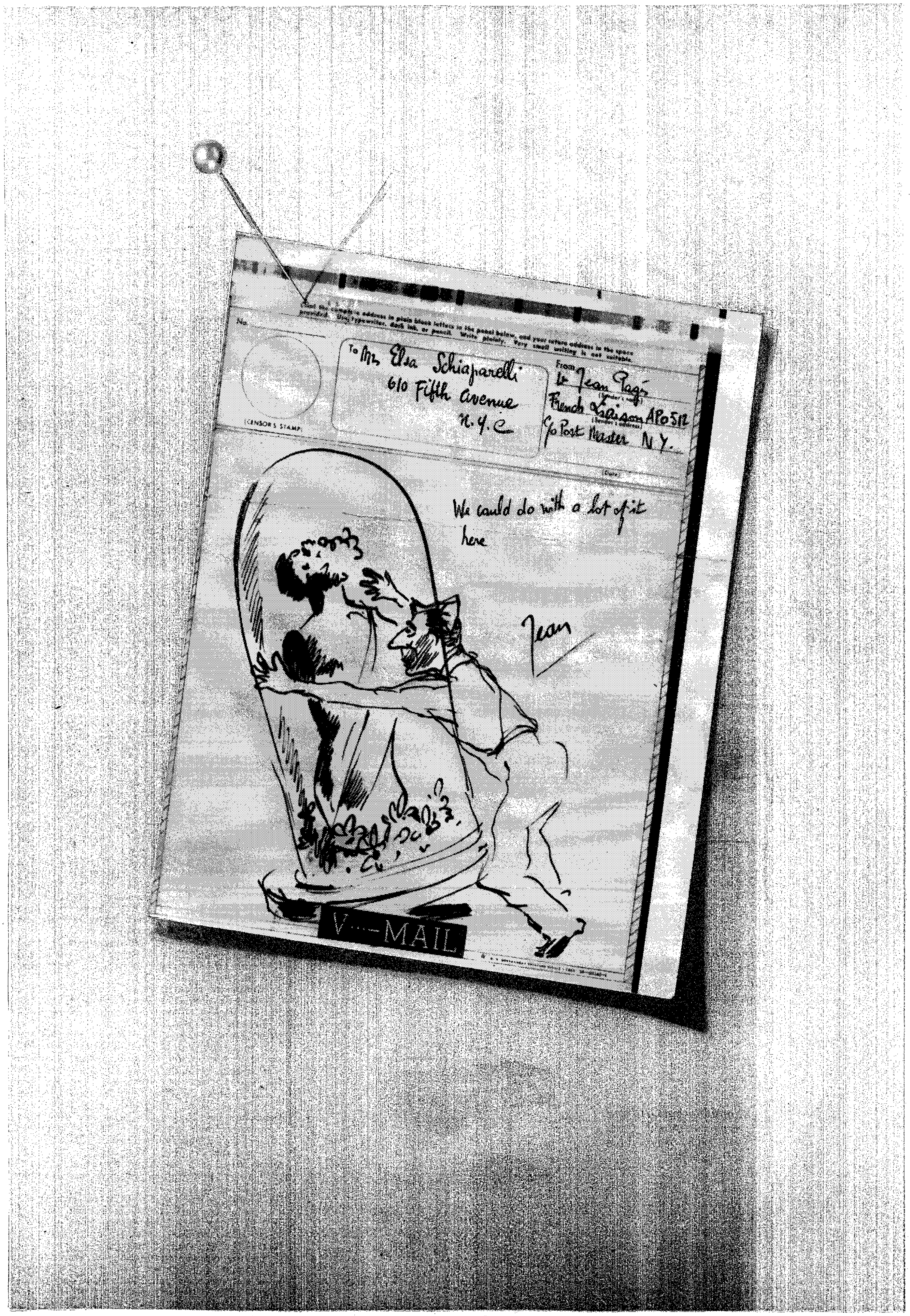
Old Acquaintance—A rambling film about marriages and careers, nicely held together by Bette Davis, assisted by Miriam Hopkins and John Loder. (Beacon, B'way at 75; Sun. and Mon., April 30-May 1.)

Passage to Marseille—Humphrey Bogart, Michèle Morgan, Peter Lorre, and Sydney Greenstreet up to their ears in adventures among the Fighting French. (Hollywood, B'way at 51; through Mon., May 1.)

See Here, Private Hargrove—The bright side, brightly done, of basic training. Robert Walker, Keenan Wynn, and Donna Reed. (Astor, B'way at 45.)

The Song of Bernadette—A likeable, human account, distinguished by good acting, of the girl who saw visions at Lourdes. The cast includes Jennifer Jones, Vincent Price, Gladys Cooper, and Lee J. Cobb. (Rivoli, B'way at 49.)

Standing Room Only—Another agreeable comedy about the housing shortage in Washington. Fred



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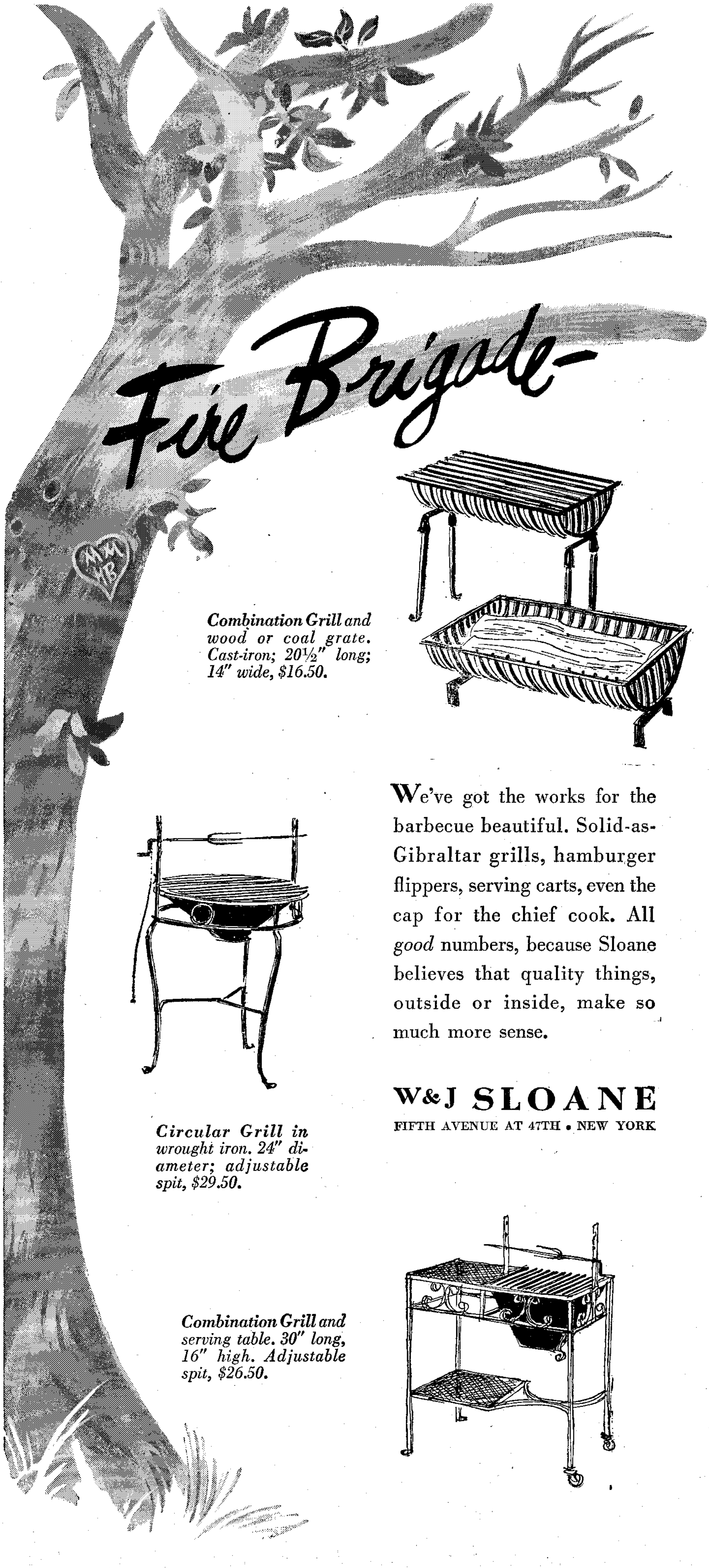

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MacMurray and Paulette Goddard. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; and Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; through Mon., May 1.)

The Sullivans—Background, well handled for the most part, on the five brothers who were killed in the Pacific. Thomas Mitchell, Anne Baxter, and Selena Royle. (Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; through Fri., April 28. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; through Sat., April 29. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; through Mon., May 1. . . . 77th Street, B'way at 77; through Wed., May 3. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Tues. and Wed., May 2-3.)

Tunisian Victory—A British-American documentary, sometimes dull, sometimes absorbing, and always informative. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; Tues. and Wed., May 2-3.)

REVIVALS

Animal Crackers (1930)—An early Marx Brothers. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57.)

Ballerina (1938)—Ballet folk backstage. In French, with Mia Slavenska. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55.)

Catherine the Great (1934)—Romance and ruin in imperial Russia, with Elisabeth Bergner and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Wed. and Thurs., May 3-4.)

Cavalcade (1933)—Noel Coward's account of England during two wars. Diana Wynyard and Clive Brook. (Art, 36 E. 8; Fri. through Mon., April 28-May 1.)

Chapayev (1935)—Russian melodrama of a minor revolutionary hero. In Russian. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Wed. and Thurs., May 3-4.)

Crime et Châtiment (1935)—French film of the Dostoevski novel. With Harry Baur. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Sat. and Sun., April 29-30.)

Crime Without Passion (1934)—The Hecht-MacArthur film of night life and murder. Claude Rains. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; through Sat., April 29.)

Elephant Boy (1937)—An elephant hunt in India. With Sabu. (Art, 36 E. 8; Thurs., April 27.)

Four Feathers (1939)—Kitchener in Egypt, by Korda, in Technicolor. Ralph Richardson, June Duprez. (Art, 36 E. 8; Tues. and Wed., May 2-3.)

Go West (1941)—Life on the wild plains interpreted by the Marx Brothers. (Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Tues. and Wed., May 2-3.)

Golden Boy (1939)—Barbara Stanwyck, Adolphe Menjou, and William Holden in the Odets drama. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., April 27.)

The Great McGinty (1940)—Brian Donlevy as a crooked politician. With Muriel Angelus. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Sun. through Tues., April 30-May 2.)

The Heart of a Nation (1943)—The history of a French family, and France, from the 1870's to the present. In French, with Michèle Morgan, Raimu, Louis Jouvet. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; through Tues., May 2.)

Holiday (1938)—The Philip Barry piece. Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Mon. and Tues., May 1-2.)

If I Had a Million (1932)—The first and most famous of the all-star episode films, with, among others, Charles Laughton, W. C. Fields, and Gary Cooper. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57.)

Lost Horizon (1937)—Where people live forever. Ronald Colman and Margo. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Wed. and Thurs., May 3-4.)

Mayerling (1937)—An archduke's tragic love. In French, with Charles Boyer and Danielle Darrieux. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Sun. through Wed., April 30-May 3.)

A Midsummer Night's Dream (1935)—Shakespeare, James Cagney, Dick Powell, Olivia de Havilland, and Mickey Rooney. (Thalia, B'way at 95; through Fri., April 28.)

Night Train (1940)—Carol Reed's first big thriller of spies, the Gestapo, and all. Margaret Lockwood and Rex Harrison. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; tentative, Sun. through Tues., April 30-May 2.)

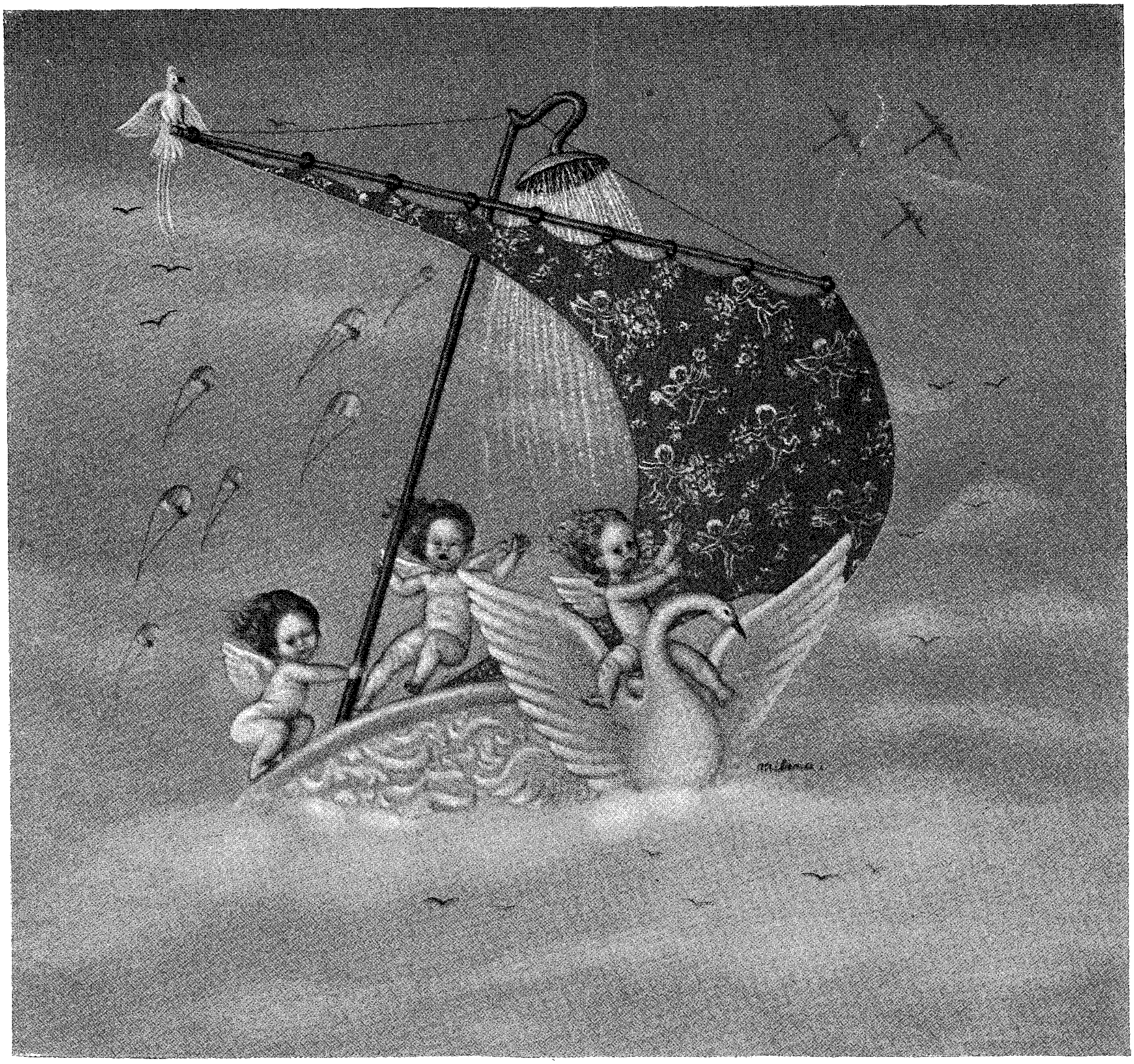
The Private Life of Henry VIII (1933)—Charles Laughton as the King. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Wed. and Thurs., May 3-4.)

The Scoundrel (1935)—Noel Coward, Julie Haydon, and Alexander Woollcott in the Hecht-MacArthur legend of a phantom publisher. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; through Sat., April 29.)

Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs (1938)—Walt Disney's first full-length cartoon. (Manhattan, B'way at 51.)

Un Carnet de Bal (1938)—A widow traces the careers of her early loves. In French, with Marie Bell, Harry Baur, and Raimu. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Mon. and Tues., May 1-2.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing old motion pictures weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 1:20, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M. on the following schedule: **THURS. AND FRI., APRIL 27-28:** "Beau Geste" (1926), with Ronald Colman. **SAT. AND SUN., APRIL 29-30:** "The Black Pirate"



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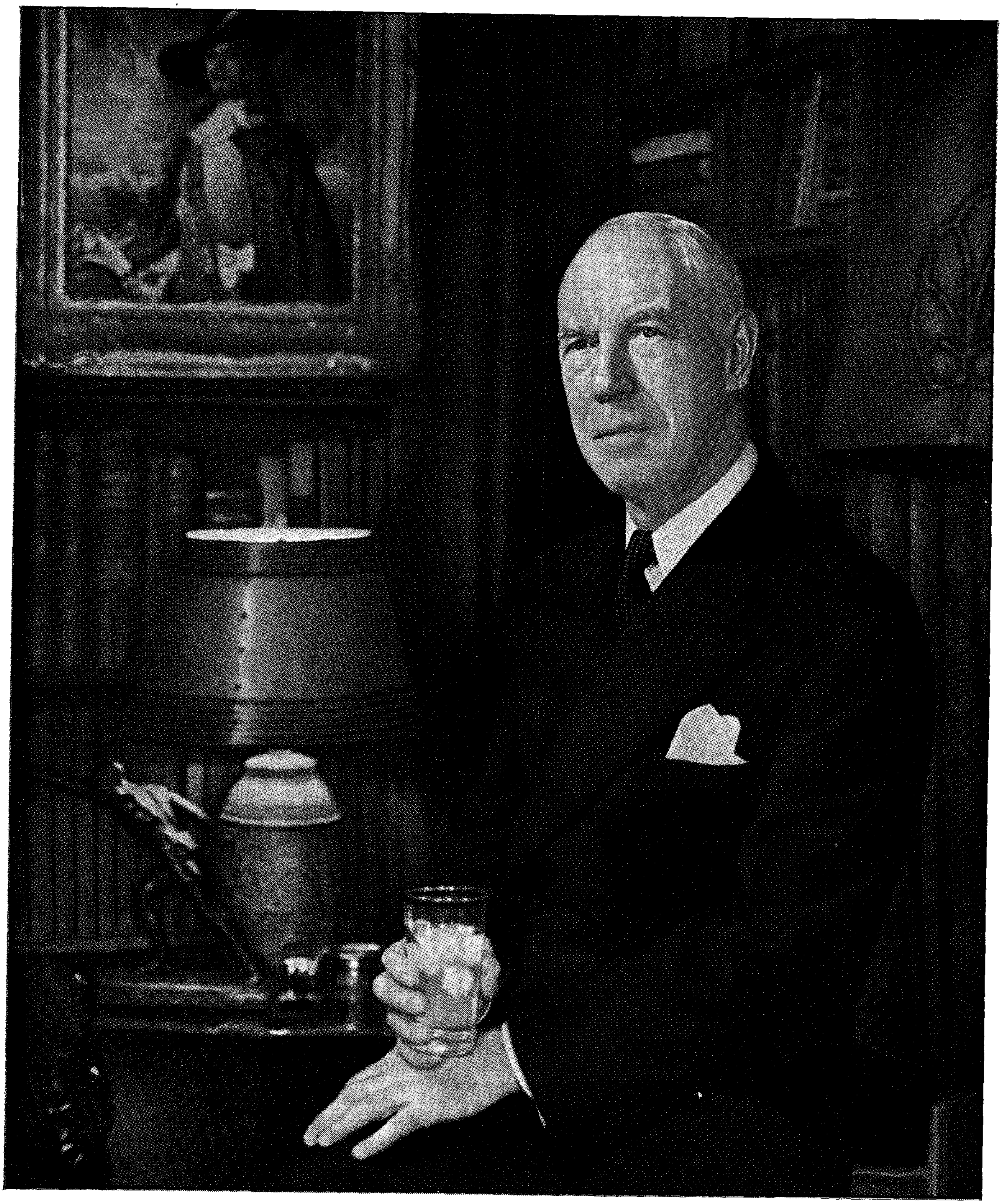


For Men of Authority...LORD CALVERT

FOR many years Lord Calvert has been America's most expensive blended whiskey. It is "Custom" Blended for those who can afford the finest. So *rare* ...so *smooth*...so *mellow*...it has never been produced except in *limited* quantities. Each bottle is individually numbered and registered at the Calvert distillery.

LORD CALVERT IS A "CUSTOM" BLENDED WHISKEY, 86.8 PROOF, 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. CALVERT DISTILLERS CORP., NEW YORK CITY.

(1926), with Douglas Fairbanks and Billie Dove. **MON. AND TUES., MAY 1-2:** "Moana" (1926), directed by Robert J. Flaherty. **WED. AND THURS., MAY 3-4:** "The Gaucho" (1927), with Douglas Fairbanks and Lupe Velez. **FRI. AND SAT., MAY 5-6:** "Chang" (1927), adventure film.

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

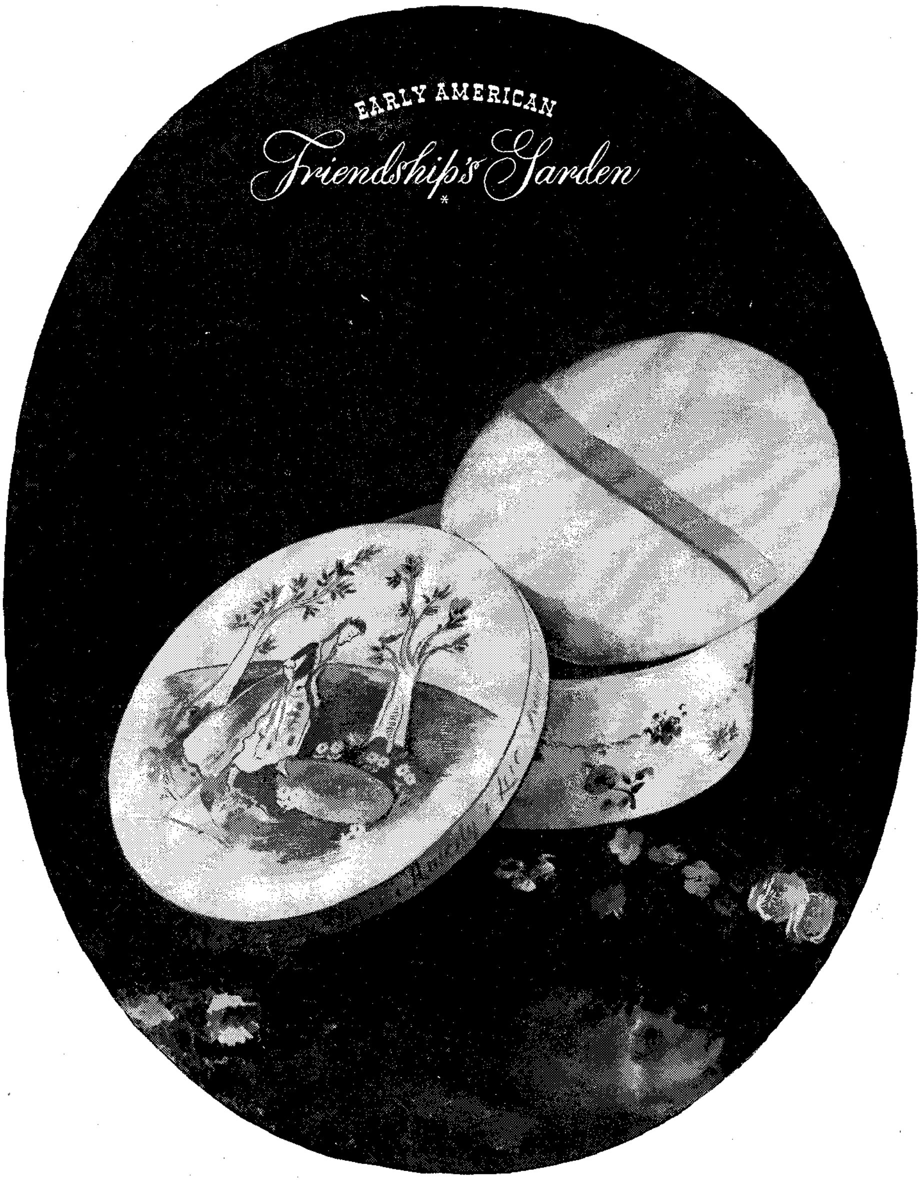
VOLUNTEER WORK—Hundreds of men and women are still needed to fill emergency wartime jobs. Four organizations equipped to direct residents of the city into various kinds of work are listed below, along with a few of the most pressing needs of the moment. At the **CIVILIAN DEFENSE VOLUNTEER OFFICE**, 707 Fifth Ave., at 55th (PL 5-7300): men and women who, after taking a short training course, can work five hours a week for the Office of Price Administration, checking prices in neighborhood stores; men and women with some knowledge of a foreign language, especially Italian and Chinese, to act as interpreters for O.P.A. price checkers working in foreign districts. . . . **RED CROSS**, 315 Lexington, at 38th (MU 4-4455): women to spend as much time as they can spare during the day making surgical dressings and filling kits for servicemen to take overseas; women to take an eighty-hour course and then work at least two full days each week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc. . . . **AMERICAN WOMEN'S VOLUNTARY SERVICES**, 11 E. 58th: women who can pass a driver's test and then, after completing a course in mechanics and first aid, work three days a week in the Motor Transport Service, driving for the Armed Forces and government agencies (RE 7-3700); women to work three to five hours a day, several days a week, preparing refreshments and serving at servicemen's clubs (RE 4-5982). . . . **UNITED HOSPITAL FUND**, 370 Lexington, at 41st (CA 5-7150): men to take a short training course and then serve about six hours a week as hospital aides; women to serve at least six daytime hours a week as library aides in hospitals.

NOTE—The War Manpower Commission is recruiting volunteers for the U. S. Crop Corps, to harvest fruit and vegetable crops and to work in canneries during the summer and early fall. Applications can be made at the Farm Section of the U. S. Employment Service, 44 E. 23rd (AL 4-8500).

SALVAGE—Tin cans and wastepaper of all kinds should be kept separate from other refuse and given to your building superintendent, who will see that they both reach the proper authorities. Although cans in any condition are acceptable, it will facilitate handling if you flatten them after cutting out both ends. Wastepaper should be tied in easily-handled bundles. . . . The government urges that householders continue to save kitchen fat, used in the manufacture of explosives and sulfa ointments. Your butcher will give you two meat-ration tokens for every pound you turn in. . . . Rags are urgently needed for use on ships, in war plants, and by mechanized forces. They can be turned over to any charitable organization or junk dealer.

SUBURBS AND COUNTRY—The setups for volunteer work and salvage collections are by no means uniform outside the city, but most rural communities have some sort of committee in charge of these activities. If your local police can't direct you to a convenient one, write for instruction to the War Council at your county seat.

GIFTS, LOANS, ETC.—Donors who wish to contribute blood to the Red Cross to send to field and base hospitals should call MU 5-6400 for an appointment. . . . The Army needs dogs weighing fifty pounds or more and from one to five years old to train for sentry, scout, or messenger duty. Owners who want to donate such animals should get in touch with Dogs for Defense, 22 E. 60th (PL 9-6470), to see whether theirs meet the Army's fairly stringent requirements. . . . The Navy wants to borrow Zeiss or Bausch & Lomb binoculars, and the Jockey Club, 250 Park Ave., at 46th (EL 5-6146), is serving as a collection centre for them. If you have some you are willing to lend, call the club to see whether they meet the specifications. . . . The Citizens Committee for the Army and Navy, 36 E. 36th (MU 3-5366), will arrange to call for and distribute any furniture, radios, records, and pool or tennis tables that you may care to contribute for use in the recreational rooms of Army posts and Navy bases. . . . Musical instruments of all kinds, from ukuleles to pianos, are needed for Army and Navy hospitals, transport ships, and recreation centres. Contributions can be made to the Metropolitan Opera Guild, 654 Madison, at 60th (RE 4-2410), or to the Special Services Officer of the New York Port of Embarkation, Arsenal Bldg., 3 Ave. at 63rd, Brooklyn (WI 9-5400, Ext. 538). . . . The War Emergency Board of the Fur Industry converts discarded furs, no matter how old, into vests for members of the Merchant Marine. The furs should be sent to the Fur Vest Project, 135 W. 26th (PE 6-4789).



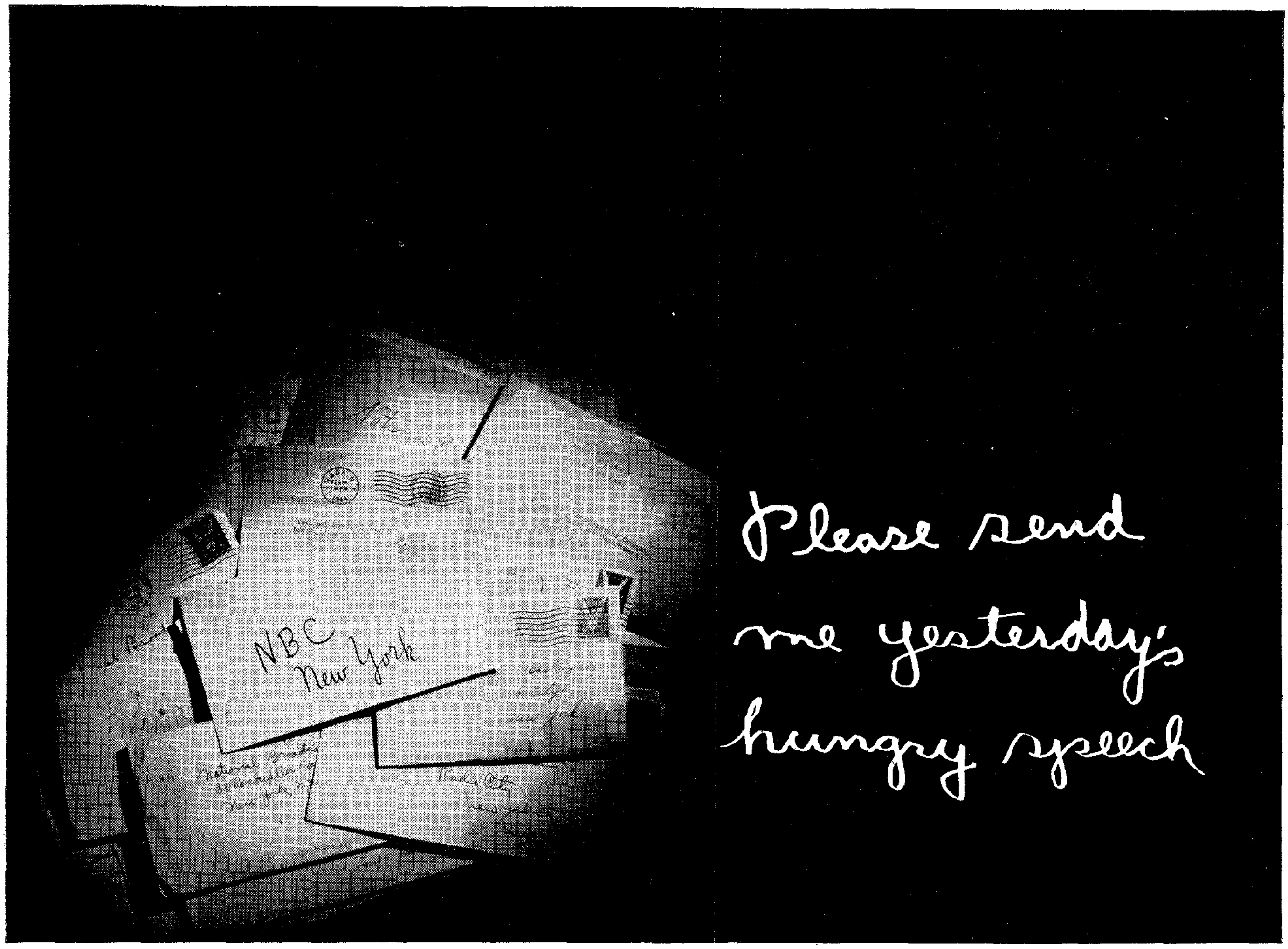
Largess in Loveliness

Your wonderful blossom-scented Friendship's Garden Dusting Powder, cool and caressing as morning mist—in a new large box, enchanting in its own right for the sylvan grace of design. The extra-generous quantity and extra-large puff invite freer use of fragrance. A Shulton Original. 12 oz. in decorated box . . $1.50

YOU CAN HELP SHORTEN THE WAR

Child Care Centers and Nursery Schools need volunteer assistants. Apply local C.D.V.O.

*Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. • SHULTON, Inc. • ROCKEFELLER CENTER • NEW YORK 20, N.Y.



What *is* a "hungry" speech? Or when is a speech hungry?

A stickler for NBC's Information Department, interpreting and answering this youngster's letter.

Did he mean a news broadcast about a famine in India or China—or was this "juvenile jive," meaning he considered some speech "strictly from hunger"?

NEITHER. "Information" searched the files and found he wanted a speech about conditions in wartime Hungary.

Whatever his reason may have been in asking, "Information" answered this letter as faithfully as it answers the 100,000 other inquiries a year from college professors, housewives, lawyers, students, technicians . . .

Yes, everyone who writes to NBC gets an answer—whether his question is about broadcasting, Babe Ruth or battleships.

Why does NBC go to all this trouble? Because it builds good will—and the public's good will—*your* good will—is the greatest of all NBC's assets.

Granted, letterwriting is not a rapid way to reach masses of people. But NBC painstakingly handles such "little things" because they add up to making the "big things" more effective.

★ ★ ★

This faithful attention to details helps NBC retain its leadership, helps make NBC *"the Network Most People Listen to Most."*

Stay tuned to the

National Broadcasting Company

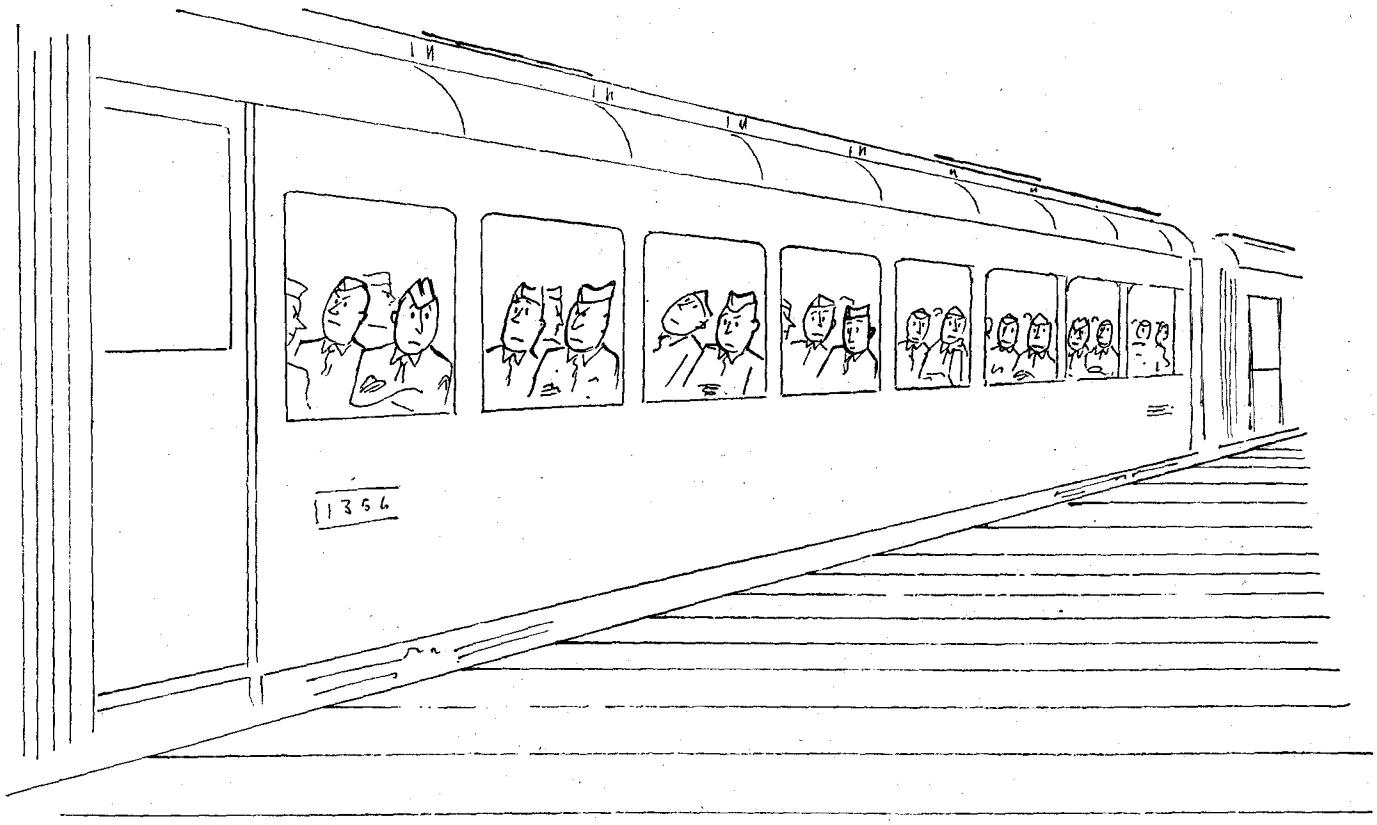
It's a National Habit

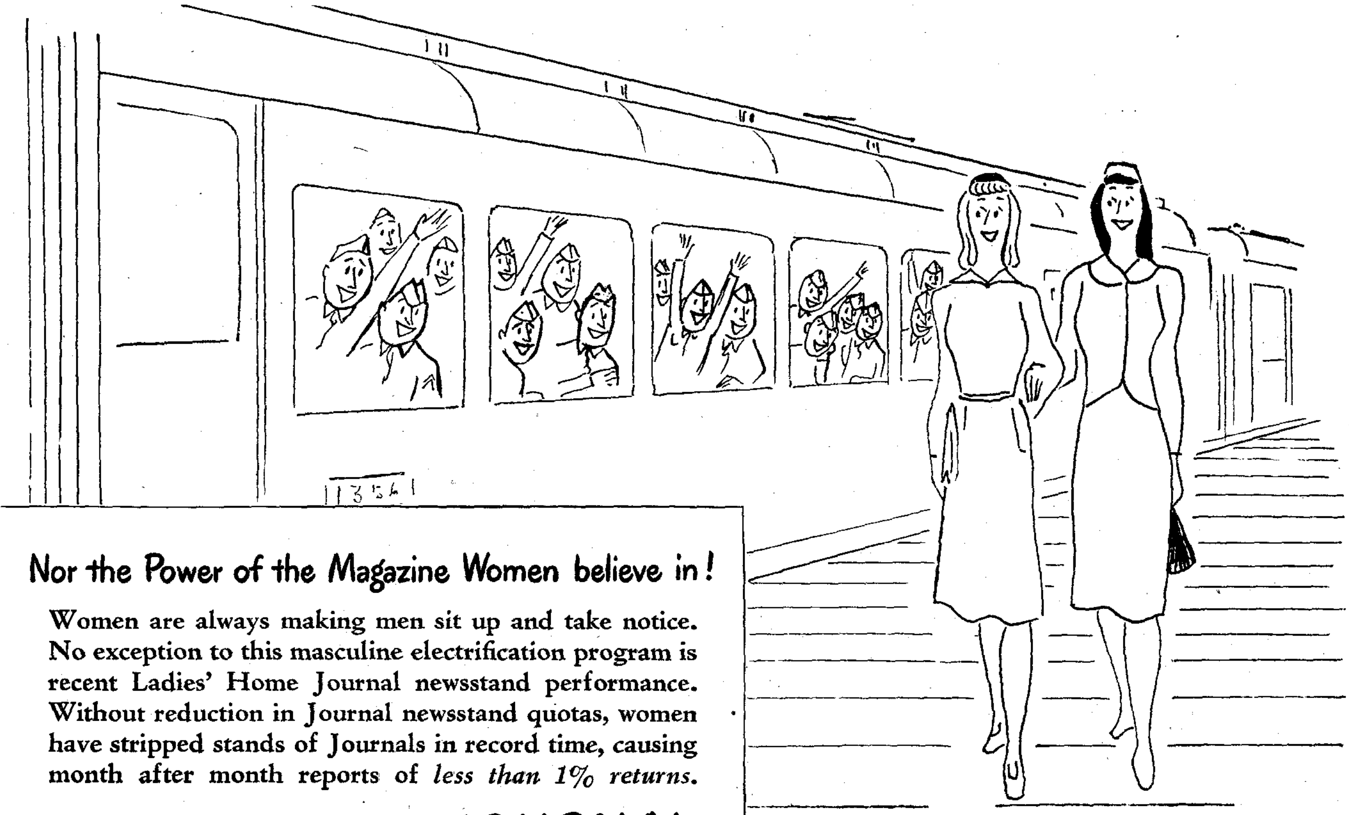
America's No. 1 Network

NBC

A Service of Radio Corporation of America

Never Underestimate the Power of a Woman!





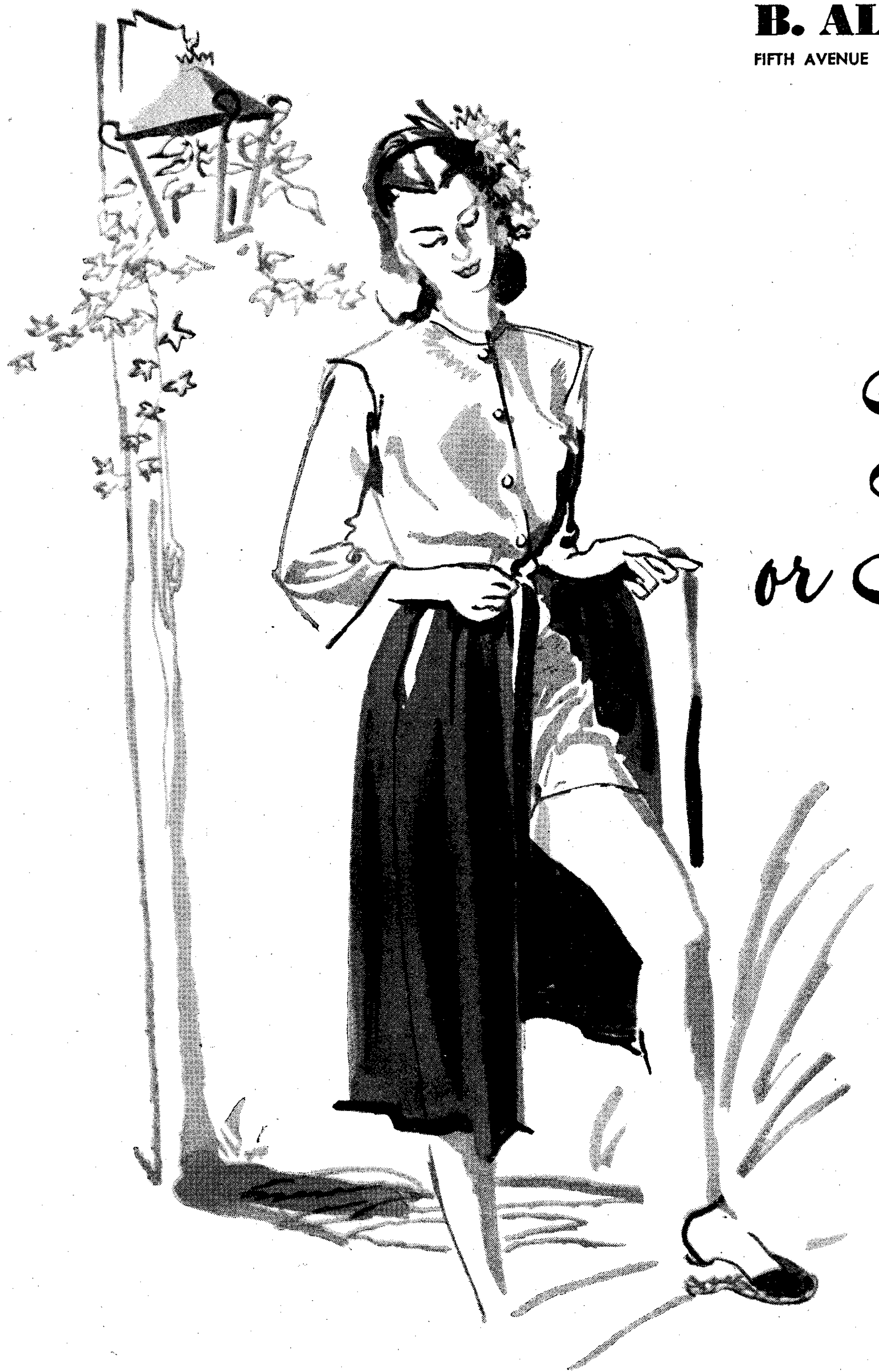
Nor the Power of the Magazine Women believe in!

Women are always making men sit up and take notice. No exception to this masculine electrification program is recent Ladies' Home Journal newsstand performance. Without reduction in Journal newsstand quotas, women have stripped stands of Journals in record time, causing month after month reports of *less than 1% returns.*

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

Largest audited circulation of ANY magazine

B. ALTMAN & CO.
FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK



Sun or Shade

the wraparound skirt can transform this one-piece playsuit into a casual costume at a moment's notice. Cool Everfast rayon. Playsuit in corn-silk yellow, black skirt. Pink with aqua skirt. Sizes 10 to 16, 29.95. Altman sportswear fashions, third floor

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

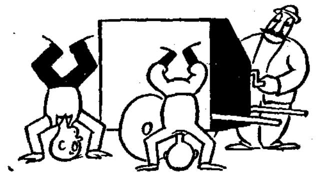
Notes and Comment

THE discontinuance of F. P. A.'s "Conning Tower" was a serious blow to poets. The "Tower" had the peculiar virtue of being a no-pay proposition—a man could confide his private sorrow or his elation or his exhaustion to F.P.A. without exposing himself to the stigma of a money reward. In type he bared himself to the world at large and to his beloved in particular, and at the same time he retained his amateur emotional standing. The "Tower" was a sort of post office at which everybody's mail was opened and read by everybody else, certain items being fraught with special significance for certain individuals. This was ideal.

Lacking this outlet, the soldier poet of today is driven (or attracted) into the magazines. His heartbreak is first condensed to V-mail proportions and then dispatched to editorial offices, where it becomes the subject of word-rate conferences. Sometimes, instead of arriving directly from the poet, it comes via the Dark Lady of the Poem herself, who, it would appear from the accompanying note, has undertaken to act as her admirer's agent—a curious double rôle for a girl to be playing in these muddled times. We've been thinking all this over and wondering whether *The New Yorker*, for instance, shouldn't establish a no-pay page, for the exclusive use of soldier poets and others who are trying to get in touch with a human heart in a distant homeland. It would be a fascinating experiment. Such is the force of love and the confusion of belles lettres that we have no doubt the applicants for the page would soon outnumber the ordinary cash-on-the-nose contributors, whose well-paid dactyls have long since ceased to kindle any but the most impressionable females.

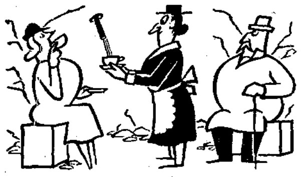
MR. DEWEY's stealthy approach to the White House has received the full approval of at least one voter we've heard of, a lady of some social standing. "Of *course* he hasn't made any statement," she said. "After all, if your name were up for a club, you'd hardly talk about what you'd do if you were taken in, would you?"

BOYS, we are pleased to report, have not changed fundamentally since our own time, or, for that matter, Mark Twain's. One rainy day last week we passed a lad of about six sitting on the front steps of a brownstone house in the East Forties. He was entirely encased in a cardboard carton except for his head, which emerged from a hole in the top, and he sat there with his face turned up to the sky, guzzling rainwater. A day or so later we saw two slightly older boys watching a street hurdy-gurdy, utterly fascinated. "Whaddya think makes it go?" one asked the other, and simultaneously and without any further intercommunication both stood on their heads and inspected the underside of the machine.



BUSINESS courtesy, the protocol of the switchboard and the outer office, is ordinarily nothing much, but now and then it rises to heights of greatness. The other day, for example, we called a large-as-life executive and got connected with his secretary. "Ooscallanum, please?" she asked. "Mr. So-and-So," we told her. "Oh, *yes*—Mr. So-and-So of B. B. D. & O., isn't it?" she trilled. When we said it was Mr. So-and-So of *The New Yorker*, she said, "Oh, of course." Her plain implication was that there were two So-and-Sos, both well known to her, at least by reputation. Actually, there is no So-and-So at B. B. D. & O., nor did the minx know us from Adam. It was all simply her tactful way of getting us to yield up the puny secret of our identity, her theory being that there's not a man in New York but would be flattered at being mistaken, even over the telephone, for a B. B. D. & O. man. It's probably a fairly sound theory.

READING in our morning newspaper about the London family who were trapped in a wrecked bomb shelter past teatime and had their tea piped down to them, we were reminded again that the essential quality of the British mind is an amalgam of courage and habitude, and never very hard to spot. The foundation of the American mind is rather more obscure, but we believe that it is well typified by a military communication an officer friend of ours showed us the other day. One of the enlisted men under him had been lax about writing his mother, the mother had written the War Department about it, and the War Department had dispatched an order to our friend. "This soldier will be advised to write his mother," the order said, "and also be informed that he is expected to write sufficiently often to preclude personal correspondence becoming the subject of official communication." There, we figure, are the elemental qualities of the American mind laid out in a row: the attentiveness to small detail, the blunt impatience with the subtleties of personal relationship, the sentimentality masked by gruffness and wooden prose expression, and the veneration of Mother. The opposite number of the Englishman brushing the plaster off the end of a pipe to get a spot of tea is the American writing his mother once a



week to preclude personal correspondence becoming the subject of official communication.

Capezio's

WE will now sneak in a commercial plug for Capezio ballet slippers, on the excuse that, with two major ballets performing simultaneously in town, the subject is timely. At the office of S. Capezio, Inc., twenty-seven steps up at 1612 Broadway, we met Mr. Ben Sommers, president of the firm (Capezio, the founder, is no more, as of January, 1940). Sommers told us that, as far as anybody there knows, Capezio's is the biggest theatrical-shoe firm in the world; certainly it's the biggest in this country. Its list of customers runs gaudily from Argentinita through Danilova, de Mille, Martha Graham, Gene Kelly, Bill Robinson, Ted Shawn, Slavenska, and Toumanova, ending, of course, with Zorina. "Just put down that you could go on and on," Sommers advised us. As noted recently in this magazine, the great Markova wears Capezios. Sommers loves her because she's indisputably his most difficult customer. Recently she came in with twenty-four pairs of slippers which had been made to her order and announced that none of them were any good. "I told her they were just like the ones we always made for her, but for her they were not right, that was all she knew. A real artist," Sommers said. "You take Danilova, Slavenska—if the shoe is not quite right, it is the show must go on. With Markova, it is the right shoe, or what show?"

Ballet slippers (or you can call them "shoes" if you like) can be bought out of stock, but nine out of ten professionals have them made to their measure. For the custom trade, Capezio's keeps a file of cards, on each of which appears the name of a dancer, the name of his or her teacher or coach, and a record, with dates, showing what had to be done to the shoes to make them fit and what, if anything, turned out to be wrong with them. A ballet dancer wouldn't think of having less than a dozen pairs of slippers on hand, and before going out on tour will order forty or fifty pairs, at something between three and five dollars a pair. The slippers last only about a week, what with daily workouts, pre-performance warmups, and the performances themselves. The rationing rules, by the way, make no exception for any kind of dancing shoes. However, a shoe isn't subject to rationing if it hasn't a cattle-hide top and if the leather in the sole weighs five irons or less (an iron is a unit of measurement which we have no intention of explaining). Before the war, Capezio ballet shoes had seven-iron soles; now they're five, which makes coupons unnecessary.

Salvatore Capezio, founder of the firm, arrived in this country from Italy in 1887 and set up a tiny shoe-repair shop on West Fortieth Street. The singers and dancers from the Met started sending their shoes to him, and then once, in a crisis, he turned out a pair of slippers for the tenor de Reszke to wear in "Romeo and Juliet." De Reszke liked them so well that he sent his friends to Capezio, who was soon forced to give up his repair business to keep abreast of his custom trade. He cemented his alliance with the theatre by marrying a young Italian girl who was dancing at the Hippodrome. During the first World War, he had a contract with the Italian government to supervise the production of military boots, and in the twenties he formed a tieup with Saks to market a street-wear version of an open-shanked theatrical sandal—"the first open-shanked sandal for street wear in the world," Sommers told us impressively. Otherwise the Capezio business policy has been to concentrate on dancing shoes. Business took a big jump when the tap-dancing craze hit the theatre. In fact, the demand for tap shoes got so intense that Capezio opened a factory to make nothing but them, up in Newburyport, Massachusetts, where the hoofers are few enough to be kept under control. Business these days is frantic. Not only is there the ballet revival but Capezio's now has to supply slippers to dancers who used to work in their bare feet. "Those barefoot outfits had us worried for a while," Sommers said. "But now I hope we are not going to say 'I told you so' even a single time." The Army Special Services Division buys dancing shoes from Capezio's, and just recently the government of the Union of South Africa ordered six hundred pairs of ballet and tap shoes for the use of its Defence Force Entertainment Corps. As for the postwar prospect, it dazzles Sommers. "I can see millions of people dancing around in millions of fine Capezio slippers," he said.

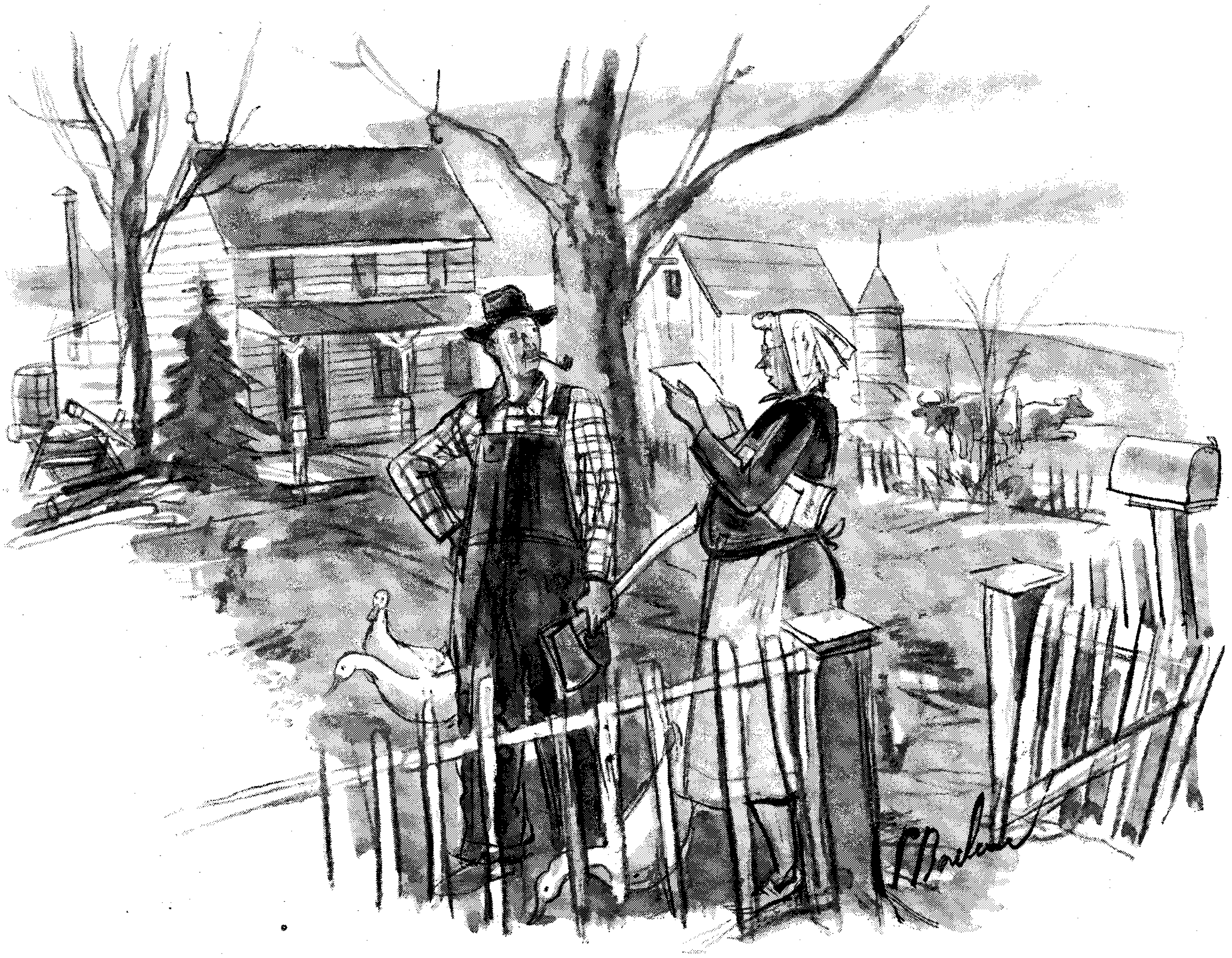
Whim

IT can be very disturbing to drop into a corner cigar store for cigarettes and find that your favorite brand is out of stock. We saw this happen to a girl one day last week and she *was* disturbed. "Darn it," she said, in pretty indignation, "sometimes I wish this war was over."

Our Own Baedeker

BY way of briefing the newspaper public for the invasion, we present some random and unrestricted facts about the old French provinces of Picardy, Normandy, and Brittany, which lie across the Channel from England. They include some seven hundred miles of coastline, which offers an invader anything from a sandy bathing beach to a chalk cliff. Inland, the terrain is generally flat, rising gently from a practically sea-level plain in Picardy to a low plateau in Brittany. This whole region, about half the size of the state of New York, has naturally had some bloody ups and downs. In the dawn of history, the resident Iberians were set upon by the pugnacious Celts. Caesar's troops campaigned there, and so did roving bands of Teutons and Vikings. In the sixteenth century, the Spaniards came through and did a lot of damage. Partly as a consequence of these invasions, the inhabitants display all sorts of racial characteristics.

The Normans are descendants of the tall, blond Norsemen who settled on the coast. They used to be great warriors, their most signal triumph being, of course, the conquest of England. They also conquered Sicily, but somehow that didn't take. Normandy is the home of Camembert cheese. Also of tripe à la mode de Caen. Normans are not feminists; a farmer will use "the creatures" as a designation for the entire distaff side of his family. On the other hand, they are traditionalists. The annual fair at Guibray, for example, dates back to William the Conqueror. François de Malherbe, a sixteenth-century Norman, was an early opponent of rhe-



"Oh, dear! It's from those Wellesley girls. They want to help us again this summer."

• •

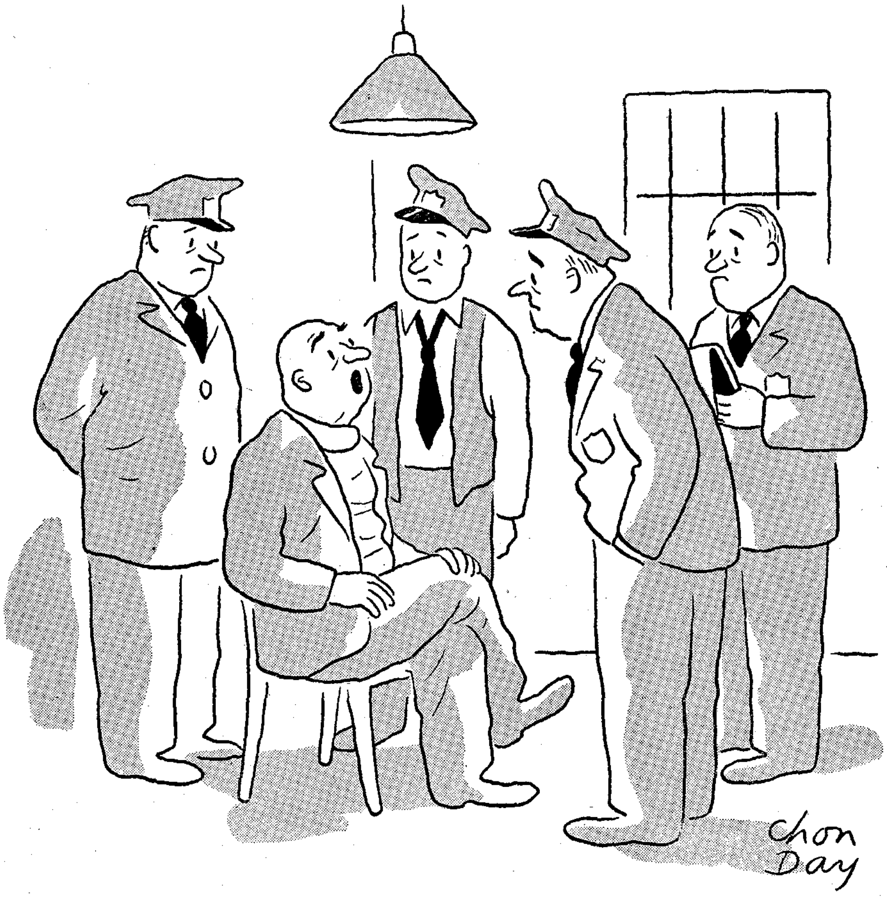
torical redundancy, and succeeded in persuading theologians not to say "mortal man" or "immortal God." The Normans were notorious in the sixteenth century for a game called *choule*, a sort of cross-country hockey that was played from dawn to dusk and resulted in many scarred and broken limbs. Calvados, a somewhat more civilized version of our Jersey lightning, is distilled in Normandy. No wine is produced in any of the three provinces; too far north.

In Brittany, a Celtic tongue is still spoken. No Breton will say the word "rabbit," for fear of bad luck. Bretons have a lot of other superstitions—they kill crabs in the belief that they contain evil spirits, and address the fish in the sea in doggerel verse before casting their nets. It was a Breton, one M. Blanchard of Lorient, who first put sardines in cans. There are more menhirs and dolmens in Brittany than anywhere else in the world. A dolmen is a flat slab of stone supported by stone uprights, and a menhir is a big stone stood on end. Some of the menhirs in Brittany weigh twenty tons or so, and nobody can figure out how the early natives stood them up, or why, though a good guess is that they were props used by Druid priests. The Bretons play the bagpipe and have a special kind of elf called a poulpican, which takes advantage of young girls who spend too much time in bar-and-grills. Farm animals in Brittany are made to walk through smoke once a year as a charm against disease. The Breton lay, a rhymed short story, has fortunately gone out of fashion. Bluebeard was a Breton; so was Jeanne de Belleville, a notorious lady pirate.

There isn't a hell of a lot to say about the natives of Picardy. They like to whittle, and some of the whittlers pick up a little pocket money by doing wood carving. The first person in Europe to be vaccinated was a Picard child. Picards invented the rebus, and they had the honor of being fired on by the first cannon. There is a village called Y in Picardy. The *crocs*, a light dust that blows in after a Channel storm, is a regular feature of the weather. Philip the Good, a medieval duke whose reputation as a practical joker has survived him by five hundred years, had a castle in Picardy filled with all sorts of fun-making devices—trap doors that dumped the guests into a pile of feathers, devices that sprayed soot or water when touched, and even a mechanical figure which jumped out of the wall and beat people with a stick. It's a cheering historic fact that Philip was finally beaten up by his own automaton.

Con Brio

ONE of our spies was smoking a cigarette in the lobby of the Columbia University library when a sailor entered the building, briskly whistling a theme from Sibelius's Second Symphony. As he reached the door of the reading room, he still had five or six bars to go. He stopped dead in front of the door, fin-



"But I tell you, on that night I was at home plotting something entirely different."

• •

ished the passage, unpuckered his lips, and disappeared within.

Thousand-Character

WE now take up Thousand-Character Chinese, a simplified language that has been suggested (by a Chinese, as it happens) as an alternative to Basic English. A Dr. Lin Mousheng, a local official of the Chinese News Service, first brought up this idea publicly during a radio-forum discussion of the merits of Basic English; it surprised everybody, including, we gathered, Dr. Lin himself. "I had been in favor of the idea for some time," he said when we called on him last week, "and it just sort of spurted out that night on the radio." Dr. Lin has lived here eleven years, and has studied at Oberlin, Yale, and the University of Chicago, so he's able to compare the two simplified languages in a reasonably unbiassed way. He told us, by way of background, that Thousand-Character Chinese is the invention of James Yen, a famous Chinese educator who is now in Washington, working for his government. Shortly after the first World War, Mr. Yen collected what he thought were the thousand most important words in Chinese. There are seventy thousand words in the written language, which, by the way, is used all over China no matter what local dialect is spoken. Each word is represented by a separate ideograph, or character. Hence the name Thousand-Character Chinese. In the process of correction and revision, Mr. Yen's new language grew from a thousand to twelve hundred and fifty characters, but he couldn't bear to part with a catchy name like Thousand-Character Chinese, and we can't say we blame him.

Now then, the advantages of Thousand-Character over Basic, as expounded by Dr. Lin, are these. There are only eight hundred and fifty words in Basic, but you have to learn at least a little English grammar to use them. The twelve hundred and fifty words in Thousand-Character are mostly just nouns and verbs, and you use them pretty much as you like, the Chinese language having no persons, numbers, genders, conjugations, declensions, or other gadgetry. Instead of saying "Tomorrow I shall go," a Chinese just says "Go tomorrow," and assumes that the listener will use the brains God gave him to figure out who's going and that the tense is taken care of by "tomorrow." In Chinese, all forms of the verb "to be"—am, art, is, are, was, wast, were, shall, wilt, be, will be, have been, and the rest—are taken care of by the one character *shih*. You say "Yesterday I be cold" and "Tomorrow I be cold." Be easy, no? As for plurals, Dr. Lin points out that if Americans say, "One sheep, two sheep," there's no earthly reason they shouldn't say, "One child, two child," as the Chinese do. Another nice thing about Chinese is that almost all the nouns are also used as verbs, and vice versa—"sweep" and "broom," for instance, would be the same word. In China, there's no distinction between adverbs and adjectives, and there consequently is no horror there at an expression like "Drive slow." Matter of fact, in Dr. Lin's opinion, we Americans approach the spirit of his language when we're at our tersest, in telegrams, signs, and headlines. As for the ideographs you'd have to learn to master Thousand-Character, he says that's not too tough, because they're really nothing but highly stylized little pictures, some of which could be figured out by a person who didn't know the language at all. "Tree," for example, is represented by an ideograph that might be said to look like a tree, and to say "forest" you write "tree" two or three times in succession. "Not much of a forest, but a forest, anyway," Dr. Lin remarked modestly.

Dr. Lin pointed out to us that Churchill's "blood, sweat, and tears" can be literally translated into Thousand-Character, but the nearest Basic can come is "blood, face water, and eye water." "That's Basic for you," he added, with an Oriental chuckle. A Thousand-Character conversation could include the vital phrase "I'm bored," whereas in Basic this would have to be "I'm tired," which isn't the same thing at all. "Vanity, vanity, all is vanity" is almost the same in the Thousand-Character version, but if you try it in Basic, you come up with "Foolishness, foolishness, everything is foolishness."

Reader Reaction

THIS is a conversation which we would have given much to overhear in its entirety, but unfortunately we caught only the last half of a sentence, dropped by one of two ladies who were bustling along in front of the Astor: “. . . but *PM* is *cuter*.”

Onward

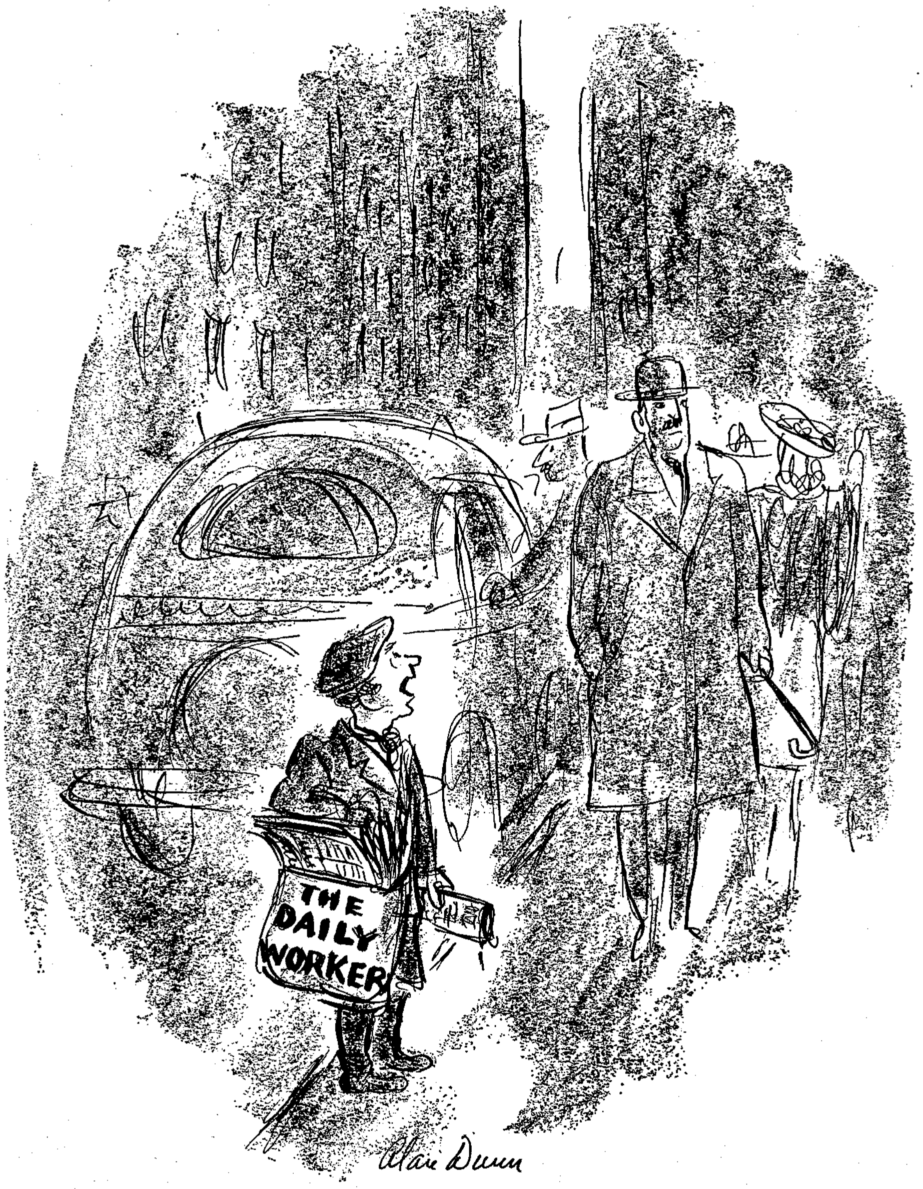
THE fifty-third annual convention of the Daughters of the American Revolution—or, to use the proper term for the event, the fifty-third Continental Congress—was held last week at the Commodore. We let the war news go hang while we snooped around to see what these hereditary firebrands were up to. It’s something of an event to have a Continental Congress in New York, since in all American history only three have been held anywhere but in Washington. A lady with a large red hat and a blue-and-white shoulder sash directed us to the press department, where we were taken in hand by a Daughter with three ribbons—one for the President General’s Reception Committee, one for Vice-President of the Press Relations Committee, and one for Virginia. After wishing us good moanin’, the press lady said we had missed Mayor LaGuardia’s welcoming speech and that this was a pity. “I declare, he is the nicest man!” she said. “I didn’t understand a word he said, but he’s so *forceful*.” She added that we were in time to get an outsider’s glimpse of the campaigning for the election of national officers. “You’d be just goggle-eyed if you knew all that was goin’ on,” she told us. “Today we’re campaignin’ and practicin’ on the votin’ machines. Tomorrow we’ll vote.” Then she turned us over to a press page, a young lady named Emily, in a white dress and white shoulder sash. “Oh, by the way, our keynote is ‘Upward!’ ” she called after us as we set out with Emily for a tour of inspection. “ ‘Onward!’ ” Emily modestly corrected her. “That’s right!” cried the lady from Virginia. “ ‘Onward!’ ”

Our guide whisked us past the Lost and Found headquarters set up for the Continental Congress, explaining regretfully that nothing exciting had turned up; last year, in Cincinnati, it seems, there had been a noteworthy loss of upper and lower plates. We paused to watch a delegate practicing with a voting machine, under the eye of an instructress. The pupil was complaining that the curtain wouldn’t work. “How can I practice without the curtain?” she demanded. “Why, everybody will see how I intend to vote, and then they’ll go back home and tell on me.” In the ballroom we found several hundred ladies togged out in several hundred ribbons and listening to an address by the retiring President General. After listening for a moment or so, we were led back to see the campaign headquarters of one of the candidates, a Mrs. Talmadge of Georgia, who is not the wife of the ex-governor. On the way, we passed a squad of policewomen. “Lots of the ladies have jewels and pearls, you know,” Emily reminded us. “We had trouble in Cincinnati last year, and heaven knows what might happen here.” At Talmadge headquarters, we learned that Mrs. Talmadge herself was in the ballroom listening to the speeches. “This place has been just a madhouse,” one of her henchwomen told us. The voters who dropped in were mostly concerned with finding out whether Mrs. Talmadge was the ex-governor’s wife and, if not, whether she was a widow. “Some people think being a widow gives you more time,” the representative explained.

We were next introduced to the second oldest delegate from Georgia. “I’d have been the oldest if that Mrs. Rounsaville from Rome wasn’t here,” she told us, perhaps a bit fretfully. “She was supposed to be sick, but she flew in yesterday.” “She attended the *second* Continental Congress,” a queenly lady remarked, referring, we supposed, to the second D.A.R. Continental Congress. “Just the same,” the second oldest delegate said firmly, “she’s not as old as Mrs. E. M. Fox. *She* was born the day Sherman took Atlanta.” “How unfortunate,” the other lady murmured.

On the House

IN a nearby town, so we’ve heard, dwells a butcher whose son, an Air Forces sergeant, was recently decorated by Eisenhower for gallantry in action. The father, by way of celebration, announced that for the next two days he would require of his customers only half the usual number of ration stamps.



“Wall Street final—closing bid and asked!”

STRANGER THAN FICTION, AT LEAST

THERE is nothing I hate more than kindly incredulity. How many times in the past thirty years I have wakened wishing to God that I really had broken Manuela's watch!

Manuela was a maid of ours whose watch stopped one February evening shortly before dinnertime. That same evening and at that same time I went up to the attic and into her room to get a match, for the rear of that floor was little used and still lit by gas and I wanted something in the long, unfinished gable. Manuela, who had stepped out into the back yard, saw the light in her room flash on and off, and that night she found her watch broken.

Manuela was a good-tempered girl. She was not at all angry, only amused when I insisted that I had never touched her old watch. Mother, on the other hand, was sadly troubled, though she was far too well bred to give me the lie direct. They asked me questions. What had I been doing in the attic? I was looking for a pasteboard jack-o'-lantern. What, in February? Well, I was playing that it was Halloween.

I still think they were stupid not to believe that. Heaven knows, no one would ever invent anything so abysmally silly. I suppose they laid it to panic. Mother looked stricken, but Manuela was hideously understanding. She told us about how, as a child, she had broken a lovely vase, her mother's pride, and not dared to say so.

Her mamma cried. She said, "Oh, Manuela, it is not the vase, it is the wicked lie. Tell us the truth, my child, and I will not beat you." But still Manuela said, "Mamma, I never touched it, I kiss up to God I never touched it." Her mamma had the priest come. He took Manuela's hand and said, "Think, my child, if you die with this lie on your soul, this lie to your own mamma! Only tell the truth and then you will be at peace with God."

"But still," said Manuela, laughing, "I cannot say it. I think, 'If I am dying, I say, quick, "Yes, I broke it!" and then I don't go to hell.' So I say, 'Father, I tell the truth, I know I go to hell to tell a lie to the priest, Father, I have not break my mamma's vase.' Even when I am a big girl," Manuela said, patting my shoulder fondly, "I don't tell her. You don't have to say it, not to me. Mrs. Linc', don't make her say it."

I don't know why that watch should have stopped when it did. Perhaps Manuela herself had wound it too tightly when she went up to put on her black uniform before dinner. Perhaps, and more likely, the devil was in it.

However it was, I never forgave Manuela, though she was with us for several years and remained unendingly sweet to me. She was furious because Mamma wouldn't take the carving knife and go right to the school to fix things up when I flunked in arithmetic. "Quick, quick, Mrs. Linc', take this knife and run fast. See the poor girl, the water come out of her eye! Run quick, Mrs. Linc', and kill the teacher!" Yes, she was very fond of me, but I didn't forgive her. I haven't, really, to this day.

THE experience left me thin-skinned, which is too bad, for I have had a life rich with incredibilities. Little ones, mostly, and very foolish—accidents well suited to a person who once took to pretending that it was Halloween in the middle of February, but therefore all the more exasperating.

I think, for instance, of the time, summer before last, when I had the nightmare. My husband and I were weekending with friends. We had been out sailing all afternoon, and directly after dinner I was overcome with sleep. I went to my room and lay down.

I can sleep through anything, and when my husband came up to write a letter in time for the late mail train, he had no compunction about snapping on the overhead light and using an old portable with an action like the battling of submachine guns. He knew it wouldn't bother me.

My unconscious, however, bothered me plenty. I could be bounded in a nutshell and count myself a king of infinite space were it not that I have the all-firedest bad dreams of anybody I ever knew, nor do I suffer them in silence. I remember that dream. *They* had come to steal my jewelry off the clothesline in the living room. There they were, with horror and doom dripping from them, working fast to get it all down before I could scream. Well, our light had been flaring out over the garden and the typewriter had been hammering fit to shake the house down for a good twenty minutes when I sat right up and began to yell.

Usually, when this happens, my husband says, "It's all right, dear," in a detached sort of way, several times, and goes on working or back to sleep, as the case may be. But this time the scream took him by surprise and scared him. So he screamed, too. I woke to see my husband sitting at his desk, screaming. So then I screamed again, louder. At that, seeing that I was wide awake and still screaming, he became really disturbed. We were both shouting "Stop, stop, darling, stop! Stop!" at the tops of our lungs when everybody in the house began to hammer at the door. Of course we stopped at once. "What do you want?" I said nervously.

"It's perfectly all right," said my husband. "Vicky just had a little nightmare, didn't you, dear?" His embarrassment made his voice sinister.

"Yes, I did," I said meekly. My own was cowed and uncertain.

There was a muttering and the sound of dispersal in the hallway.

"Darling," said my hostess, next day, "what really happened last night? I won't tell a soul."

"I just had a nightmare," I said sadly.

"Oh, *Vicky*, in that glare and din? Tell me another! I was outside your window when you started screaming."

I opened my mouth and closed it again. Some things are better not questioned too closely, but my hostess bent toward me with the look of Fatima approaching Bluebeard's closet. "But you'd locked the door," she said, "and you never do."

"Well," I answered, "we forgot we weren't in a hotel."

"Oh," said my hostess. Just that. "Oh."

Feeling between us is, I am afraid, still strained.

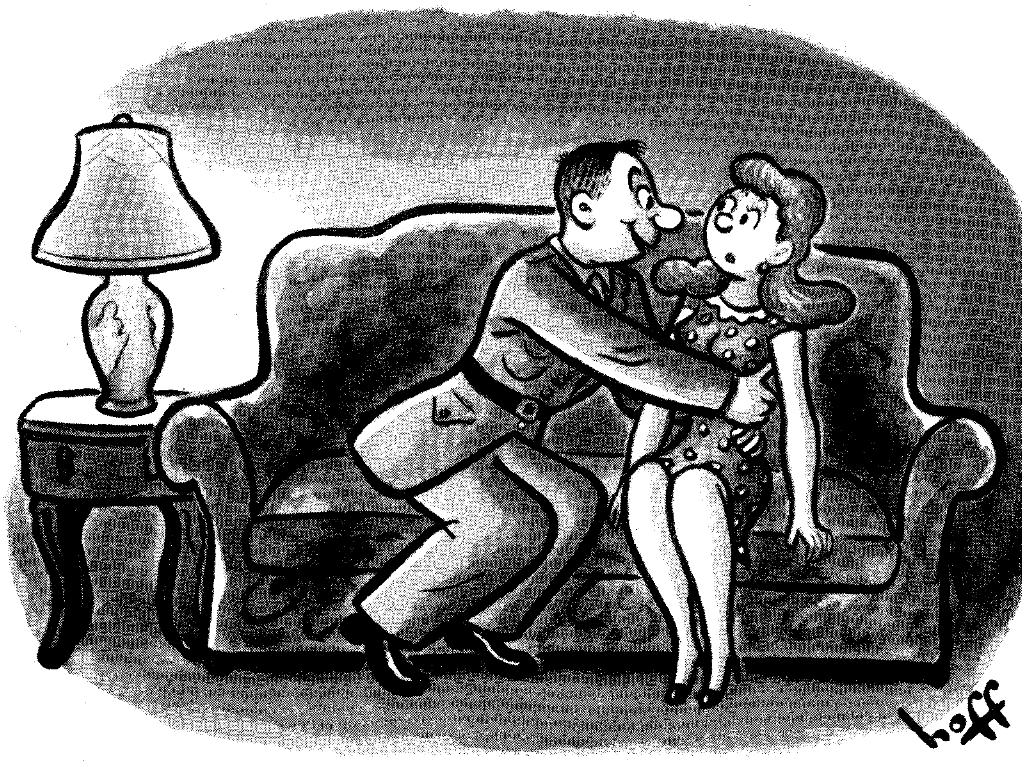
I'VE never had as much trouble, though, before or since, as I did over Eva and the Jewish problem. Eva was a stout, black-haired girl who came by the day to work for us when we were spending a winter upstate. She was given to announcing her nationality with frequency and emphasis.

"I'm a Pole," she'd say, apropos of nothing. "Polish, that's me. I'm a Pole."

My small son one day asked her curiously, "Polish Eva, are you Polish on purpose or because you can't help it?"

Fortunately, she was the sort of person who seldom hears anything you say to her. "Yeh," she said. "Sure. That's right, sonny. Want a cookie?" So we never did find out.

She had no doubts, however, as to why we were, or, rather, were not, Jewish. It was because we were ashamed of it. She opened the subject with startling abruptness. "You don't do like most



"I know we just met, but all I got is a twenty-four-hour pass!"

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Jews I work for," she said, gesturing at me with a dish mop. "They all have different dish rags for the meat dishes and the milk dishes. How come you don't do like that, hey?"

In her large, perpetually angry voice, the words were almost an accusation. I felt apologetic.

"Well, you see, Eva," I said humbly, "we aren't Jewish."

"Not Jewish, huh?" said Eva. She leered with broad, involuntary effrontery. "What do you go for, then?"

"I'm just a Massachusetts Yankee," I said, and then, overeagerly, as if I had to offer *something* to make so fantastic a claim more probable, "but my husband was born in Ohio. Cleveland, Ohio."

"O.K.," said Eva. She turned heavily back to the sink. "It's all right by me," she said. "Better than that you should give me hell every time I ball up the dish rags, huh?" She began to sing to let me know I was dismissed.

The subject did not come up again for several days. I had gone out to the kitchen for a glass of water, and as I stood at the sink staring out idly at the back yard, Eva planted herself beside me. "Strikes me queer," she said, "how you do. Write on a typewriter, fool with the kids, read in a book, sit around all day. All the other Jewish ladies I work for, they go out all the time, they have nice parties for their friends." She paused and eyed me sidewise. "Say," she said, "excuse me. I forgot you don't want to go for Jewish."

About one uncomfortable week later she came up beside me in the garden and laid a damp, heavy hand on my shoulder. "Listen," she said. "It's no shame to be a Jew. It ain't like in the old country. Here you can make out just as good when you're a Jew. All the Jews I work for, they got nicer stuff in their houses, better rugs, better pictures, than what you got here. One lady had a wristwatch all real diamonds. You got nothing to be ashamed of."

I pulled around, avoiding her touch. "I'm not ashamed of being a Jew!" I cried wildly.

"Well, there," said Eva, "that's right! You don't get nowhere the other way."

"But I'm not a Jew," I said.

"Hah!" said Eva. "I don't get it!" She stood staring at me, blinking her small black eyes in dismal bewilderment. Suddenly her face cleared, as if at long last she had the answer. "Say," she shouted, "I got it! I bet this is a restricted neighborhood! Say, you think I'd make you trouble, you living in a restricted neighborhood? Hah, I'd never say a word!"

Now she had got me on a tender point of principle. "Do you think I'd live in a restricted neighborhood?" I cried. "Do you think my husband would live in a restricted neighborhood or stay in a restricted hotel?"

My fury alarmed her. "You don't have to get sore," she said, backing away. "I ain't saying you're Jews."

She stood there, shaking her head. I could see that, scared as she was, she was also sorry for me. With her own intense national loyalty, she was really sorry for anyone whom she believed to have gone back on his own kind. The situation was unbearable.

Then I remembered my grandfather's photograph. It was up in my desk, the most blatantly Aryan face you could well imagine, the ultimate in blue-eyed Saxons. Grandfather was what they mean by a gentleman of the old school, I suppose. I wonder that he managed to lie on his deathbed while the nurse was standing. He was gay and simple, everyone relaxed in his presence, and yet he wore his vest buttoned through the hottest of the dog days and preserved in the bosom of the family a deportment fit for royal drawing rooms. He had a square white beard, parted in the middle, and it sparkled like snow.

I seldom show anyone Grandfather's picture, it is so very handsome. It makes me feel ostentatious, as if I were boasting of a large inheritance. But I would show it to Eva, for it was not his magnificence or his beauty that I wanted her to see. I took the photograph from its wrappings and carried it out to her.

"Now, Eva," I said, "I want you to see my grandfather's picture. You look at that and tell me if you still think I'm Jewish."

She took the picture and studied it. She held it to the light, compressing her lips. Her eyes changed. They were no longer tolerant and superior. They hardened, then shifted distrustfully. "I see," she said. "He's a Russian." She handed the picture to me. "I'm Polish," she said. "I don't get on so good with Russians."

It was her payday. As she pocketed her money that evening, she looked at me, her eyes and mouth very small.

"Funny, you being Russians," she said. "I always thought you was Jews."

It was clear that she did not mean to come back. —VICTORIA LINCOLN

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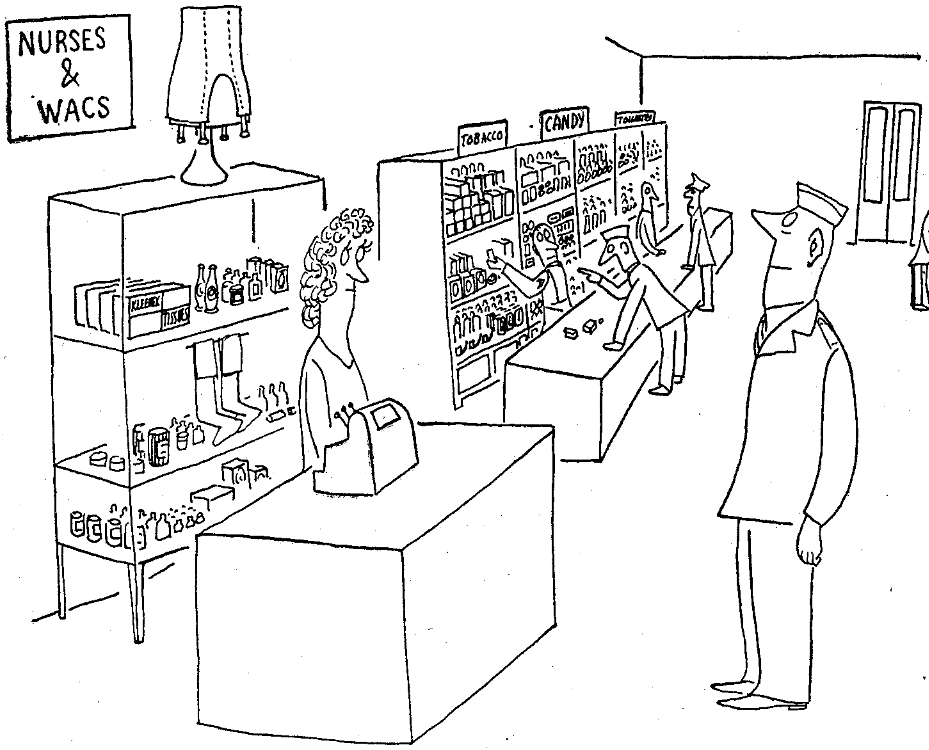
Dr. Duncan was an undergraduate at Auburn from 1869 to 1900.—*Tuscaloosa (Ala.) News.*

Steady does it.

NORTH AFRICA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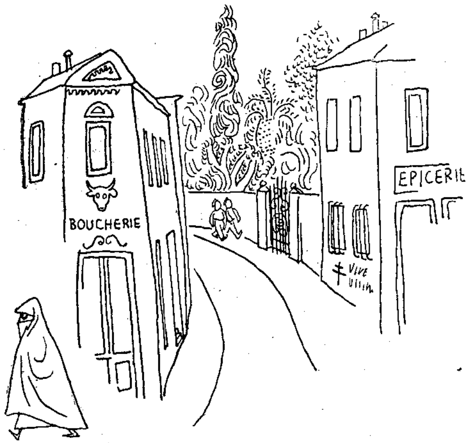
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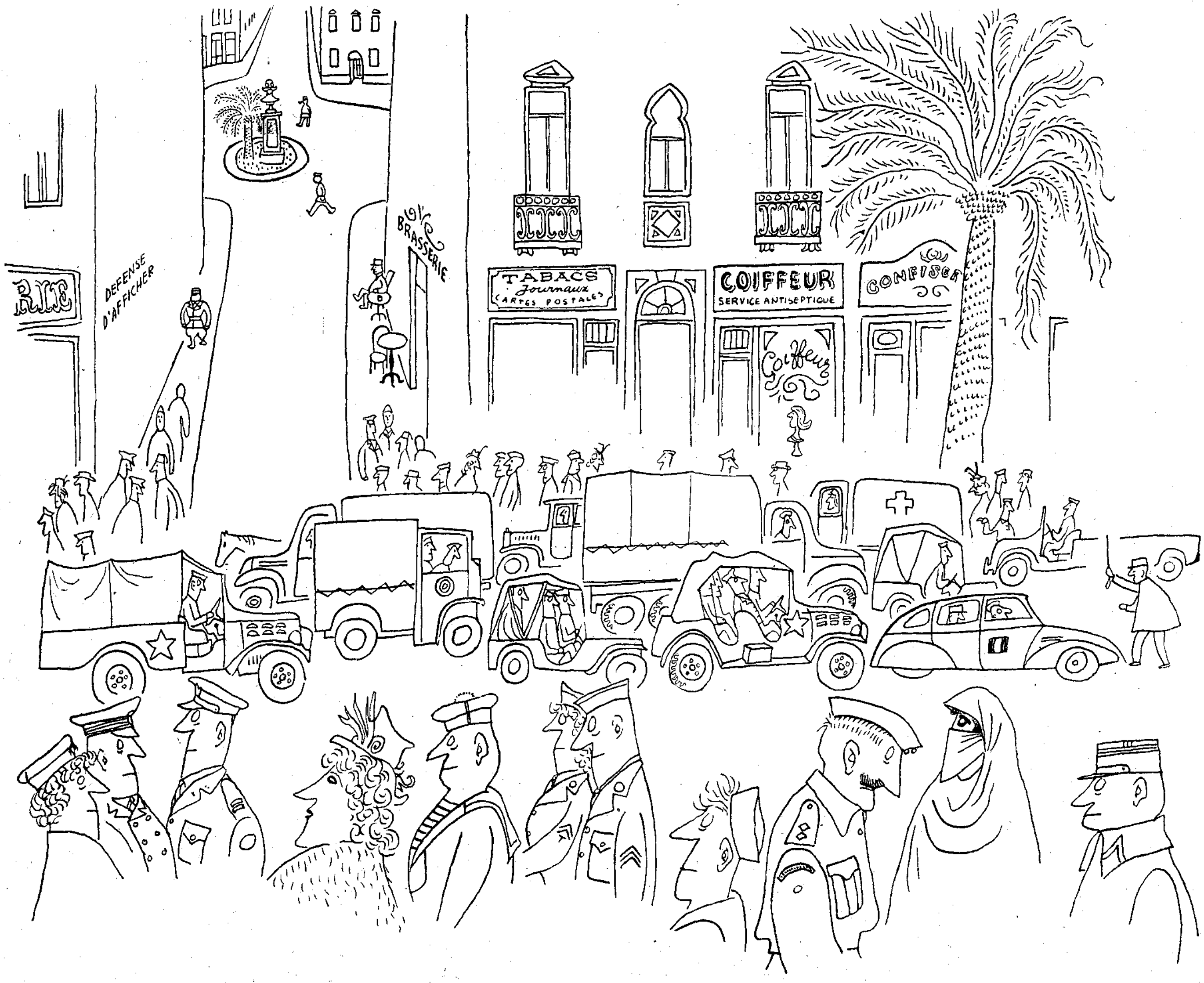
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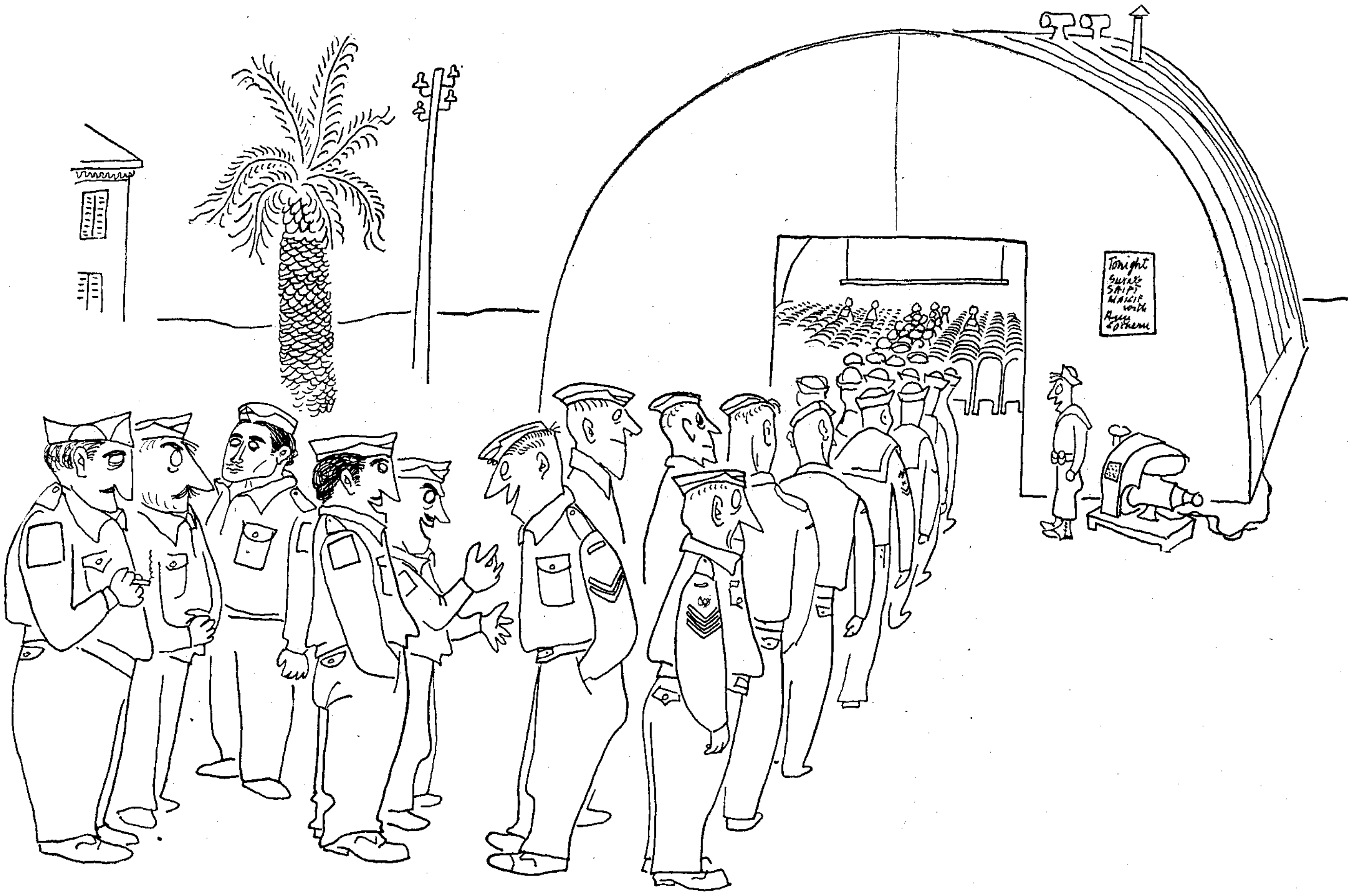
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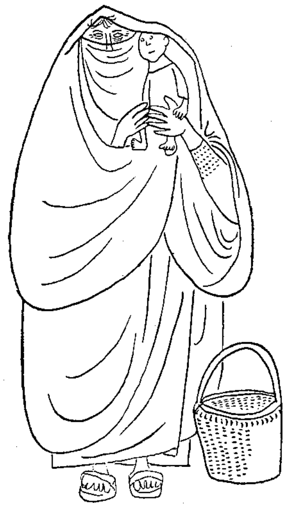

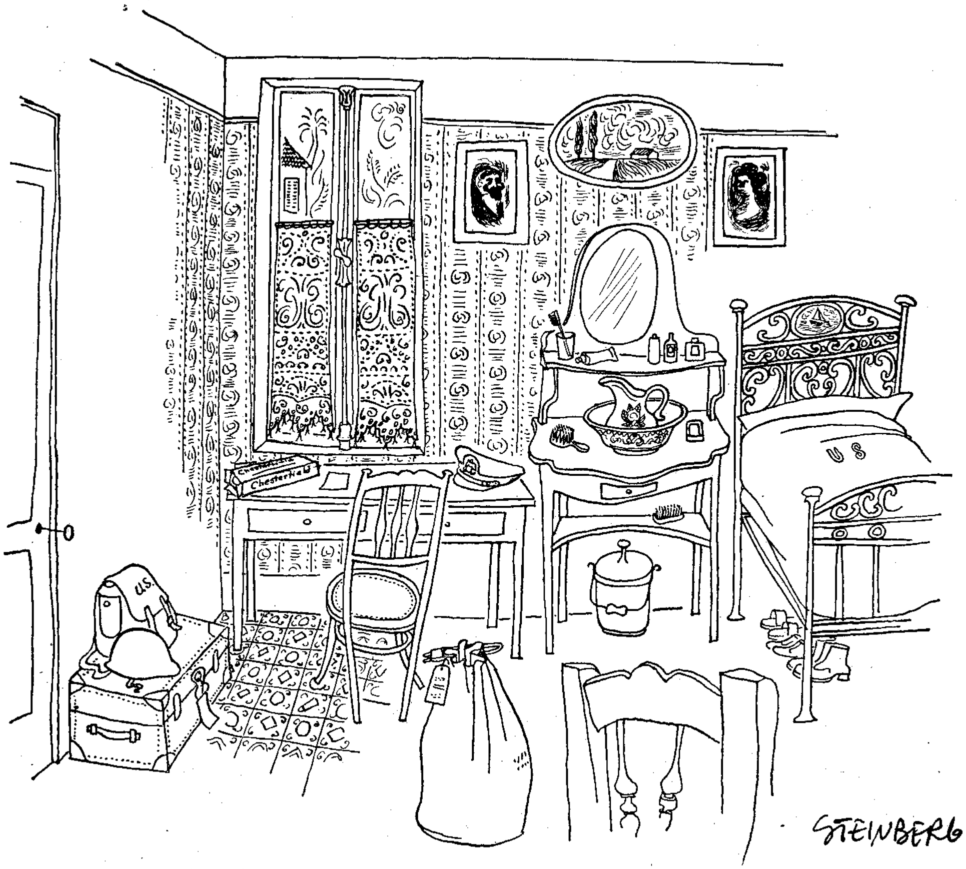
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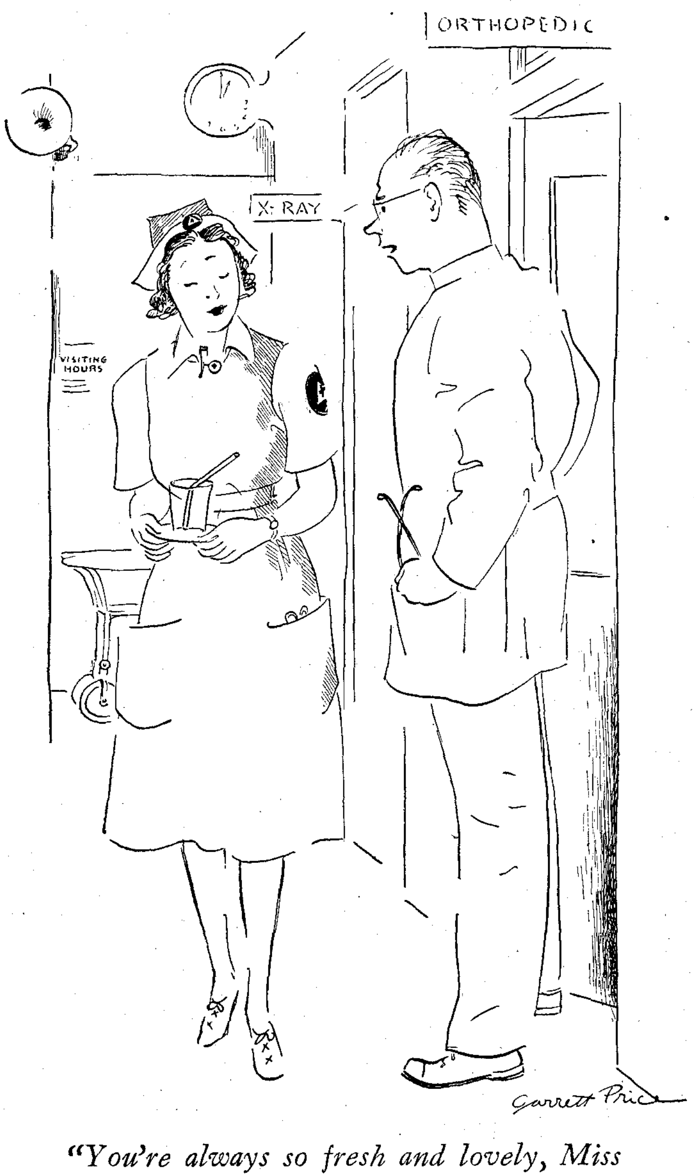
YEAR OF DECISION

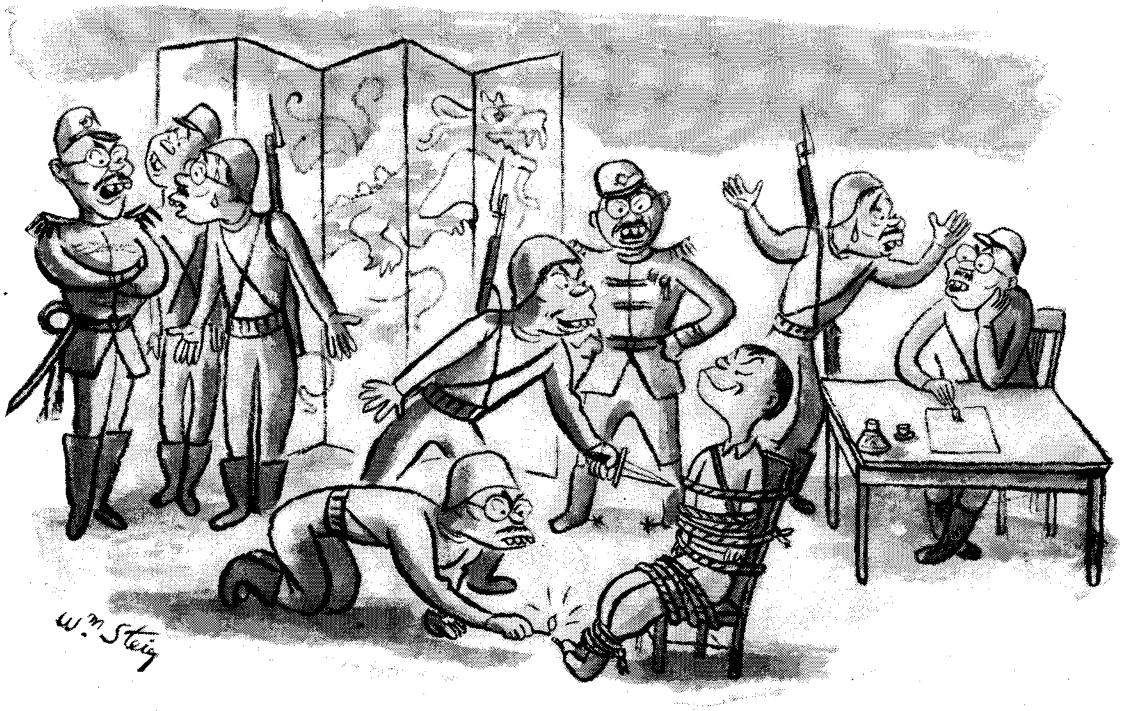
Mark Goring sometimes reflected, without bitterness but with rather wry amusement, how he had pictured a war, back in the unbelievable days of peace, and how his own particular war had turned out. The fact couldn't have been more ludicrously different from the fancy. In the first place, he had always somehow imagined himself in the thick of things, living a life which would be quite sharply defined from his peacetime life, dangerous, difficult, and exciting. Nothing of the sort had happened, of course. The fact that he was a specialist in a particular subject had quickly settled him for the duration in a government office, behind an impressively large desk which would doubtless be regarded with a good deal of envy by many other young Englishmen now slogging across Italy. War had differed from peace only in that one worked harder, smoked more, and was progressively more and more uncomfortable at home. But discomfort was hardly danger; except for dodging a few bombs in the blitz, his had been a remarkably safe war. It had taught him none of the stinging, salutary lessons that he had expected. Instead, he had picked up all sorts of curious, unlikely bits of information, such as how to make a bed, scour a greasy saucepan, and lay a breakfast table so that it did not too greatly resemble the haphazard design of the March Hare's tea party.

It was often a tossup in Mark's mind as to which was the better thing to do to help Janet—to stay up in London at the club all week or to go back nights to the desirable residence, on a Buckinghamshire common, which they still called home. He could never quite decide whether the charm of his company made up for the trouble he created or whether Janet didn't really prefer to crawl gratefully, after the sort of scratched-up meal which women apparently enjoyed when they were alone, into an early and solitary bed. On the nights he stayed in London, he had to admit guiltily that it was rather pleasant to dine in peace, off china that he wouldn't later have to swab awkwardly with a little mop, and to read luxuriously in a bed which no one expected him to make next morning. Lying there comfortably in a neat room in a club where there was still port in the cellars and help in the kitchen, he would feel bad about Janet, struggling along at home with a biggish house and the dreadful, inescapable fact that the human body needs stoking three times a day. Of course everybody was in the same boat. Servants hardly existed in England any longer, and it was worse for the old people like his mother, who hadn't a soul to help her in a great barn of a place in Dorset, and four hungry land girls coming in at all hours with their great pink mouths wide open for her to drop hot, satisfying food into. Yes, everybody was in the same boat all right, though it sometimes seemed to Mark that Janet and the rest of their class were making unnecessarily heavy weather of it by refusing to recognize that they were bang in the middle of a social revolution. Life continued in the same old pattern, distorted but recognizable. The Gorings still dined off a polished table, by candlelight, though Mark couldn't help feeling that the sensible thing to do would be to camp in the kitchen. And why not keep the same knife and fork right through dinner, as they made you do in small provincial French restaurants? It would save an astronomical amount of washing up yearly, Mark calculated. But the idea had affronted Janet, who preferred to weep tears of fatigue into the scrub water. With the helpless obedience and neatness of the performing poodle going through its routine although the rest of the troupe had defaulted, she turned down their bed and laid out her night things, his pajamas, as they had found them every night of their peacetime married lives. "For heaven's sake, why bother?" Mark would say. "It doesn't matter to me or Hitler whether I pick up my pajamas off a chair or the floor." But Janet would answer obstinately, "It matters to me, though," and go on smoothing the eiderdown, setting her blue mules invitingly, as though the action were yet another moral shot fired at the slowly advancing enemy, as though by setting the mules in their accustomed place she was nailing the brave, idealistic upper-class colors securely for another twenty-four hours.

It was funny, but when he had thought of war back in the good old days, before it had happened, he supposed that he had vaguely pictured Janet seeing him off somewhere, crying down his collar, writing him her particular brand of funny, sweet letter, and waiting for him on an unidentified platform, looking lovely and desirable in a dress he liked. Well, it hadn't worked out that way. She had seen him off nowhere, she did all her crying into



"You're always so fresh and lovely, Miss Carey. You must have perfect metabolism."



DREAMS OF GLORY

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piles of the children's darning after the nine-o'clock news, and she seldom looked lovely because she was too busy or tired to care except in sporadic bursts, when she applied a handful of this or that with the cynicism of a witch doctor trying a little juju on a dead woman. "I'm dead, I'm absolutely dead" had become one of her favorite expressions. War probably hadn't turned out the way she'd expected, either, poor little devil. No doubt she had seen it as a heroic landscape against which she would be gay and courageous, but it had contracted to a strip of floor between stove and sink; the gaiety and courage weren't needed to welcome home a returning warrior in a business suit who had somehow managed to survive the perils of the London rush hour. Maybe it was morbid of him to imagine that she would be happier in a one-room flat somewhere, snatching sandwiches in lunch bars, and mailing loving airgraphs to a husband who, thank God, the Army was feeding thousands of miles away.

When they had built the house, it hadn't struck Mark that all its rooms were too big, that the hardwood floors could look like the Sahara to a woman crawling over them with a tin of polish, and that its light paintwork showed up their nice bits of furniture and grubby childish finger marks with equal success. In those days one didn't worry about things like that. Now the house had become an Old Man of the Sea whom, however much he throttled them, they couldn't unseat. If they sold it, they had nowhere to go, and there were Bill and Sally to think of. It was so important for children, said Janet, frantically nailing more of her pathetic little tattered colors to the mast, to have a secure background, although Mark wasn't certain that getting out from under the feet of a harassed mother all day long was precisely the sort of beautiful, tranquil thing she had in mind. Motherhood was another of Janet's gay and courageous things which, in the present hurly-burly, was taking a beating.

Of course he knew perfectly well that he was damned lucky. He and Janet had each other, their home, their children. There were plenty of people who would consider, quite legitimately, that he was having a pleasant and interesting war, for his job was an important one; without even trying to, he was making hundreds of contacts which would be very useful after it was over and he was paddling his own canoe again. It was just that he hadn't pictured himself sitting out Armageddon in an office chair, helping to keep the home fires burning with his sleeves rolled up and one of Janet's aprons tied round his middle. It was funny, that was all.

GOING up to London one spring morning, Mark glanced down the *Times* casualty list and saw that a man called Nigel Travers, who had been at school with him, had been killed in action with the Parachute Corps in Italy. Good Lord, old Travers leaping out of planes in parachutes, and he must have been forty or thereabouts, with a nice big wife and some kids, Mark reflected. A quiet, funny sort of devil, too—not the sort of chap you'd have suspected of going out that way. He put the paper down and began to worry about the hot-water boiler, which hadn't looked too good when he stoked it up before bolting breakfast and dashing for the train. Janet, who had a cold, hadn't looked too good either. One or both of them, he felt, would have given up by the time he got home that night. He picked up the paper again, but the boiler kept on getting between him and the Russians, progress in Italy, poor old Travers plummeting down into some peasant's little bit of vineyard instead of going on, year after undistinguished year, getting in and out of bed with his big, jolly wife.

He wasn't surprised when, later in the morning, Janet rang up to say that she had a temperature and thought it must be flu. A neighbor had charitably come to the rescue and carted off the children for the day, and she was now taking her shivering self to bed. The boiler, Mark was equally unastonished to learn, had gone out. "Leave it until I get home," he said with all the cheerfulness he could muster. "And for God's sake take it easy, darling, and keep warm."

He bought a paper on the way out to lunch. Life was a perpetual buying of papers, glancing, discarding, as though it were the only way of convincing oneself that the plans over which one slaved day after day, calculating, arguing around tables in close rooms, were somewhere being put into effect by real, living flesh and blood. Another softening-up raid on the French coast, another statesman said that this would be the year of decision, a party of young Norwegians had escaped in a fishing boat. That's the right stuff, thought Mark, that's the right sort of war to be in if you've got to be in one at all. To be twenty-one, sound of wind and limb, shoving off from some dark jetty with your heart banging—yes, that would be all right. Meanwhile, Janet had the flu.

At his club the dining room was full, mostly of middle-aged, self-confident-looking men leaning alertly forward in discreetly pitched conversations, as though settling the war out of hand between sherry and cigar. Were any of them in jams at home, he wondered. It was hard to picture them in their shirtsleeves at the sink, but maybe it would be equally hard for them to picture him that way. An Air vice-marshal across the room nodded at him, and he thought, Has *your* wife got some help, or do you have to get down on your knees in those beautiful pants, with that chestful of ribbons, and light up the kitchen boiler for her? He started thinking about Travers again. He'd have to hunt up Mrs. Travers' address and write to her, although there was nothing much to say. He didn't know why the thought of Travers, of all people, choosing to get himself killed in that particular way should make him feel faintly irritated, but it did. It seemed so unnecessary, when there were hundreds of safer jobs which he could easily have plumped for. Well, *that* was hardly a line which would make Mrs. Travers feel better.

BACK in the office, the incredible thing happened. Mark hadn't finished shaking the spring rain off his hat when his Miss Fletcher said that Arbuthnot would like to see him right away. When he went along, Arbuthnot told him that he was to be sent to Delhi in about ten days' time. By plane, of course, and probably on to Chungking—just like that, as briskly and prosaically as though he were being asked to pop across the road and mail a letter. "All right for you, I suppose?" said Arbuthnot, squinting up at him. Mark thought of Janet briefly before he nodded and said "Fine," and they settled down to details. When he finally got back to his own office, he still couldn't believe it. After over four years of sitting in one place with his nose to the grindstone, the idea of getting on a plane and going places made him feel like a kid let out of school. The whole job might take six months, Arbuthnot had said. The only unpleasant part ahead was telling Janet, but he'd get over that somehow. She would have to go down to his mother's—hard on the old lady, who would have Janet, Bill, and Sally added to the ever-ravenous land girls, but it would be a bit of company for them all while he was away. Anyway, other men's wives were having to face infinitely worse separations every day, and it was probably about time that Janet had her share.

When he opened his front door that evening, his house greeted him with the chilly air of a home unswept, unwarmed, ungarnished. A jumble of garments and muddy gum boots in the hall indicated that the charitable neighbor had brought the children home and, judging by sounds from above, was now trying to get them to bed. Mark went up to the nursery and said, "Mrs. Stevens, you ought to have a medal struck for this. Don't you stay a minute longer. I'll finish them off." The charitable neighbor, looking relieved, said, "Well, I *have* got Mr. Stevens' supper to get, but I'll be over in the morning first thing to see how Mrs. Goring is," and went off. Mark took off his coat, set Bill to shovelling cereal and milk into his sister's mouth, and went along to Janet.

She looked flushed and harassed, lying huddled up in a little pink knitted jacket.

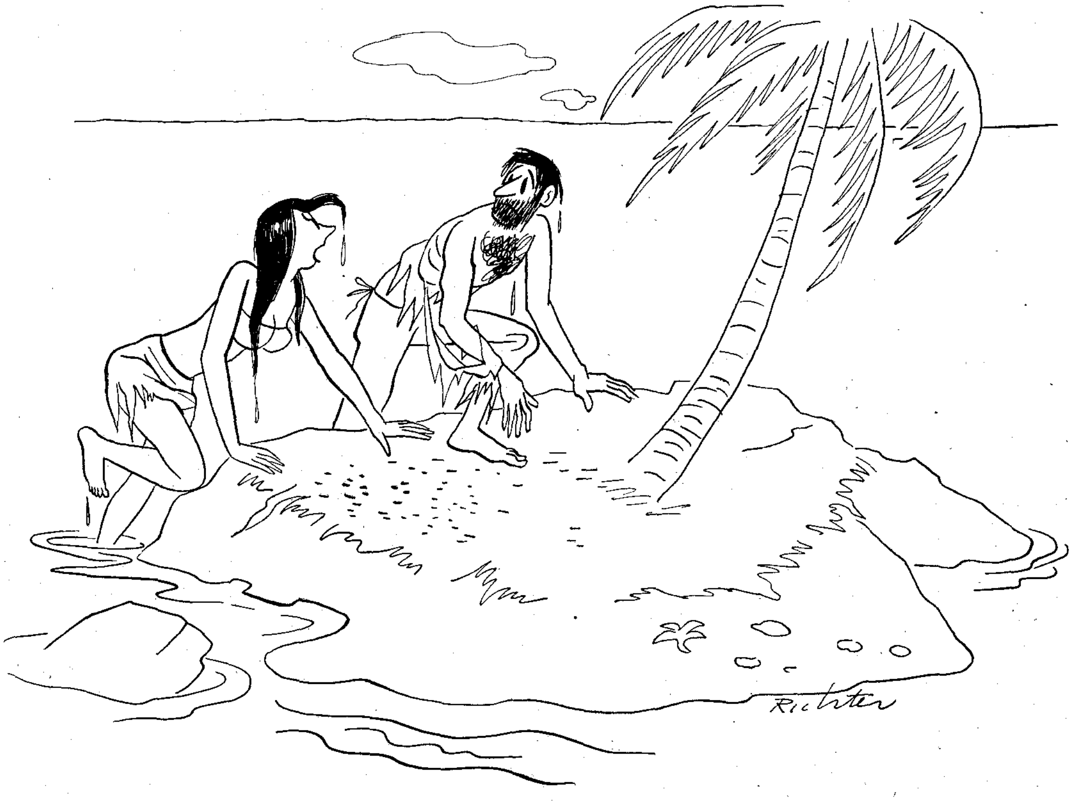
"I'll be up tomorrow," she said. "The house must be looking awful."

"You'll stay right there," said Mark. "Mrs. Stevens and I are doing fine. We hardly miss you at all." I won't tell her about Delhi tonight, he thought. I'll wait until she's feeling a bit better, poor kid.

"Mark, Bill ought to have some Syrup of Figs," Janet said. "I'm sure Mrs. Stevens hasn't given him any."

"All right," he said, "I'll see to it."

He shook up the pillows, collected some dirty tea things, and went out. "I don't suppose the hens have been shut up," she called hoarsely after him. Mark could almost feel affectionate toward the hens tonight. But what, he wondered, did one do with nine Rhode Island Reds when one unexpectedly went to India? Perhaps the invaluable Mrs. Stevens could come to the rescue there too. Going back to the nursery, he transferred all the cereal that wasn't on the floor into Bill's mouth, sat Sally expertly on her pot, and finally got them both pinned down in their cots. Then he went downstairs and started to wash up the débris. What did you do in the Great War



"Of course, you understand you can't possibly stay here tonight."

of Decision, Daddy? Stood at the sink, my boy, and got the sticky cereal unglued from your spoon. But only ten more nights and he'd be on his way. The hot-water boiler stood looking at him like a cold, malevolent black goblin, and he remembered that he must light it up. The kitchen looked in a fearful mess, too. It was some time before he had it straight and went up to Janet with a cup of Ovaltine and a fresh hot-water bottle.

"Poor Mark!" she said. "I do hate to see you do this."

"Don't you worry," he said. "I love it."

He sat down on her bed with his arm round her shoulders while she drank the Ovaltine.

"By the way," he said, "do you remember Nigel Travers? We met him and his wife—big, fair girl—dancing at the Berkeley one night, remember? Well, he's been killed with the parachute chaps." He couldn't stop the note of irritation from creeping into his voice. "Last man in the world you'd have expected to join an outfit like that, somehow. He was older than me, you know."

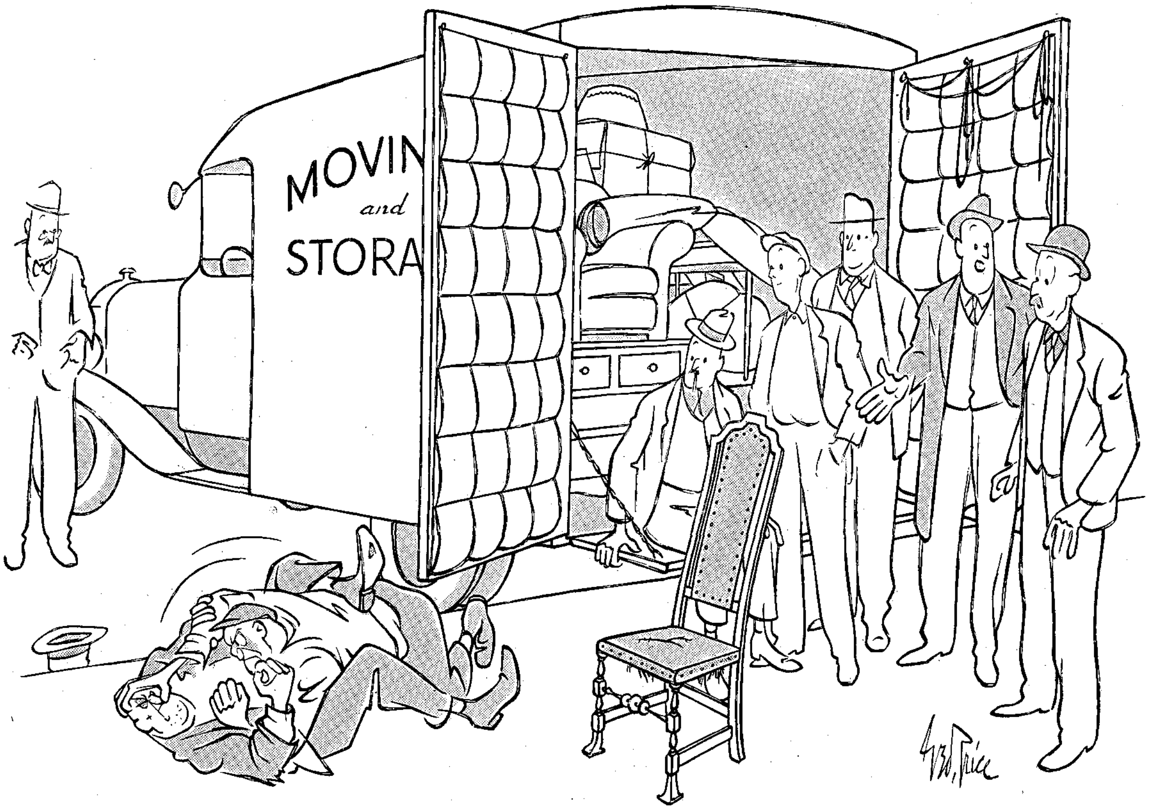
"Dancing at the Berkeley," Janet said slowly. "It seems an awful time ago." To his surprise, she suddenly began to cry. "I suppose you wish it were you," she sobbed. "You wish you'd gone off with Nigel Travers and jumped out of planes and got killed."

"Darling, don't be an idiot," said Mark.

"Yes, you do, you do," she said, crying bitterly.

Eventually he got her calmed down and went downstairs again to lay the breakfast table for the morning, put the milk bottles out, and, as an afterthought, try to find himself a snack in the larder. He collected some bread and cheese and a bottle of beer and carried them into the living room. The nine-o'clock news was just coming on. An order of the day from Marshal Stalin, said the calm B.B.C. voice . . . and heavy fighting is in progress . . . and the Admiralty regrets to announce. . . . Somewhere or other, thought Mark, munching his bread and cheese, it's still going on. For men crouching in a muddy ditch, struggling in oily water, it had at least the bitter satisfaction of something seen in the round, not simply a column of figures locked in a government briefcase. Ten days from now, he thought, feeling suddenly lighter-hearted. As he stood at the sink later on, washing up the last, positively the last bloody plate of the day, he heard the bombers from the nearby flying field beginning to go over on the night's assignment. They droned slowly, purposefully, as regularly as buses passing down Piccadilly, over the house, the children sleeping in their cots, Janet feverishly dozing in the untidy bedroom which must worry her so much, poor dear.

Pretty soon he went up to bed. Janet moved restlessly as he switched off the light and lay down. I'll wait for two or three days more, thought Mark, and then I'll have to tell her. As he lay staring in front of him, listening to the still steady roar of the bombers, he pictured himself sitting in the plane, working at a bunch of papers on his knees, and suddenly a little speck appearing in the distance. The man sitting behind him leaned forward sharply. "Messerschmitt," he said curtly. It could happen, thought Mark, it could happen perfectly well. And he lay smiling, listening to Janet cough, and hugging the thought that danger was as possible for him after all as it was for Nigel Travers or the next man.—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES



"I saw it start. One guy said it was Hepplewhite, and the other guy said it was Chippendale, and then one word led to another."

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TOM, TOM, THE FAVORITE SON

Tom, Tom, the favorite son,
Won't say will he, won't he run,
Won't give out the slightest clues
As to his unguessed-at views.
Tom tells not a living a soul
His slant on Tito or de Gaulle,
On labor, capital, inflation,
TVA, world federation.
Tom, Tom, his secrets keep,
His silence, anyway, is deep.
He keeps his eyes, at least to date,
Only on the Empire State;
Tom, whose work is never done,
Never thinks of Washington.
Tom's star is rising; ere it sinks,
He yet may tell us what he thinks,
And until then we can enthuse
For what we think *might* be the views
Of Tom, Tom, the canny one,
The Unknown, Somewhat Favorite Son.

—IRWIN EDMAN

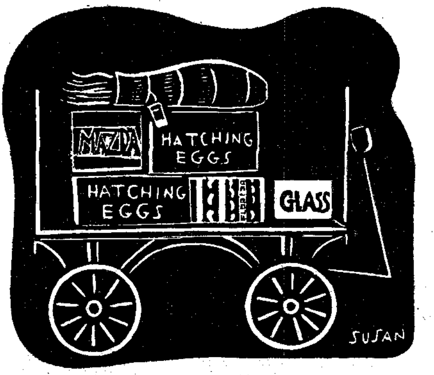
A REPORTER AT LARGE

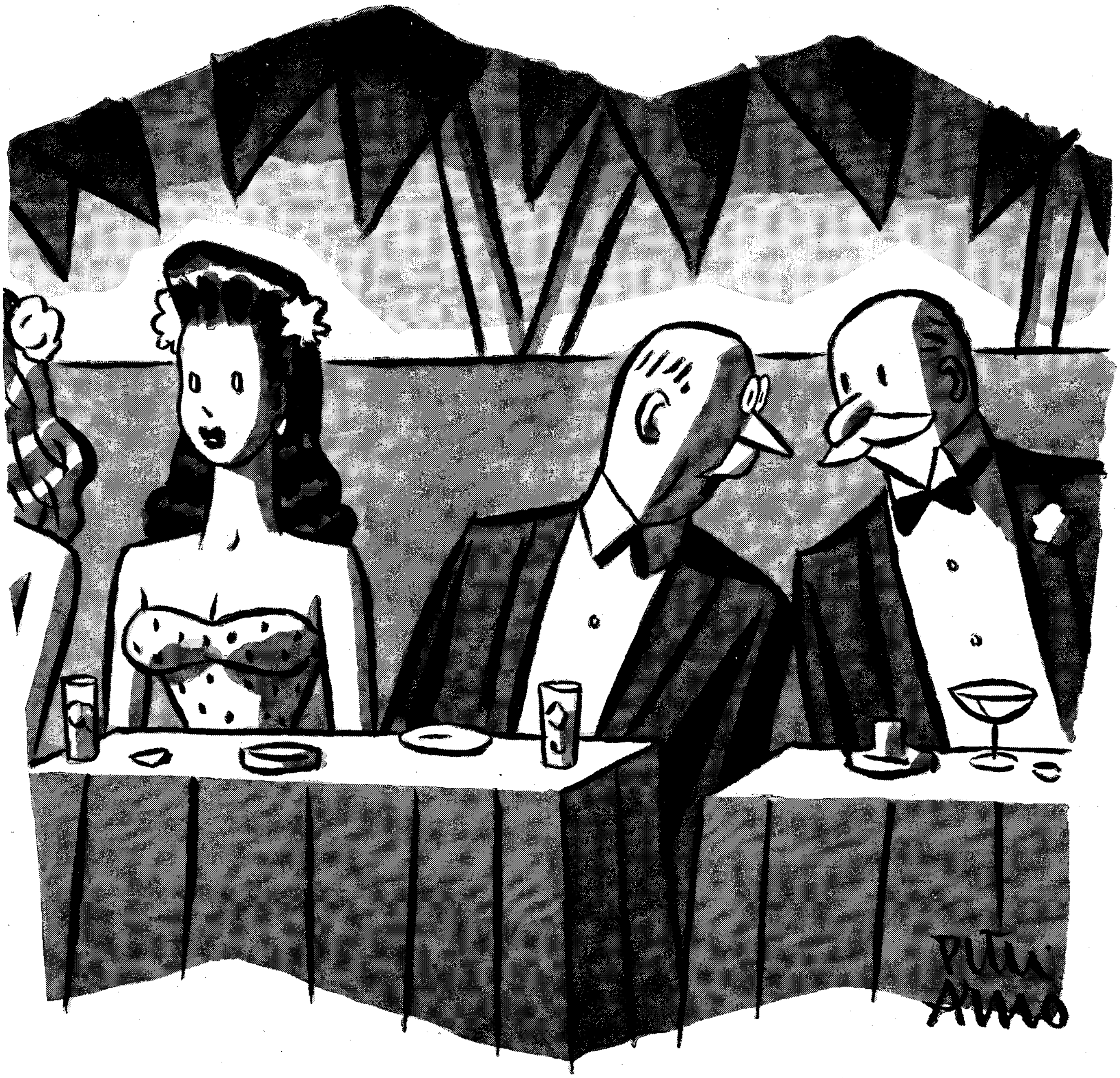
THIRTY-TWO RATS FROM CASABLANCA

IN New York, as in all great seaports, rats abound. One is occasionally in their presence without being aware of it. In the whole city relatively few blocks are entirely free of them. They have diminished greatly in the last twenty-five years, but there still are millions here; some authorities believe that in the five boroughs there is a rat for every human being. During a war, the rat populations of seaports and of ships always shoot up. House rats left their nests in basements and began to dig burrows in vacant lots and parks, particularly in Central Park, earlier this spring than they have for many years. A steady increase in shipboard rats began to be noticed in New York Harbor in the summer of 1940, less than a year after the war started in Europe. Rats and rat fleas in many foreign ports are at times infected with the plague, an extraordinarily ugly disease that occurs in several forms, of which the bubonic, the Black Death of the Middle Ages, is the most common. Consequently, all ships that enter the harbor after touching at a foreign port are examined for rats or for signs of rat infestation by officials of the United States Public Health Service, who go out in cutters from a quarantine station on the Staten Island bank of The Narrows. If a ship appears to be excessively infested, it is anchored in the bay or in one of the rivers, its crew is taken off, and its holds and cabins are fumigated with a gas so poisonous that a whiff or two will quickly kill a man, let alone a rat. In 1939 the average number of rats killed in a fumigation was 12.4. In 1940 the average rose abruptly to 21, and two years later it reached 32.1. In 1943, furthermore, rats infected with the plague bacteria, *Pasteurella pestis*, were discovered in the harbor for the first time since 1900. They were taken out of an old French tramp, the Wyoming, in from Casablanca, where the Black Death has been intermittent for centuries.

The biggest rat colonies in the city are found in rundown structures on or near the waterfront, especially in tenements, live-poultry markets, wholesale produce markets, slaughterhouses, warehouses, stables, and garages. They also turn up in more surprising places. Department of Health inspectors have found their claw and tail tracks in the basements of some of the best restaurants in the city. A few weeks ago, in the basement and sub-basement of a good old hotel in the East Forties, a crew of exterminators trapped two hundred and thirty-six in three nights. They nest in the roofs of some "L" stations and many live in crannies in the subways; in the early-morning hours, during the long lulls between trains, they climb to the platforms and forage among the candy-bar wrappers and peanut hulls. There are old rat paths beneath the benches in at least two ferry sheds. In the spring and summer, multitudes of one species, the brown rat, live in twisting, many-chambered burrows in vacant lots and parks. There are great colonies of this kind of rat in Central Park. The rat that Mrs. Zorah White Gristede, the critic of Park Commissioner Moses, pointed out for a newspaper photographer last week in the Eighty-fifth Street playground in Central Park was a brown rat. After the first cold snap they begin to migrate, hunting for warm basements. Herds have been seen on autumn nights scuttering across Fifth Avenue. All through October and November, exterminating firms get frantic calls from the superintendents of many of the older apartment houses on the avenues and streets adjacent to the Park; the majority of the newer houses were ratproofed when built. The rats come out by twos and threes in some side streets in the theatrical district practically every morning around four-thirty. The scow-shaped trucks that collect kitchen scraps from restaurants, night clubs, and saloons all over Manhattan for the pig farms of Secaucus, New Jersey, roll into these streets at that time. Shortly after the trucks have made their pick-ups, if no people are stirring, the rats appear and search for dropped scraps; they seem to pop out of the air.

The rats of New York are quicker-witted than those on farms, and they can outthink any man who has not made a study of their habits. Even so, they spend most of their lives in a state of extreme anxiety, the black rats dreading the brown and both species dreading human beings. Away from their nests, they are usually on the edge of hysteria. They will severely bite babies (there was an epidemic of this a year or so ago in a row of tenements in the Wallabout neighborhood in Brooklyn), and they will bite sleeping adults, but ordinarily they flee from people. If hemmed in, and sometimes if too suddenly come upon, they will attack. They fight savagely and blindly, in the manner of mad dogs; they bare their teeth and leap about every which way, snarling and snapping and clawing the air. A full-grown black rat, when desperate, can jump three feet horizontally and make a vertical leap of two feet two inches, and a brown rat is nearly as spry. They are greatly feared by firemen. One of the hazards of fighting a fire in a junk shop or in an old warehouse is the crazed rats. It is dangerous to poke at them. They are able to run right up a cane or a broomstick and inflict deep, gashlike bites on their assailant's hands. A month or so ago, in broad daylight, on the street in front of a riding academy on the West Side, a stableboy tried to kill a rat with a mop; it darted up the mop handle and tore the thumbnail off the boy's left hand. This happening was unusual chiefly in that the rat was foraging in the open in the daytime. As a rule, New York rats are nocturnal. They rove in the streets in many neighborhoods, but only after the sun has set. They steal along as quietly as spooks in the shadows close to the building line, or in the gutters, peering this way and that, sniffing, quivering, conscious every moment of all that is going on around them. They are least cautious in the two or three hours before dawn, and they are encountered most often by milkmen, night watchmen, scrubwomen, policemen, and other people who are regularly abroad in those hours. The average person rarely sees one. When he does, it is a disquieting experience. Anyone who has been confronted by a rat in the bleakness of a Manhattan dawn and has seen it whirl and slink away, its claws rasping against the pavement, thereafter understands fully why this beast has been for centuries a symbol of the Judas and the stool pigeon, of soullessness in general. Veteran exterminators say that even they are unable to be calm around rats.





"She's sort of a secretary. With the new tax setup, I figure she's only costing me eight cents on the dollar."

• •

"I've been in this business thirty-one years and I must've seen fifty thousand rats, but I've never got accustomed to the look of them," one elderly exterminator said recently. "Every time I see one my heart sinks and I get the belly flutters." In alcoholic wards the rat is the animal that most frequently appears in the visual hallucinations of patients with delirium tremens. In Ireland, in fact, the D.T.'s are often referred to as "seeing the rat."

THERE are three kinds of rats in the city—the black (*Rattus rattus rattus*), which is also known as the ship or the English rat; the Alexandrian (*Rattus rattus alexandrinus*), which is also known as the roof or the Egyptian rat; and the brown (*Rattus norvegicus*), which is also known as the house, gray, sewer, or Norway rat. In recent years they have been killed here in the approximate proportion of ninety brown to nine black and one Alexandrian. The brown is hostile to the other kinds; it usually attacks them on sight. It kills them by biting their throats or by clawing them to pieces, and, if hungry, it eats them. The behavior and some of the characteristics of the three kinds are dissimilar, but all are exceedingly destructive, all are hard to exterminate, all are monstrously procreative, all are badly flea-bitten, and all are able to carry a number of agonizing diseases. Among these diseases, in addition to the plague, are a form of typhus fever called Brill's disease, which is quite common in several ratty ports in the South; spirochetal jaundice, rat-bite fever, trichinosis, and tularemia. The plague is the worst. Human beings develop it in from two to five days after they have been bitten by a flea that has fed on a plague-infected rat. The onset is sudden, and the classic symptoms are complete exhaustion, mental confusion, and black, intensely painful swellings (called buboes) of the lymph glands in the groin and under the arms. The mortality is high. The rats of New York are all ridden with a flea, the *Xenopsylla cheopis*, which is by far the most frequent transmitting agent of the plague. Several surveys of the prevalence in the city of the *cheopis* have been made by Benjamin E. Holsendorf, a consultant on the staff of the Department of Health. Mr. Holsendorf, a close-mouthed, elderly Virginian, is a retired Passed Assistant Pharmacist in the Public Health Service and an international authority on the ratproofing of ships and buildings. He recently supervised the trapping of many thousands of rats in the area between Thirty-third Street and the bottom of Manhattan, and found that these rats had an average of eight *cheopis* fleas on them. "Some of these rats had three fleas, some had fifteen, and some had forty," Mr. Holsendorf says, "and one old rat had hundreds on him; his left hind leg was missing and he'd take a tumble every time he tried to scratch. However, the average was eight. None of these fleas were plague-infected, of course. I don't care to generalize about this, but I will say that if just one plague-infected rat got ashore from a ship at a New York dock and roamed for only a few hours among our local, uninfected rats, the resulting situation might be, to say the least, quite sinister."

Rats are almost as fecund as germs. In New York, under fair conditions, they bear from three to five times a year, in litters of from five to twenty-two. There is a record of seven litters in seven months from a single captured pair. The period of gestation is between twenty-one and twenty-five days. They grow rapidly and are able to breed when four months old. That is why they can take a mile when given an inch; a ship that leaves port with only a few rats in it is apt to come back with an army of them aboard. The span of life is between three and five years, although now and then one may live somewhat longer; a rat at four is older than a man at ninety. Exterminators refer to old rats as Moby Dicks. "Rats that survive to the age of four are the wisest and the most cynical beasts on earth," one exterminator says. "A trap means nothing to them, no matter how skillfully set. They just kick it around until it snaps; then they eat the bait. And they can detect poisoned bait a yard off. I believe some of them can read. If you get a few Moby Dicks in your house, there are just two things you can do: you can wait for them to die, or you can burn your house down and start all over again." In fighting the rat, exterminating companies use a wide variety of traps, gases, and poisons. There are about three hundred of these companies in the city, ranging in size from hole-in-the-wall, boss-and-a-helper outfits to corporations with whole floors in midtown office buildings, large laboratories, and staffs of carefully trained employees, many of whom have scientific degrees. One of the largest is the Guarantee Exterminating Company ("America's Pied Piper"), at 500 Fifth Avenue. Among its clients are hospitals, steamship lines, railroad terminals, department stores, office buildings, hotels, and apartment houses. Its head is E. R. Jennings, a second-generation exterminator; his father started the business in Chicago, in 1888. Mr. Jennings says that the most effective rat traps are the old-fashioned snap or break-back ones and a thing called the glueboard.

ON THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. JOHN'S

(AFTER READING THE CATALOGUE OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE
AND ITS PRESCRIBED LIST OF "GREAT BOOKS")

My knowledge of Lucian
Is quite Lilliputian,
I'm feeble on Gibbon and Hume,
I couldn't finagle
A study of Hegel
From now to the trumpet of Doom—

Do *I* have a true education today?
Nay!

The course at St. John's is the liberal par,
All other curricula foreign,
Say Hutchins and Adler, Buchanan and Barr,
And Van Doren.

My stock of Plotinus
Is shamefully minus,
I've never consulted Justinian,
My notion of Grotius
Is worse than atrocious—
So how can I have an opinion

That's worthy to enter the brain of an ant?
I can't!

So say with the confident tones of a czar,
And not with the peep of a straddler,
Van Doren and Hutchins, Buchanan and Barr,
And Adler.

My store of Lucretius?
Now don't be facetious.
I'm rusty on Darwin and Dante.
Racine? Apollonius?
Vague and erroneous.
Bentham? Thucydides? Scanty.

I'm brilliant on Whither-democracy's-fate books,
Whether-to-pity-the-Germans-or-hate books,
Fighting-will-end-at-a-definite-date books,
I-was-aloft-in-a-battlescarred-crate books,
Private-initiative-vs.-the-State books,
Can-we-control-them-or-must-we-inflate books,
How-to-get-on-with-a-difficult-mate books—
All of them second- or third- or fourth-rate books—
Not Great Books!

Such trash couldn't possibly sully or scar
The bright intellectual scutcheons
Of Adler, Van Doren, Buchanan and Barr,
And Hutchins.

—W. W. WATT

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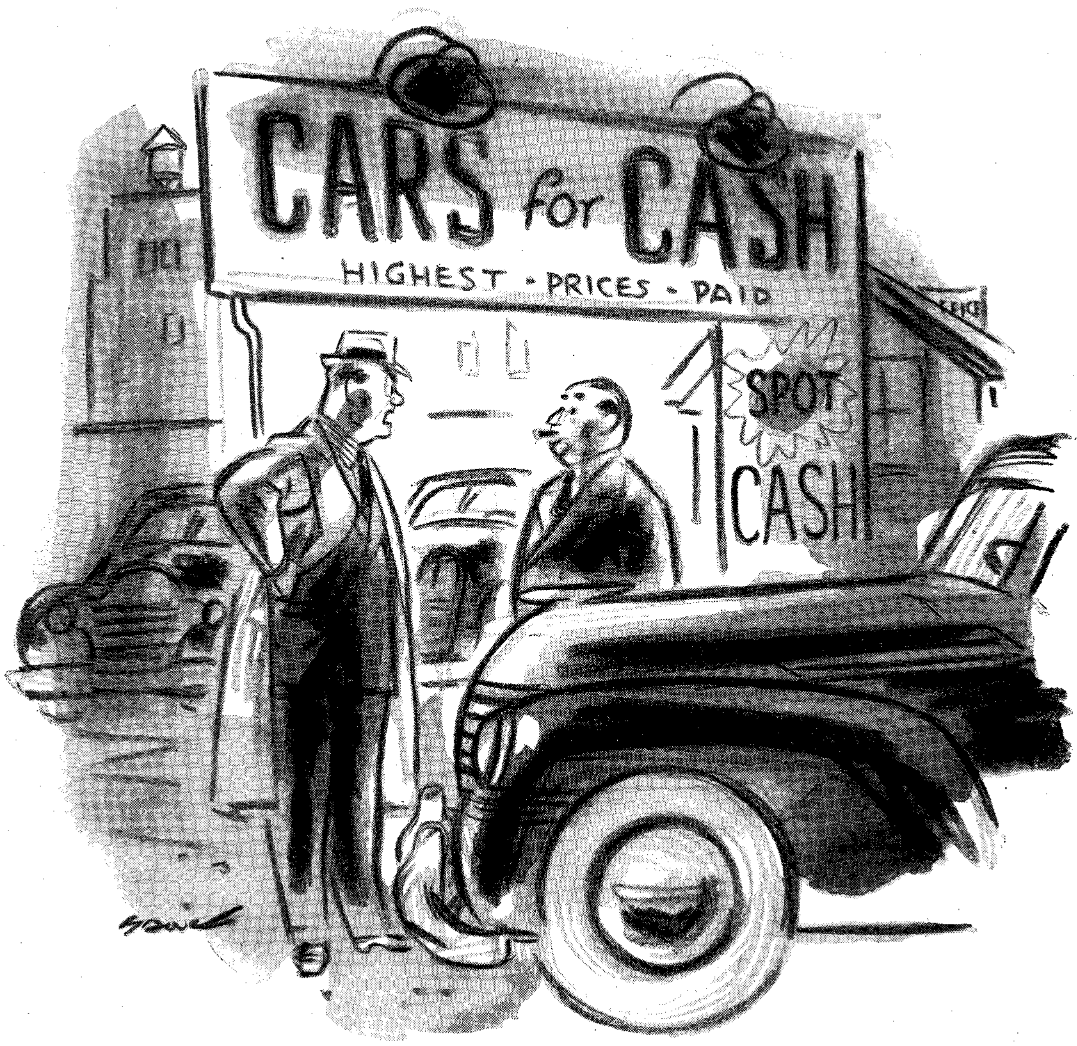

"Eighteen hundred dollars? You're crazy—I paid fourteen hundred dollars for it new."

"We swear by the glueboard," he says. "It's simply a composition shingle smeared on one side with a thick, strong, black glue. We developed this glue twenty-five years ago and it's probably the stickiest stuff known to man. It has been widely copied in the trade and is used all over. The shingle is pliable. It can be laid flat on the floor or bent around a pipe. We place them on rat runs—the paths rats customarily travel on—and that's where skill comes in; you have to be an expert to locate the rat runs. We lay bait around the boards. If any part of the animal touches a board, he's done for. When he tries to pull away, he gets himself firmly caught in the glue. The more he struggles, the more firmly he's stuck. Next morning the rat, glueboard and all, is picked up with tongs and burned. We used to bait with ground beef, canned salmon, and cheese, but when rationing came in we did some experimenting with many other foods and discovered, to our great surprise, that peanut butter is an extremely effective rat bait. Rats have to be trapped, poisoned, or gassed. Cats are worthless. They can handle mice, and do, but an adult brown rat will rip the hide off any cat. Ferrets aren't used against rats in New York any more, but exterminators in Philadelphia have to always keep a pair on hand. Some of the old families down there insist on that method. Personally, I like a ferret about as much as I like a rat.

"Insects, particularly the cockroach and the bedbug, are the No. 1 exterminating problem in New York. Rats come next. Then mice. Perhaps I shouldn't tell this, but most good exterminators despise rat jobs because they know that exterminating by itself is ineffective. You can kill all the rats in a building on a Monday and come back on a Wednesday and find it crawling with them. The only way rats can be kept out is to ratproof the building from sub-basement to skylight. It's an architectural problem; you have to build them out. Killing them off periodically is a waste of time; it's like taking aspirin for a cancer. We refuse to take a rat job unless the owner or tenant promises to stop up every hole and crack through which rats can get entrance and seal up or eliminate any spaces inside the building in which they can nest. That may sound like cutting our own throats, but don't worry: insects are here to stay and we'll always have more work than we can do. Rats are on the increase right now, especially the black rat. The other day I saw some blacks in an 'L' station in uptown Manhattan. Use to, you'd find them only on the waterfront. People don't have time to attend to rats with a war on. After the war, we'll pick up the slack. Twenty-five years ago there were easily two rats for every human in the city. They gradually decreased to half that, for many reasons. Better sanitary conditions in general is one reason. Fewer horses and fewer stables is another. The improved packaging of foods helped a lot. An increase in the power of the Department of Health is an important reason. Nowadays, if a health inspector finds rat tracks in a grocery or a restaurant, all he has to do is issue a warning; if things aren't cleaned up in a hurry, he can slap on a violation and make it stick. The most important reason, however, is the modern construction of buildings and the widespread use of concrete. It's almost impossible for a rat to get inside some of the newer apartment houses and office buildings in the city. If he gets in, there's no place for him to hide and breed. Take the Empire State Building, which I know intimately. There's never been a rat in it, not a single, solitary one."

NONE of the rats in New York are indigenous to this country. The black rat has been here longest. Its homeland is India. It spread to Europe in the Middle Ages along trade routes, and historians are quite sure that it was brought to America by the first ships that moored here. It is found in every seaport in the United States, and inland chiefly in the Gulf States. It has bluish-black fur, a pointed nose, and big ears. It is cleaner and not as fierce as the brown rat but more suspicious and harder to trap. It is an acrobatic beast. It can rapidly climb a drapery, a perpendicular drain or steam-heat pipe, an elevator cable, or a telephone or electric wire. It can gnaw a hole in a ceiling while clinging to an electric wire. It can run fleetly on a taut wire, or on a rope whether slack or taut. It uses its tail, which is slightly longer than its body, to maintain balance. It nests in attics, ceilings, and hollow walls, and in the superstructures of piers, away from its enemy, the ground-loving brown rat. Not all piers are infested; a few of the newer ones, which are largely of concrete, have none at all. It keeps close to the waterfront, and until recently was rarely come across in the interior of the city. Whenever possible, it goes aboard ships to live. While docked here, all ships are required to keep three-foot metal discs, called rat guards, set on their hawsers and mooring cables. These guards sometimes get out of whack—a strong wind may tilt them, for example—and then a black or an Alexandrian can easily clamber over them. Occasionally a rat will walk right up or down a gangplank. It is almost impossible to keep a ship entirely free of them. Some famous ships are notoriously ratty. One beautiful liner—it was in the round-the-world cruise service before the war—once came in with two hundred and fifty aboard. Public Health Service officials look upon a medium-sized ship with twenty as excessively infested. The record for New York Harbor is held by a freighter that came in from an Oriental port with six hundred, all blacks and Alexandrians. The black and the Alexandrian belong to the same species, their appearance and habits are alike, and the untrained eye cannot tell them apart. The Alexandrian is frequently found on ships from Mediterranean ports. It is a native of Egypt, and no one seems to know, even approximately, when it first appeared in this country. It has never been able to get more than a toehold in New York, but it is abundant in some Southern and Gulf ports.

The brown rat, the *R. norvegicus*, originated somewhere in Central Asia, began to migrate westward early in the eighteenth century, and reached England around 1730. Most authorities believe that it got to this country during the Revolutionary War. From ports all along the coast it went inland, hot on the heels of the early settlers, and now it thrives in every community and on practically every farm in the United States. Its spread was slowest in the high and dry regions of the West; it didn't reach Wyoming until 1919 and Montana until 1923. It has a blunt nose, small ears, and feverish, evil, acutely intelligent eyes. Its fur is most often a grimy brown, but it may vary from a pepper-and-salt gray to nearly black. Partial albinos occasionally show up; the tame white rat, which is used as a laboratory animal and sometimes kept as a pet, is a sport derived from the brown.

In addition to being the most numerous, the brown rat is the dirtiest, the fiercest, and the biggest. "The untrained observer," a Public Health Service doctor remarked not long ago, "invariably spreads his hands wide apart when reporting the size of a rat he has seen, indicating that it was somewhat smaller than a stud horse but a whole lot bigger than a bulldog. They are big enough, God protect us, without exaggerating." The average length of adult brown rats is a foot and five inches, including the tail, which is seven inches. The average weight is three-quarters of a pound. Once in a while a much heavier one is trapped. One that weighed a pound and a half and measured a foot and eight and a half inches overall was recently clubbed to death in a Manhattan brewery; brewery and distillery rats feed on mash and many become obese and clumsy. Some exterminators have maintained for years that the biggest rats in the country, perhaps in the world, are found in New York, Jersey City, Washington, and San Francisco, but biologists believe that this is just a notion, that they don't get any bigger in one city than they do in another. The black and the Alexandrian are about two-thirds the size of the brown.

The brown rat is distributed all over the five boroughs. It customarily nests at or below street level—under floors, in rubbishy basements, and in burrows. There are many brownstones and redbricks, as well as many commercial structures, in the city that have basements or sub-basements with dirt floors; these places are rat heavens. The brown rat can burrow into the hardest soil, even tightly packed clay, and it can tunnel through the kind of cheap mortar

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Join the WAC in the ARMY AIR FORCES
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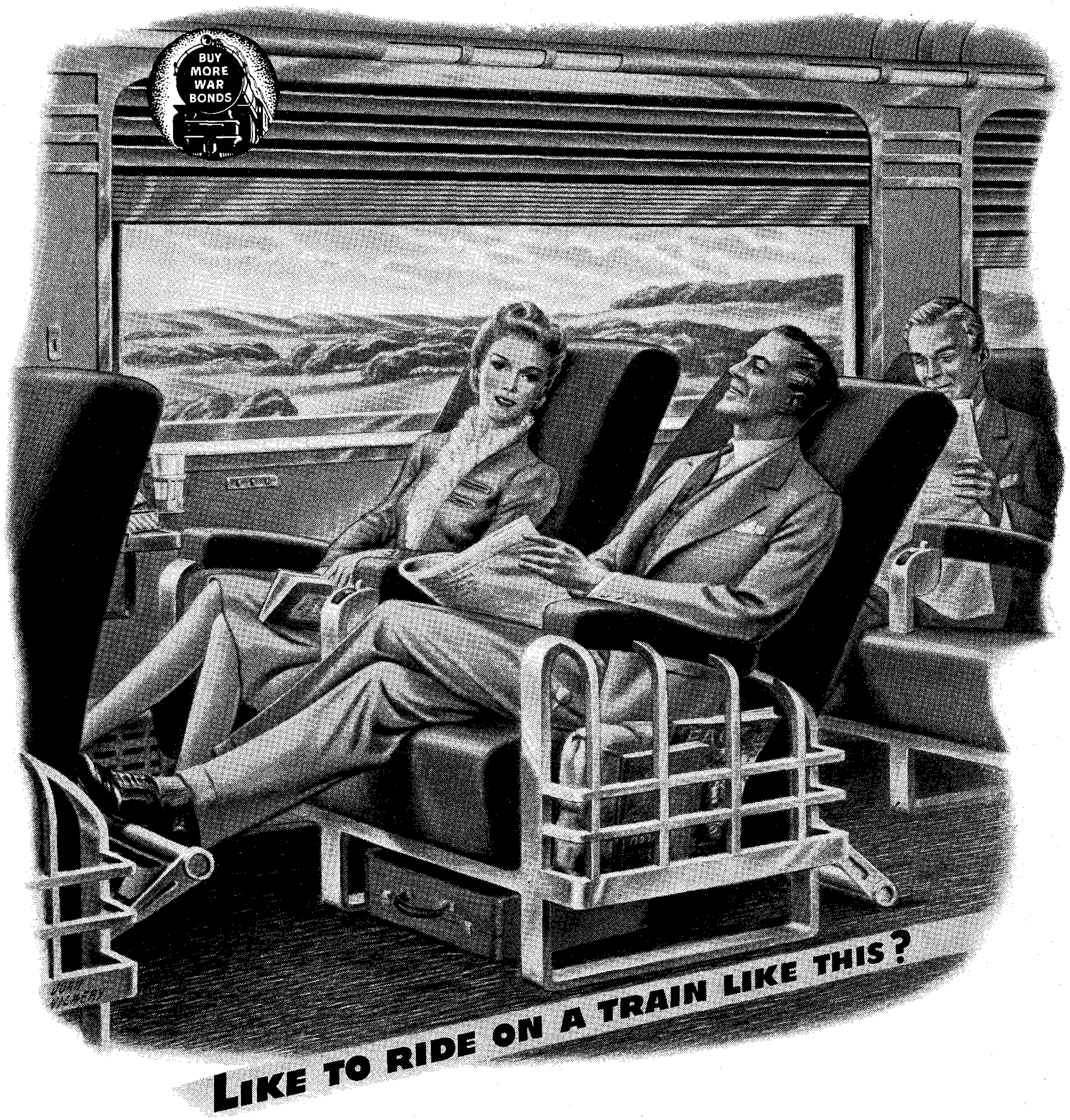
BUY MORE WAR BONDS
LIKE TO RIDE ON A TRAIN LIKE THIS?

IT'S a day coach. Looks pretty nice, doesn't it? And it is nice! Light, bright, roomy and comfortably air-conditioned. Smooth riding at high speeds with pillow-soft seats that fairly invite you to sink down and relax—wide windows that provide a sweeping view of the scenic landscape—and dozens of important little travel conveniences. • Where will you find such coaches as this? Many of them were built before the war began and are now in use. Hundreds more had been planned but never built—you know the reason why. • We haven't been able to use scarce materials and man power to build trains as we'd like to have them. There's a war to win and we're doing our level best to meet the nation's wartime transportation needs. • But we offer this little glimpse of the future because we want you to know, when you ride on our trains today, that railroads are looking ahead, planning for better trains for tomorrow.

ASSOCIATION OF
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ALL UNITED FOR VICTORY

that is made of sand and lime. To get from one basement to another, it tunnels under party walls; slum-clearance workers frequently uncover a network of rat tunnels that link all the tenements in a block. Like the magpie, it steals and hoards small gadgets and coins. In nest chambers in a system of tunnels under a Chelsea tenement, workers recently found an empty lipstick tube, a religious medal, a skate key, a celluloid teething ring, a belt buckle, a shoehorn, several books of matches in which all the match heads had been eaten off, a penny, a dime, and three quarters. Paper money is sometimes found. When the Civic Repertory Theatre was torn down, a nest constructed solely of dollar bills, seventeen in all, was discovered in a burrow. Exterminators believe that most fires of undetermined origin in the city are started by rats. "They are the worst firebugs in creation," one says. "They set some fires by gnawing the insulation off electric wiring, but their passion for match eating is what causes the most damage. They often use highly inflammable material in building nests. For example, the majority of the nests in the neighborhood of a big garage will invariably be built of oily cotton rags. Let a rat bring some matches into such a nest, particularly one that's right beneath a wooden floor, and let him ignite a match while gnawing on it, and a few minutes later here come the fire wagons."

The brown rat is as supple as rubber and it can squeeze and contort itself through openings half its size. It has strong jaws and long, curved incisors with sharp cutting edges. It can gnaw a notch big enough to accommodate its body in an oak plank, a slate shingle, or a sun-dried brick. Attracted by the sound of running water, it will gnaw into lead pipe. It cannot climb as skillfully as the black and the Alexandrian, it cannot jump as far, and it is not as fleet, but it is, for its size, a remarkable swimmer. A Harbor Police launch once came upon three brown rats, undoubtedly from New Jersey, in the middle of the Hudson; in an hour and twenty-five minutes, swimming against the wind in tossing water, they reached the pilings of one of the Barclay Street ferry slips, where the policemen shot them. The brown rat is an omnivorous scavenger, and it doesn't seem to care at all whether its food is fresh or spoiled. It will eat soap, oil paints, shoe leather, the bone of a bone-handled knife, the glue in a book binding, and the rubber in the insulation of telephone and electric wires. It can go for days without food, and it can obtain sufficient water by licking condensed moisture off metallic surfaces. All rats are vandals, but the brown is the most ruthless. It destroys far more than it actually consumes. Instead of completely eating a few potatoes, it takes a bite or two out of dozens. It will methodically ruin all the apples and pears in a grocery in a night, gnawing on a few and then cutting into the others for the seeds. To get a small quantity of nesting material, it will cut great quantities of garments, rugs, upholstery, and books to tatters. In a big warehouse, it goes berserk. In a few hours a herd will rip holes in hundreds of sacks of flour, grain, coffee, and other foodstuffs, spilling and fouling the contents and making a wholesale mess. It sometimes seems that only deep hatred of the human race could cause the rat to be so destructive. Every January, the biologists of the Fish and Wildlife Service of the Department of the Interior get together and make an estimate of the amount of damage done during the past year by rats. Their estimate for the country in 1943 was two hundred million dollars.

In live-poultry markets a lust for blood seems to take hold of the brown rat. One night, in the old Gansevoort wholesale-poultry market, alongside the Hudson in Greenwich Village, a burrow of them bit the throats of three hundred and twenty-five broilers and ate less than a dozen. Before the Gansevoort market was abandoned, in 1942, the rats practically had charge of it. In three sheds, four thousand were trapped. They nested in the drawers of desks and leaped out, snarling, when the drawers were pulled open. Exterminators have occasionally been perplexed at finding eggshells and even unbroken eggs in brown-rat burrows under poultry markets and butter-and-egg warehouses. Irving Billig, president of the Biocerta Corporation, which makes pest poisons, at 303 Fifth Avenue, claims that he found out not long ago how the rats transport these eggs. Now and then Mr. Billig takes on a big exterminating job. The city once hired him to quell the rats in Central Park and in the dumps on Riker's Island. For a hobby, he hides in food establishments at night and studies the feeding habits of rats. "I'll swear to this," he says. "One night, in the warehouse of a grocery chain, I saw some egg-stealing rats at work. They worked in pairs. A small rat would straddle an egg and clutch it in his four paws. When he got a good grip on it, he'd roll over on his back. Then a bigger rat would grab him by the tail and drag him across the floor to a hole in the baseboard, a hole leading to a burrow. The big rat would slowly back into the hole, pulling the small one, the one with the egg, in after him." In an East River slaughterhouse, Mr. Billig once witnessed another example of the ingenuity of the *norvegicus*. "I'll swear to this, also," he says. "This place had a bad problem and I was called in to study it. I hid in a room where there were some sides of beef hung on hooks, about three feet clear of the floor. Around eleven P.M. the rats started wriggling in. In fifteen minutes there were around two hundred in the room. They began jumping for the beeves, but they couldn't reach them. Presently they congregated under one beef and formed a sort of pyramid with their bodies. The pyramid was high enough for one rat to jump up on the beef. He gnawed it loose from the hook, it tumbled to the floor, and the two hundred rats went to work on it." After telling about this, Mr. Billig shudders and says, "A sight like that leaves a mark on a man. If the rats come out of their holes by the millions some night and take over City Hall and start running the city, I won't be the least bit surprised. A few more world wars, a couple of epidemics of the bubonic plague, and the Machine Age'll be done for; it'll turn into the Rat Age."

SO far, in the United States, the plague has been only a menace. From 1898 to 1923, 10,822,331 deaths caused by the plague were recorded in India alone; in the United States, in this period, there were fewer than three hundred deaths. The plague first occurred in this country in 1900, in the Chinatown of San Francisco. It is generally believed that the bacteria were brought in by a herd of infected rats that climbed to the docks from an old ship in the Far Eastern trade. This epidemic killed a hundred and thirteen people and lasted until the end of 1903. The plague broke out again in 1907, a year after the earthquake. In the same year there was an epidemic in Seattle. There have been two epidemics in New Orleans—one in 1914 and one in 1919 and 1920—and there was one in Los Angeles in 1924 and 1925. Since then there have been only sporadic cases. However, there is a vast and ominous reservoir of plague infection in the wild rodents of the West. During the first epidemic in San Francisco, many rats fled the city and infected field rodents, chiefly ground squirrels, in the suburbs. In 1934, thirty years later, Public Health Service biologists turned up the

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FOR VICTORY
BUY
UNITED
STATES
WAR
BONDS
AND
STAMPS

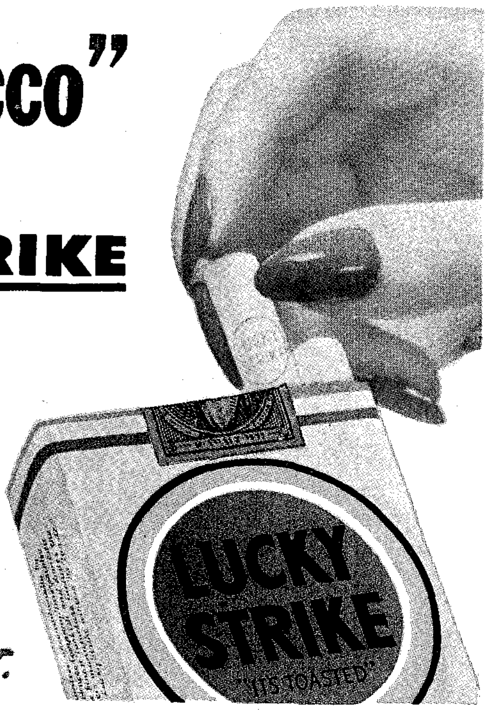
"Man, that's *fine* tobacco"

...that's **LUCKY STRIKE**

tobacco!

yes, LUCKY STRIKE
means fine tobacco

L.S./M.F.T.


LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"

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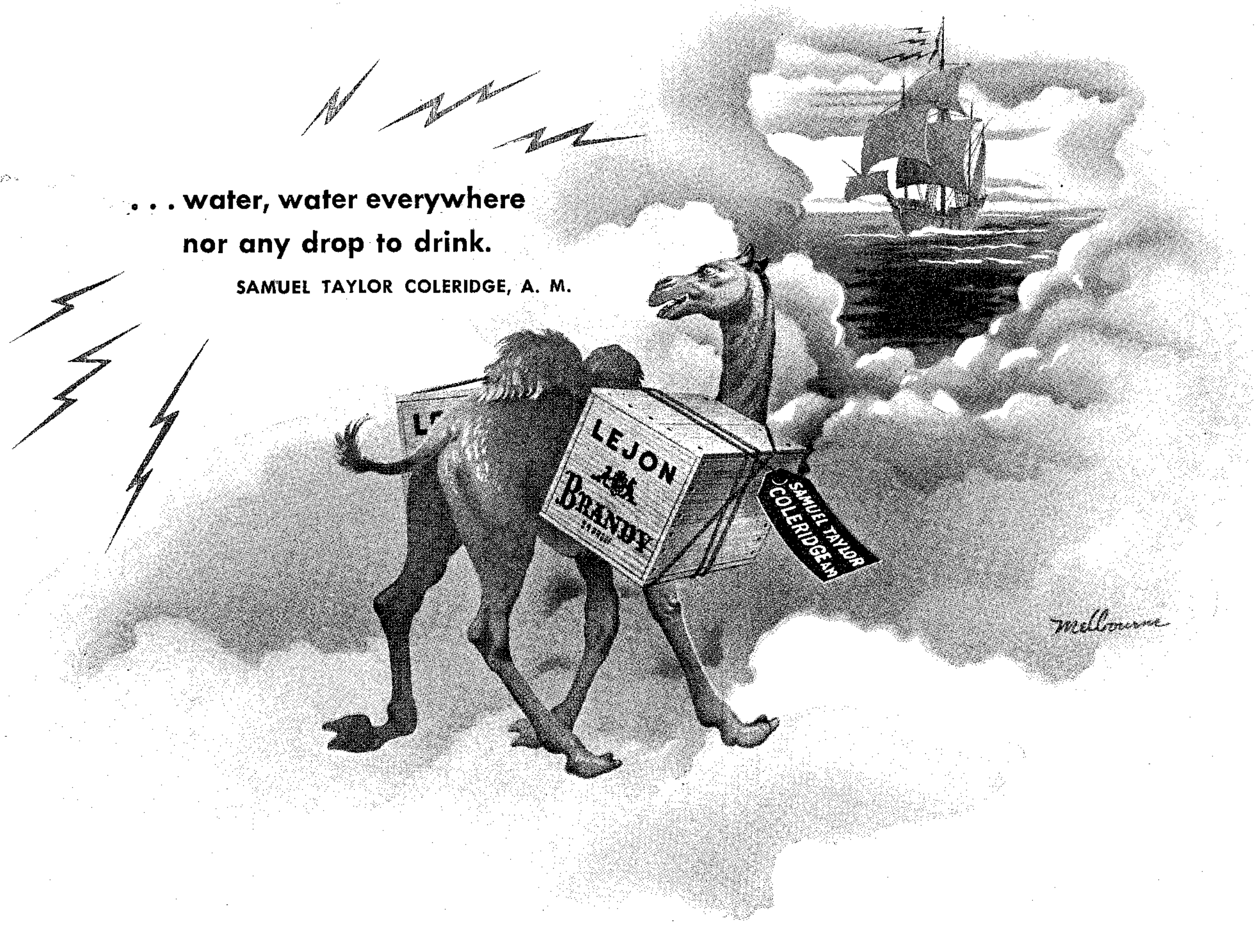
. . . water, water everywhere
nor any drop to drink.
SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE, A. M.
LEJON
BRANDY
SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE A.M.
Melbourne

S. T. Coleridge, A. M.: Your obscurely worded radiogram has been brought to us for decoding by the Medieval Radio Corporation. Possibly Ancient Mariners like yourself do not know that shipboard language is not easily translated by the lay public. We realized at once that you wanted something other than water. And in your extremity we believe that LEJON Brandy will be just what you wish. It is a magnificent liqueur brandy worthy of the finest palates and warmest traditions of marine hospitality • • • To the watery Sahara, speaking jocularly, in which you are voyaging, we are sending you an adequate tasting.

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Fabulous Season of
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Evenings (including Sundays) 8:30—85c to $4.20
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COMEDY HIT
Kiss and Tell
NEW YORK • BILTMORE THEATRE
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MIDDLE WEST • ON TOUR
WEST • ON TOUR
Written by F. Hugh Herbert. Directed by Mr. Abbott

MICHAEL TODD presents
BOBBY CLARK in
Mexican Hayride
with JUNE HAVOC GEORGE GIVOT WILBUR EVANS
Book by HERBERT & DOROTHY FIELDS
Staged by HASSARD SHORT
SONGS BY COLE PORTER
WINTER GARDEN B'way & 50 St. Mats Wed, Sat

CHERYL CRAWFORD presents
MARY MARTIN
KENNY BAKER • JOHN BOLES
One Touch of Venus
with Paula Laurence & Teddy Hart
Music by KURT WEILL
Book by S. J. PERELMAN & OGDEN NASH : Lyrics by OGDEN NASH
Staged by ELIA KAZAN
Dances by Agnes de Mille
Associate producer JOHN WILDBERG
46th ST. THEA. W. of B'way. Eves. 8:30 Mats. Wed. & Sat.

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—George Jean Nathan
Meyer Davis presents
WALLFLOWER
The Laugh Hit
by Mary Orr & Reginald Denham
CORT, 48th St. E. of B'way. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"Big and important...human, convincing"—News
THERON BAMBERGER presents
TOMORROW THE WORLD
By JAMES GOW & ARNAUD d'USSEAU
CONRAD NAGEL SHIRLEY BOOTH
Staged by ELLIOTT NUGENT
BARRYMORE, W. 47th. Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

fact that the plague had slowly spread among burrowing animals—ground squirrels, prairie dogs, chipmunks, and others—as far east as New Mexico and Wyoming. Late last year it appeared fifty miles inside the western border of North Dakota. Public Health Service officials say that there is no reason to assume that the infection will not infiltrate into rodents of the Great Plains, cross the Mississippi, and show up in the East. Most of the diseased rodents inhabit thinly settled sections and come in contact with human beings infrequently. Even so, every year several people, usually hunters, are bitten by infected rodent fleas and come down with the plague. Epidemiologists are greatly disturbed by the situation, particularly because there is an ever-present possibility that a few infected rodents may stray from rural areas and transfer the disease to town and city rats, settling an old score. If the disease gets loose among city rats, epidemics among human beings will probably follow.

There has never been an outbreak of the plague in New York. There have, however, been two narrow escapes. In 1900, plague-infected rats were found in ships in the harbor of New York, as well as in the harbors of San Francisco and Port Townsend, Washington. They got ashore only in San Francisco, causing the first Black Death epidemic in North America. Plague rats were found in New York Harbor for the second time early in January of last year. Among themselves, health officials have already got in the habit of referring to this discovery as "the Wyoming affair." The history of the Wyoming affair was told to me the other day by Dr. Robert Olesen, medical director of the New York Quarantine Station of the Public Health Service, whose office is in an old, red-brick building overlooking The Narrows, in Rosebank, on Staten Island.

"I suppose there can be no harm in telling about it now," Dr. Olesen said. "First, it's necessary to explain how we inspect ships. Every ship in foreign trade that comes into the harbor is boarded by a party made up of a customs officer, an immigration officer, a plant-quarantine man from the Department of Agriculture, a Public Health doctor, and a sanitary inspector, whose main job is to determine the degree of rat infestation aboard. While the doctor is examining the crew and passengers for quarantinable diseases, the sanitary inspector goes through the ship looking for rat gnawings, tracks, droppings, nests, and for the presence of rat odor. An ex-

THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTIONS
THE MUSICAL HIT
OKLAHOMA!
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Book & Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2d
Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
Dances by AGNES de MILLE
Betty GARDE Alfred DRAKE Joseph BULOFF Joan ROBERTS
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The FRANZ WERFEL - S. N. BEHRMAN COMEDY
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OTHELLO
EDITH KING • JAMES MONKS
Production designed and lighted by Robert Edmond Jones
SHUBERT Thea. 44 St. W. of B'way. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

MAX GORDON HITS!
"Glib, daffy, enormously funny"—Morehouse, Sun
RUTH GORDON IN
OVER TWENTY-ONE
By RUTH GORDON
Staged by GEORGE S. KAUFMAN
MUSIC BOX, 45th St. West of B'way. CI. 6-4636
EVGS. 8:40. Mats. THURS., & SAT. at 2:40
"The funniest show we've seen in three years."
—Walter Winchell
THE DOUGHGIRLS
By Joseph Fields
Staged by George S. Kaufman
LYCEUM 45th St. E. of B'way. CH. 4-4256
Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2:40

"AN IRRESISTIBLE DELIGHT!"
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ALFRED de LIAGRE, Jr.
presents
Margaret Elliott
SULLAVAN & NUGENT
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JOHN VAN DRUTEN'S
Comedy
the Voice of the Turtle
with
AUDREY CHRISTIE
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Evenings 8:35 Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:35

"ITS WISE — ITS WITTY. Its wonderfully well acted." Garland, Journal American
BILLIE BURKE • FRANK CRAVEN
Mrs. January & Mr. Ex
A New Comedy by ZOE AKINS
BELASCO W. 44 St. Eves 8:40. Mats Thurs & Sat

Josephine HULL Effie SHANNON
in
ARSENIC AND OLD LACE
4th YEAR!
"Unforgettably funny"—Atkinson, Times
HUDSON Theatre. W. 44 St. Evgs. incl. Sunday 8:40
Matinees Sat. 2:40—Sun. at 3. No Tues. Perf.

Additional Amusement Advertising on page 38

LISTEN: APRIL 29, 1944

What Cordell Hull said over CBS on Sunday, April 9, was literally this:

"It (the Atlantic Charter) lays down the common principles upon which rest the hope of liberty, economic opportunity, peace and security through international cooperation."

Four hours later a recording instrument in the CBS short wave listening station in New York tuned in a German station. The Goebbels boys were going strong, and what *they* said Mr. Hull had said was this:

"The Atlantic Charter is dead. With its death died at the same time the hope for a better post war world under the domination of the allies."

Part of the useful public service of a radio network is not only to transmit the truth but to record and to expose the false.

★

70 microphones planted throughout the convention hall of the Chicago Stadium will absorb and transmit the progress of the R (June 26) and D (July 19) national conventions.

Covering both conventions for CBS will be a cool and collected news staff headed by Paul White, CBS news director, and including Bob Trout, John Daly, Quincy Howe, Bill Henry and Bill Slocum.

CBS reporters equipped with portable walkie-talkie transmitters will make beachheads on the convention floor and communicate by short wave with the analysts in the CBS booth.

★

When you get born in northeastern Wisconsin, it's no secret. Every day at 9:05 am WTAQ, the CBS affiliate in Green Bay, broadcasts a list of all the babies born during the previous 24 hours: their names, sex, and place of birth, and suggestions for their care and feeding, officially approved by the State Health Department. Listeners enjoy these daily "Stork Reports"; new mothers welcome the instruction; hospitals like the free press.

★

(Shorter story this week than usual; paper shortage)

This is **CBS**

...THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

CBS

perienced inspector can smell rats. He pays particular attention to ships that have touched at plague ports. There are quite a few of these ports right now; Suez had an outbreak the other day and was put on the list. After he's made his search, he reports to the doctor, who orders a fumigation if things look bad. If infestation is slight and if the ship comes from a clean port, the doctor probably won't insist on a fumigation. I won't give you any wartime figures, but in one peacetime month, for example, we inspected five hundred and sixty ships, found that a hundred and thirty-two were infested to some degree, and fumigated twenty-four, recovering eight hundred and ten rats. Ships make rapid turnarounds nowadays, and it often happens that the time required for a fumigation will cause a ship to miss a convoy.

"We are short-handed, and most of our fumigating is done by a group of twenty-two Coast Guardsmen. They were assigned to us early in the war and we trained them to make rat inspections and fumigations. We use hydrocyanic gas, which has a pleasant, peach-blossom smell and is one of the most lethal of poisons. An infested ship is anchored and a fumigation party of four or five Coast Guardsmen goes aboard. First, they send the entire crew ashore, carefully checking them off one by one. Then one of the Coast Guardsmen goes through the ship, shouting, banging on bulkheads with a wrench, and making as much racket as possible. He shouts, 'Danger! Fumigation! Poison gas!' Then the Coast Guardsmen put on gas masks and toss some tear-gas bombs into the holds. That's to fetch out any stowaways who might be aboard. During the first months we used hydrocyanic, we killed a number of stowaways. A few weeks ago, in the hold of a South American freighter, the tear gas brought out eight weeping stowaways who had been hiding in an empty water tank. Two fellows in the crew had smuggled them aboard in Buenos Aires and had been feeding them. These fellows had kept their mouths shut and gone ashore, leaving the stowaways to be killed, for all they cared. When the Coast Guardsmen are satisfied a ship is empty of humans, they seal the holds and cabins and open cans of hydrocyanic, liberating the gas. They even fumigate the lifeboats; rats often hide in them. After a certain number of hours—ten for a medium-sized ship—the holds are opened and aired out, and the Coast Guardsmen go below and search for dead rats. The rats are

A NEW OPERA COMPANY production
JARMILA NOVOTNA
in MAX REINHARDT'S
HELEN GOES TO TROY
New Musical Operetta with
ERNEST TRUEX
Full Corps de Ballet and Cast of 100
Production Staged by
HERBERT GRAF
ALVIN Theatre
W. 52 St. • CI 5-6868
Eves. 8:30, $1.20 to $4.80. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30, $1.20 to $3.00. Tax incl.

"A Triumph" —BARNES *Herald Trib.*
JAN KIEPURA in
THE Merry Widow
with MELVILLE COOPER
Directed by FELIX BRENTANO
MAJESTIC, W. 44th St. Evs. 8:30. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30

"A REAL EVENING IN THE THEATRE" —NICHOLS, *Times*
DECISION
AMBASSADOR 49th W. of B'way
Eves. Incl. Sun. 8:40 Mats. Sat. and Sun.

"Smash hit!" Winchell
MILTON BERLE in
ZIEGFELD FOLLIES
SENOR WENCES · CHRISTINE AYRES · SARA ANN McCABE
NADINE GAE · TOMMY WONDER · JACK McCAULEY
and SUE RYAN
Staged by JOHN MURRAY ANDERSON
IMPERIAL THEA., 45th St. W. of B'way. CO-5-2412
TWICE SAT. & SUN. 2:35 & 8:35. *No Perf. Mon.*

"THE FUNNIEST WOMAN IN THE WORLD"
ROBERT REUD presents
ZASU PITTS *in*
RAMSHACKLE INN
By George Batson
"A HUMDINGER OF A PLAY, AS UTTERLY DELIGHTFUL AS 'ARSENIC AND OLD LACE'!" —*Rascoe, World-Tele.*
ROYALE THEA., 45th St. West of B'way | Evgs. Incl. Sun. 8:40 MATS. SAT. & SUN.

"BERGNER is MAGNIFICENT" Life Magazine
Robert REUD & Paul CZINNER present
ELISABETH
BERGNER
In The TWO MRS. CARROLLS
By Martin Vale
with VICTOR JORY
BOOTH Thea., W. 45 St. Evs. 8:40. Mats. Wed., Sat.

The U.S. Army Air Forces PRESENT
Winged Victory
by MOSS HART
Curtain 8:15 and 2:15 Sharp
44TH ST. THEA. Every Evening Except Monday Matinees Wednesday and Saturday

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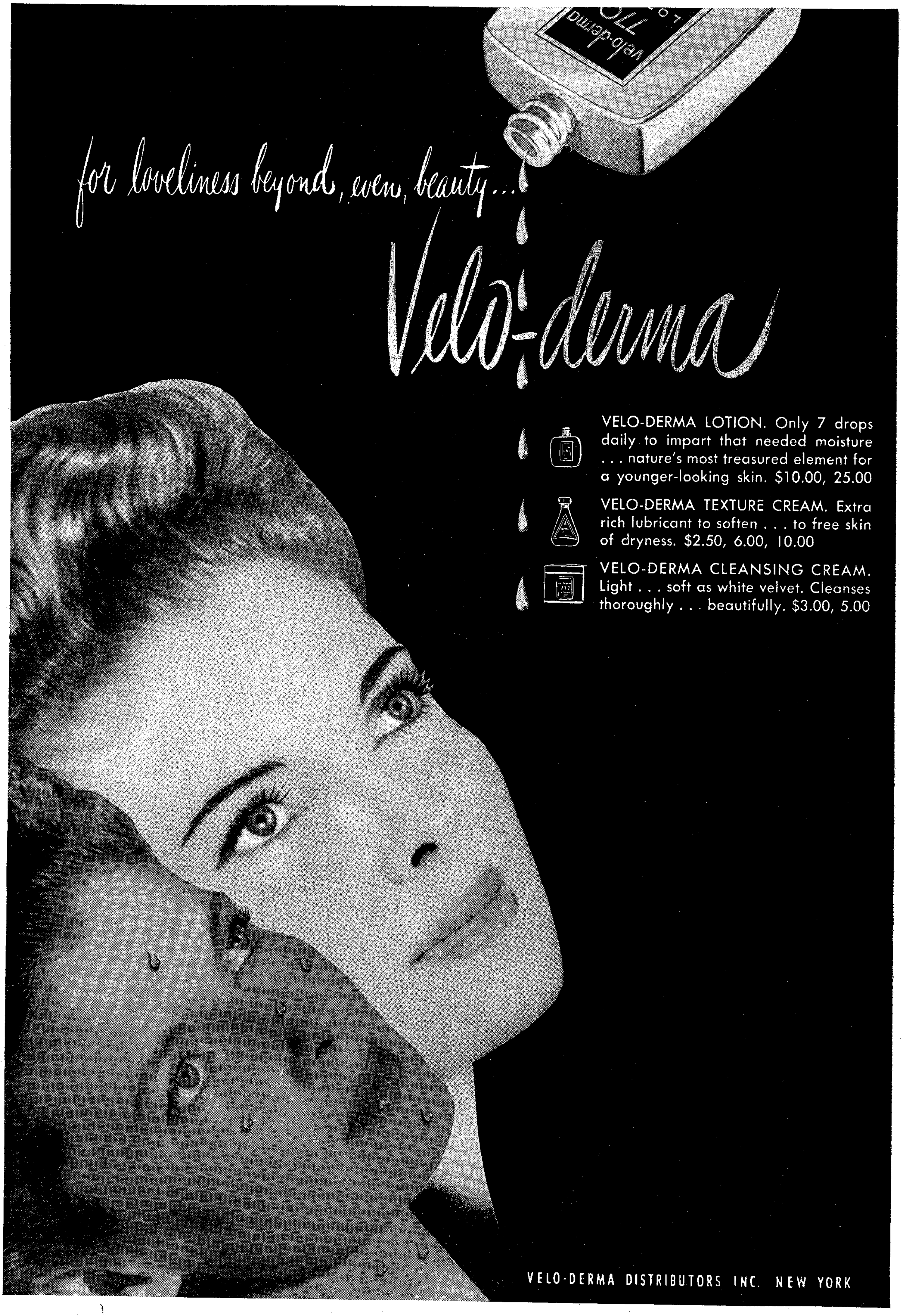
"COVER GIRL"
in TECHNICOLOR • A Columbia Picture
Music by Jerome Kern • Lyrics by Ira Gershwin
Gala Stage Show • Symphony Orchestra
1st Mezzanine Seats Reserved. Circle 6-4600


for loveliness beyond, even, beauty...
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VELO-DERMA LOTION. Only 7 drops daily to impart that needed moisture . . . nature's most treasured element for a younger-looking skin. $10.00, 25.00

VELO-DERMA TEXTURE CREAM. Extra rich lubricant to soften . . . to free skin of dryness. $2.50, 6.00, 10.00

VELO-DERMA CLEANSING CREAM. Light . . . soft as white velvet. Cleanses thoroughly . . . beautifully. $3.00, 5.00

VELO-DERMA DISTRIBUTORS INC. NEW YORK

CHARLES OF THE RITZ ...and soft, naturally lovely permanent waves are synonymous! A smart new hairstyle with deep, wide waves that frame the face and end in a halo of soft curls.

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IN NEW YORK:
THE RITZ-CARLTON,
THE RITZ TOWER,
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(also White Plains and East Orange)

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THE RITZ-CARLTON, Boston
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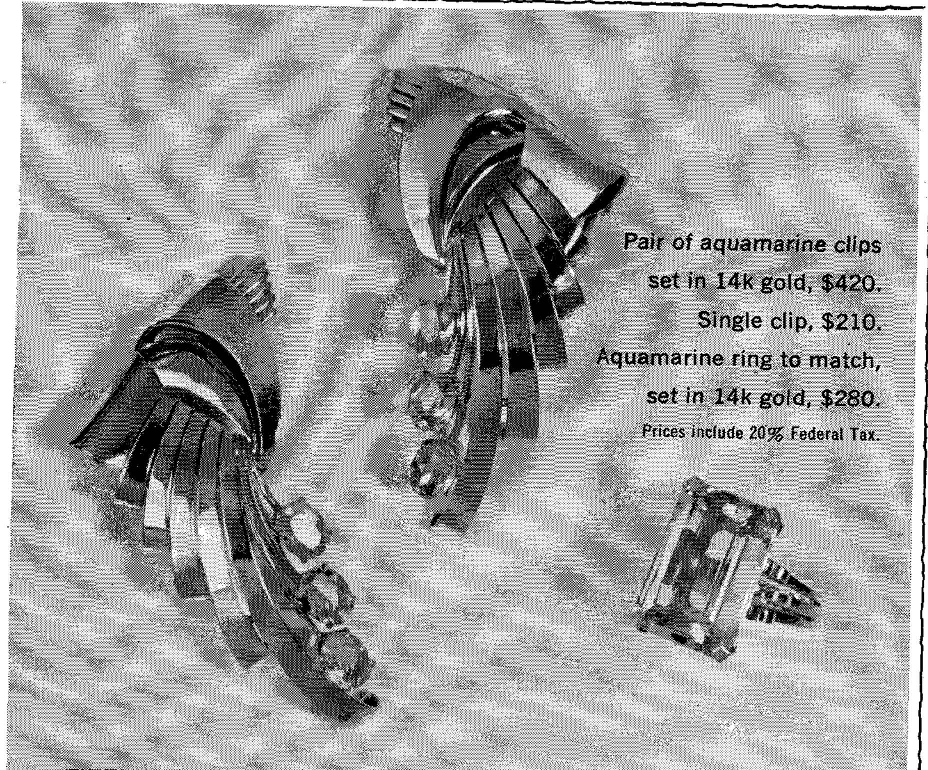

Pair of aquamarine clips set in 14k gold, $420. Single clip, $210. Aquamarine ring to match, set in 14k gold, $280.
Prices include 20% Federal Tax.

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BLACK, STARR & GORHAM

EAST ORANGE · ESTABLISHED 1810 · WHITE PLAINS

dropped in oil-paper bags and brought to a laboratory in the basement here. They are combed for fleas. The fleas are pounded in a mortar, put into a solution, and injected into guinea pigs. Then each rat is autopsied and examined for signs of plague. Then bits of spleens and livers are snipped out, pooled, and pounded up. They are also put into a solution and injected into guinea pigs. If the fleas or the rats are infected, the pigs sicken and die. We began this work in 1921, and for twenty-two years we injected hundreds of generations of pigs with the fleas and spleens of rats from practically every port in the world without turning up a single Black Death germ. We didn't want to find any, to be sure, but there *were* days when we couldn't help but look upon our work as routine and futile.

"Now then, late in the evening of January 10, 1943, the French steamship Wyoming arrived from Casablanca, Africa, with a miscellaneous cargo, chiefly wine, tobacco, and vegetable seeds. A big convoy came in that evening, sixty or seventy ships, and we didn't get to the Wyoming until next day. Casablanca was on the plague list at that time; there had been an outbreak in December, shortly before the Wyoming sailed. The crew was carefully examined. No sign of illness. Then the captain brought out a deratization certificate stating that the ship had recently been fumigated and was free of rats; this certificate later turned out to be worthless. She was allowed to dock at Pier 34, Brooklyn, where she discharged some bags of mail. Next day she proceeded to Pier 84, Hudson River, and began discharging her cargo. Some rats were seen in her by longshoremen, and on January 13th we went over her and found evidence of infestation. She was allowed to continue unloading. On January 18th we fumigated her at her dock and found twenty rats. We combed and autopsied the rats, and inoculated a guinea pig. Four days later the pig sickened and died. An autopsy indicated plague infection and cultures from its heart blood showed an oval organism which had all the characteristics of *Pasteurella pestis*. We made a broth of tissue from this pig and inoculated a second pig. It sickened and died. It was the Black Death, no doubt about it. We had found it in the harbor for the first time in forty-three years.

"In the meantime, the Wyoming had moved from the Hudson to Pier 25, Staten Island, for repairs. On January 29th we went aboard her, removed all excess dunnage and gear to the decks, and ripped open all the enclosed spaces in the holds; we were afraid the hydrocyanic hadn't penetrated to these spaces. Then we refumigated. Twelve more dead rats were found. On the same day we got in touch with Dr. Stebbins, the Commissioner of Health for the city, and told him about the situation. We were greatly apprehensive. The Wyoming had touched at piers in rat-infested sections in three boroughs and there was, of course, a distinct possibility that infected rats had got ashore and were at that moment wandering around the waterfront, coming in contact with local rats and exchanging fleas. Mr. Holsendorf, the Health Department's rat consultant, quickly got together some crews of trappers and they began setting break-back traps on the Brooklyn pier, the Manhattan pier, and the Staten Island pier, and in buildings in the vicinity of each pier. The trapping was done unobtrusively; we were afraid a newspaper might learn of the matter and start a plague scare. Early in February the first batch of rats was sent for autopsies to the laboratory of the Willard Parker Hospital, an institution for contagious diseases, at the foot of East Fifteenth Street. We waited for the report with considerable anxiety. It was negative on every rat, and we began to breathe easier. Mr. Holsendorf and his crews trapped from the end of January to the middle of May and the reports continued to come in negative. At the end of May we concluded that no Wyoming rats had got ashore, and that the city was safe."

"How many rats did you find on the Wyoming the next time it came in," I asked.

"The Wyoming's number was up," Dr. Olesen said. "Shortly after the second fumigation she went back to sea. Two days out, on her way to Casablanca, she was torpedoed and sunk by a German submarine."

—Joseph Mitchell

•

MRS. ENGLUND, MEET MRS. ENGLUND

Singing Star Judy Garland, who revealed that she expects to become a mother next August. Her husband, Sgt. Chet Englund, is serving with the army in Ohio. —*Picture caption in the Chicago Herald-American, March 11.*

Judy Canova, the hillbilly singer, revealed in Hollywood she expects to be a mother in August. The actress-singer is wed to Sgt. Chet Englund, now stationed in Ohio.—*Picture caption in the same paper, March 12.*

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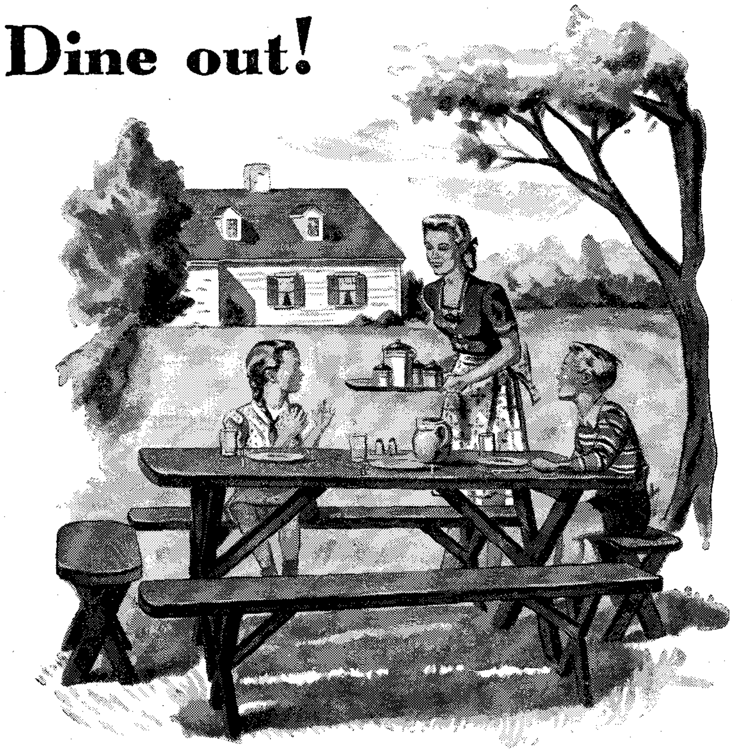
Dine out!



Enjoy your meals more by serving them in the wall-less outdoors with no ceiling but the summer sky. All the fun of a picnic in the woods with the convenience of your nearby kitchen.

For your pleasure we have had this handmade California Red Cedar set built to our specifications. Each bench top is a single piece of wood and only full-width pieces are used in the table top. All the wood has been weather-treated, carefully fitted and held with bolts and screws.

CALIFORNIA RED CEDARWOOD
OUTDOOR DINING SET

Table (71" long) and two side benches . . $59.50
End benches $10 each

IN CALIFORNIA REDWOOD

Table and 2 side benches $52.50
End benches $10 each

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THE THEATRE

THE MIXTURE AS BEFORE

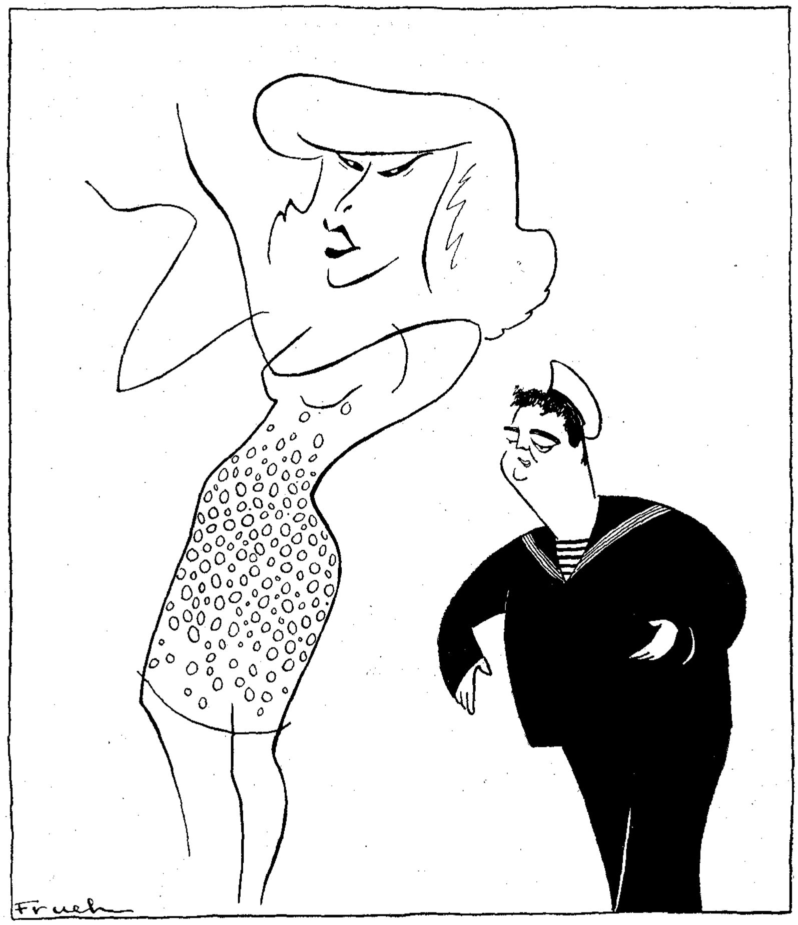
"Sheppey," a play by Somerset Maugham, first performed in London in 1933, was produced here last week at the Playhouse. It deals with the probable reactions of modern society to a man who decides to conduct his life on the principles laid down in Galilee, an idea, of course, not entirely unknown to the stage. Unlike Channing Pollock, however, who skillfully reduced the whole problem to rubbish in "The Fool," Mr. Maugham has illuminated it from time to time with urbanity and charm.

For long stretches, when the leading character seems moral and stuffy even beyond the requirements of a man with a religious fixation, "Sheppey" is a moderately tiresome piece of work. The author is quite serious about the practicability of a man's living his life in accordance with basic Christian principles, as he also seems to be in as much as I have managed to read of Mr. Maugham's new novel, called "The Razor's Edge," and in this mood he has a strong tendency to sound like a syndicated uplift column in a newspaper.

Very often, though, Mr. Maugham gets off on such disassociated ideas as the relation between homosexuality and philanthropy or writes scenes about harlots and thieves (the symbolism here is evident but needn't bother you), and then, I think, "Sheppey" turns into a very literate and entertaining play. Conceding his new tendency to deliver spiritual messages, Mr. Maugham is still a dramatist with both style and technique, and in this silly season, when only John van Druten and Lillian Hellman have bothered to display more than a trace of either, I feel that we should be reasonably grateful. All this is by no means to be taken as a wholehearted endorsement of the sermon at the Playhouse. It is just a note to the effect that an entertainment has turned up on Forty-eighth Street which, mysteriously, appears to be written almost wholly in the English language.

For the benefit of those not already intimidated by its theme, "Sheppey" is the story of a London barber who wins $40,000 in a sweepstakes. Up to this time he has been a seemingly normal man and much admired in his business. Now, however, the New Testament ideal (combined with fainting spells) takes hold of him and he announces that he intends to give all his money to help the poor. He also invites the harlot and the thief to share his home on Camberwell Road, to the gentle bewilderment of his wife, a good woman, and the indignation of his daughter, a practical one. Naturally, such goings on lead a good many people to suspect that Sheppey may be a little overexcited and arrangements are made to commit him to a nursing home. There is a very funny scene in which Sheppey, as a professional barber, explains to the visiting alienist that he really ought to do something about his hair, but after that, I'm afraid, Mr. Maugham's play relapses pretty much into nonsense. It ends when Death, in the shape of a beautiful girl in a raincoat, comes and takes Sheppey away, beating the medical profession to it by a nose. This lady is both reassuring and literary about the hereafter—she goes into the Appointment in Samarra legend, perhaps familiar to you in the novel by John O'Hara if not elsewhere—but the whole scene has its comic aspects. It might also be said that benevolent Death coming to fetch somebody, having turned up in recent years both in "On Borrowed Time" and "Death Takes a Holiday," is a device no longer calculated to stir the customers' hair. Altogether, I guess "Sheppey" will have to be dismissed as derivative and often dull. Just the same, there are felicities of language and construction in it that make it, I think, worth your attention.

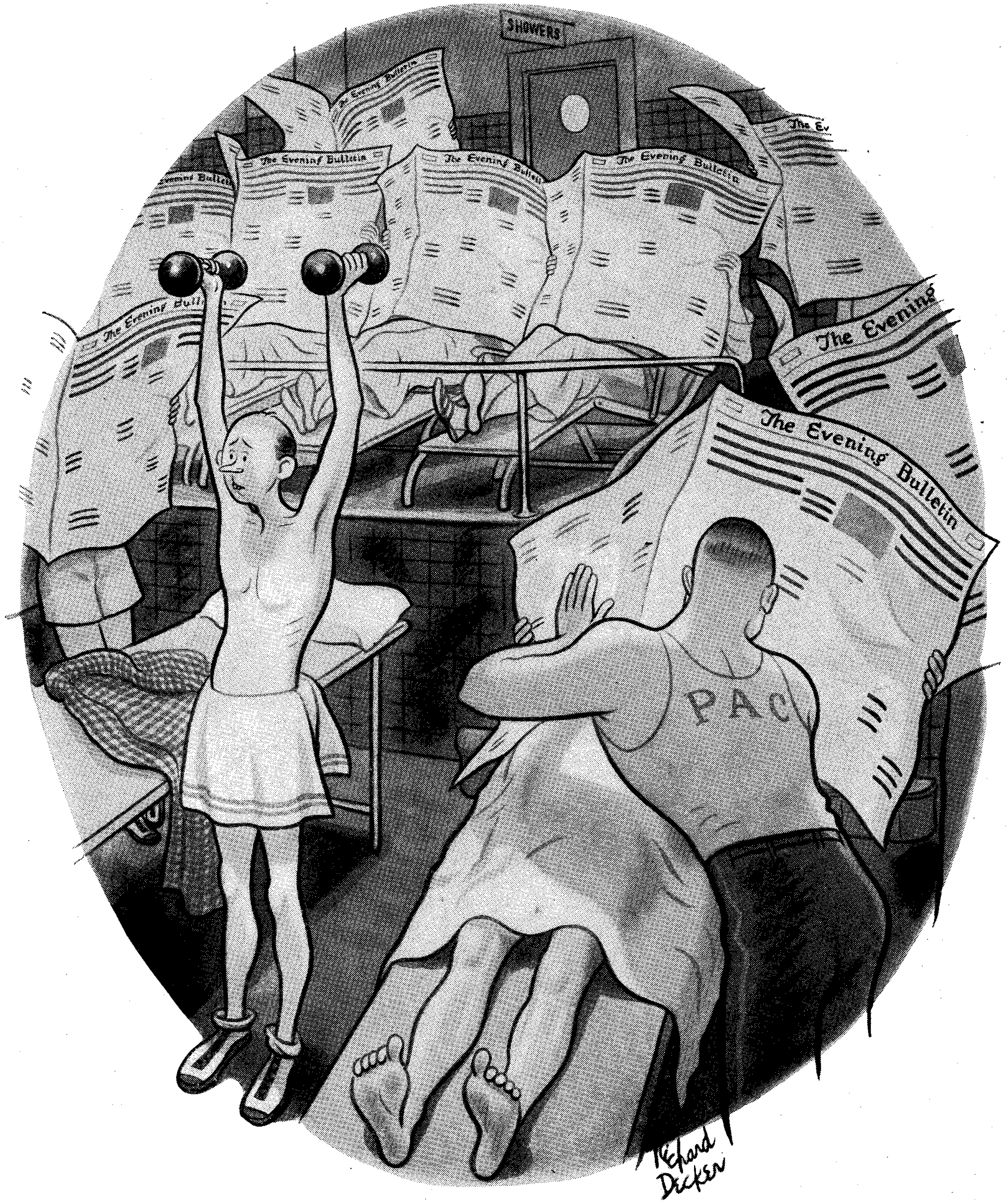
Edmund Gwenn, in the title part, gives, as usual, an expert and strangely touching performance. Barbara Everest, as his wife; Doris Patston, as the symbolic Magdalen; and Anthony Kemble-Cooper, as an earnest young man who hesitates to marry the daughter of a man who imagines himself Jesus Christ, are all fine and persuasive. Sir Cedric Hardwicke's direction struck me as extremely deft.



"FOLLOW THE GIRLS"

Jackie Gleason clearly has some low, seafaring designs on Gertrude Niesen, but you can be sure he's getting nowhere. The musical by Guy Bolton and Eddie Davis is at the Century.

George Marion, Jr., who wrote a very tiresome and vulgar book for the musical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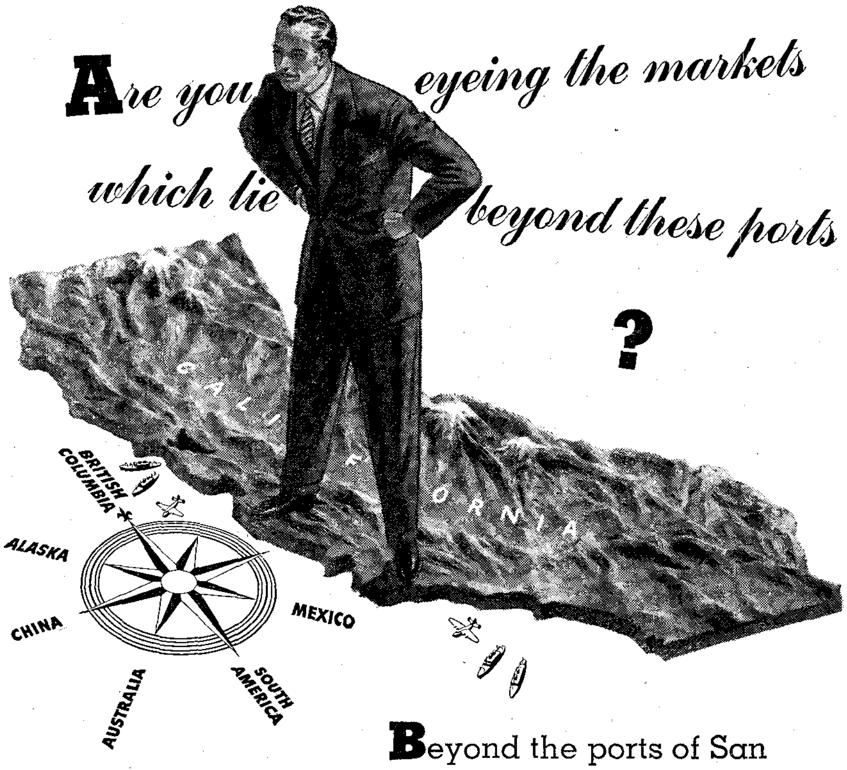

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called "Early to Bed," has turned out a considerably worse one for "Allah Be Praised!," a rather seedy enterprise at the Adelphi. This one, as far as I can see, doesn't make a grain of sense, and my mind staggers at the idea of recapitulating it for you. There were some people hanging around the Bureau of Missing Persons in New York, and then they were all in a harem in Persia, and then some of them showed up in Hollywood, and then, apparently, they were back in Persia again, but this last fact I deduce only from my program, since by that time I was in a taxicab, riding rapidly east.

The actors who go with this atrocity are all much too good for it. John Hoysradt, a stylish ornament of the night clubs, looks a little embarrassed as the Emir of Sultanbad, but brings more presence and humor to his dismaying part than I would have thought possible. Mary Jane Walsh, a good, noisy girl, gets away with some songs that seem feebly inspired, to avoid putting it obscenely. Edward Roecker has the best music and handles it very well indeed. Joey Faye is as funny as a man can hope to be when his material isn't funny at all, and Anita Alvarez really made me laugh in some foolishness about a girls' soft-ball team. Only Patricia Morison, to whom I have been devoted ever since she appeared in something called "The Two Bouquets," is almost totally lost in all the curious goings on. Miss Morison looks very beautiful, but she doesn't seem to know exactly how to behave on a big, batty stage, with everybody shouting. The rest of the cast includes Milada Mladova, Evelyne and Beatrice Kraft, Pittman Corry, and Jayne Manners, and they are all obviously accomplished at their specialties. The scenery and costumes, in that always useful word, are characteristic. So is the music.

"PRETTY LITTLE PARLOR," by Claiborne Foster, was the latest of a rather alarming epidemic of plays about domineering women. Clotilde Hilyard drove her husband to drink, was partially responsible for a double drowning, and was mixed up in various crooked railway deals. She may have been a little excessive. Anyway, the play closed after eight performances. I regret this only on behalf of its star, Stella Adler, an actress I'd like to see around more or less permanently. —WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

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OF ALL THINGS

DURING the past week or so the Germans were subjected to the heaviest aerial bombardment of the entire war. To make things worse, they were called upon to celebrate the fifty-fifth anniversary of Adolf Hitler's birth.

•

Our State Department has released a nostalgic story about the good old days. It tells of the happy time when Herbert Hoover and Ramsay MacDonald sat on a log by the Rapidan and quietly abolished war.

•

The Nazis boast that they have a projectile which, after exploding, will freeze to death everybody within a radius of five hundred yards. The clever fellows may have found a way to make use of all that cold they found in Russia.

•

Governor Earl Warren of California declares that he is not a candidate for the Vice-Presidential nomination. It is therefore only natural for many Republicans to feel that he is the logical non-running-mate for Governor Dewey.

•

Prime Minister de Valera has asked that Rome be made an open city. Meanwhile, the Nazis are running troops and supplies in and out of Rome to show how open it is.

•

Experts have figured out that the war will cost well over a trillion dollars. If we could only agree not to have another war until this one has been paid for, we might really have peace in our time.

•

Spokesmen for the food trades declare that storage plants are fairly bursting with perishable goods. In this crisis, consumers may be called upon to resume the old practice of serving food with their meals.

•

The racing season in New York has started with large crowds and record betting. It is astonishing how many otherwise modest people believe themselves to be authorities on the horse.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

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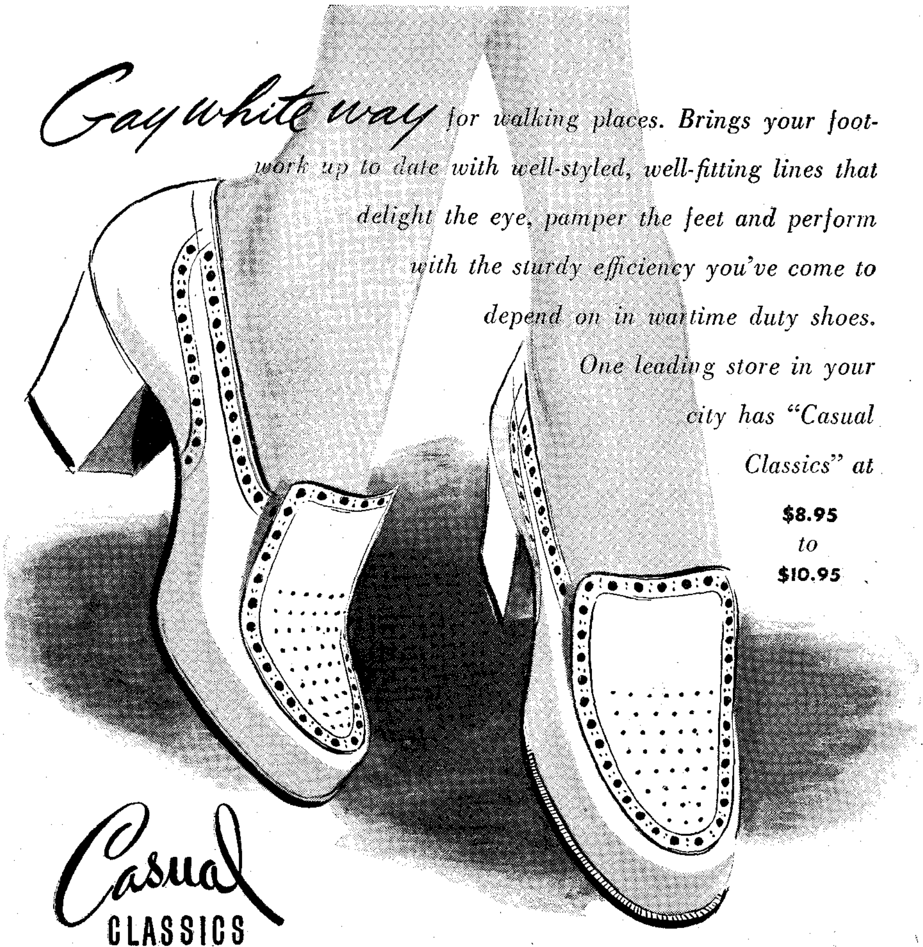

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Narcissus

THE monotonous drumbeat you hear, which may sound like the gathering of the tribes in the hills, is really Hollywood pounding itself on the back in a picture called "Follow the Boys." This is a handsome tribute to the movie folk by the movie folk for their contribution to the war. It happens to be a Universal picture, so mainly Universal talent has been employed, but the point of the project is that movie actors and actresses, or "soldiers in greasepaint," as they have dubbed themselves, have done a bang-up job of maintaining morale by their visits to the fighting fronts. Before we go any further, let's admit that the war is undoubtedly being better fought because of the uplift in spirits and the knowledge that people back home are thinking of them that soldiers derive from the appearance before them of professional entertainers. It's too bad, though, that this contribution couldn't have been made without the orgy of self-congratulation to be found not only in "Follow the Boys" but in "Four Jills in a Jeep," which appeared a couple of weeks back. There is also the fact that the box-office receipts from these two pictures are apparently not being thrown into the Gulf of California as a gesture of selflessness but are being tucked away in the till with the rest. This seems to indicate a feeling in the industry that there's no point in not making expenses or more out of your patriotism.

Perhaps, or rather unquestionably, one's sentiments about a picture like "Follow the Boys" are influenced by its not being particularly good entertainment to begin with. Although George Raft, Vera Zorina, Jeanette MacDonald, Orson Welles, Marlene Dietrich, Dinah Shore, W. C. Fields, Artur Rubinstein, Charles Butterworth, Martha O'Driscoll, Maxie Rosenbloom, the Andrews Sisters, and the kitchen stove are all in it, the bright moments are rare. Even Mr. Fields' bit, the old pool-table routine, has been badly mangled. The skeleton plot, which features Mr. Raft and Miss Zorina as a husband-and-wife ballroom team who do what they can for the war effort when they're not having domestic arguments, is no better than plots in these all-star variety shows generally are. The variety acts hung on this frame are the main part of the picture, and all are presented against a background of one Army encampment or another, at home or overseas. The soldiers are represented as being highly enthusiastic audiences, which they might or might not be, under the circumstances. Among those in the cast whom I forgot to mention are Donald O'Connor, Peggy Ryan, Sophie Tucker, the Delta Rhythm Boys, Elizabeth Patterson, Charlie Grapewin, Grace McDonald, Regis Toomey, Maria Montez, Susanna Foster, Louise Allbritton, Robert Paige, Lon Chaney, Jr., Gloria Jean, Andy Devine, Turhan Bey, Alan Curtis, Noah Beery, Jr., Nigel Bruce, and the orchestras of Ted Lewis, Freddie Slack, Charlie Spivak, and Louis Jordan.

THE musical comedy "Knickerbocker Holiday" has been transposed, as they say, to the screen, but without Walter Huston. The rôle of Governor Stuyvesant is played by Charles Coburn, who is a sturdy actor in his own right and might have done very well if the screen play, for one thing, and, more especially, the direction had provided him with a better setup. Not only are there wobbly spots in the story but many of the characters, including the Governor himself, have often been called on to put meaningless comic expressions on their faces and make meaningless gestures. The words and music are still basically by Maxwell Anderson and Kurt Weill and are pretty good. Of course, five additional song writers were called in, but they don't seem to have improved the score much. With the exception of "September Song," which Mr. Coburn rasps out just about as well as Mr. Huston did, most of the words and music are handled by Nelson Eddy and Constance Dowling.

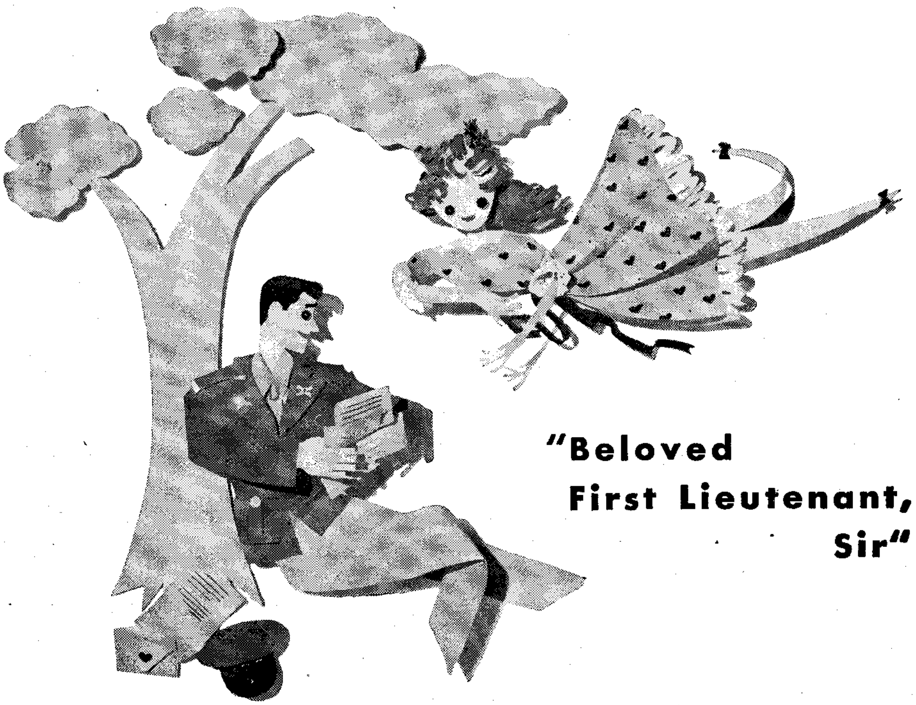
THEN there's "Up in Mabel's Room," an old farce which has been remade, to no good purpose. Dennis O'Keefe, Marjorie Reynolds, Gail Patrick, Lee Bowman, and Mischa Auer are all inextricably tangled in lovers' quarrels, snowstorms, unidentified babies, and breakaway furniture.

—DAVID LARDNER

•

THEY SHALL NOT SLEEP, Leland Stowe. Knopf, $3. Outsold every other title at the Wide Awake Book Shop.—*Publishers' Weekly.*

And why not?



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"Oh, by the way," said the postscript with studied carelessness, "I've been made a First Lieutenant!" . . . She knew how glad he was. And happy with him, she started to write: "Darling Bill." No, that wouldn't do. "Bill, my dearest." No, she must say something *immediately* about that new-shining silver bar . . . "*Beloved First Lieutenant, Sir.*" . . . With what care we write our letters these days! For letters are read and read again . . . every word is thought about and dreamed over . . . each comma brings remembrance. . . . And with what care — because it's all part of a single picture — *we choose the stationery we write our letters on.* That's why Kellogg papers are in such demand these days . . . of perfect texture . . . keyed to harmonize with the way you think of *him.* Write to him today. He'll prize a letter from *you* on stationery

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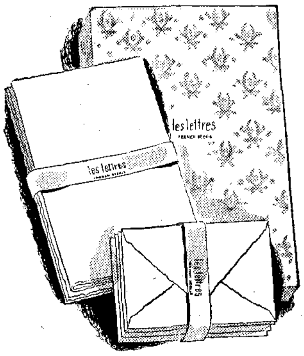

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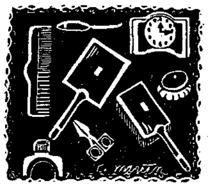
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE

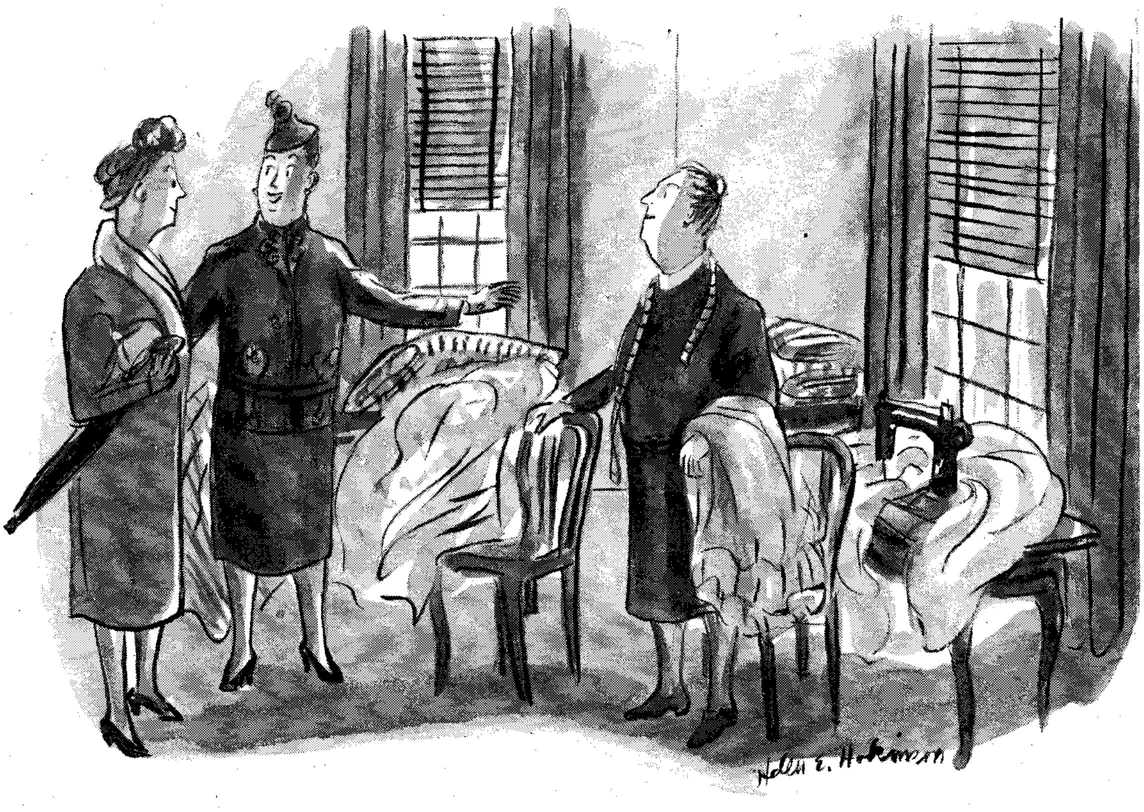


THE search for house presents, either small and playful or large and serious, is an annual spring chore in most people's lives, because weddings, though they have become a year-round phenomenon since the war, still seem to come along in vast quantity at this season. A few of the traditional wedding gifts aren't around now, such as new clocks (there *are* old ones, just the same, which are beautiful and will keep time) and those peerless breakfast sets of flowery china which the British potteries once sent over in such numbers and which they have naturally stopped making, for the time being, in favor of more necessary and less romantic china. English dinnerware, however, is still around. Alfred Orlik, at 421 Madison Avenue (49th), has on hand a large supply of modern Spode and Royal Worcester chinaware in patterns which are to be found nowhere else. A popular design in Spode silicon china is the Black Bird (a slightly misleading name, since the Bird, an exotic creature, is actually a rich, monotone mulberry). Orlik has complete tea and dinner services, including the various serving pieces, in this pattern. These are all open stock, so replacements and later additions are possible. Prices range from $39 a dozen for bread-and-butter plates to $60 a dozen for the dinner size. The more sentimental and, to my mind, irresistible Moss Rose pattern, with the small, scattered rose design in pink and turquoise on ivory Spode silicon, also appears in open-stock dinnerware. Some Spode wares are more limited in range. For example, the wonderful hand-painted orchids—a different one on each of a dozen gold-banded dishes in either French blue or delicate Marina green—appear only on demitasses, dessert plates, and service plates. In modern Royal Worcester, Orlik has dinner and dessert plates, tea cups and saucers, and demitasses in a pattern that fanciers of bird decoration will probably like best of all: English songbirds in natural colors, one bird (perched on a flowering branch) on each piece. The shop's collection of Spode and Royal Worcester birds contains perfect accompanying table decorations for this china.

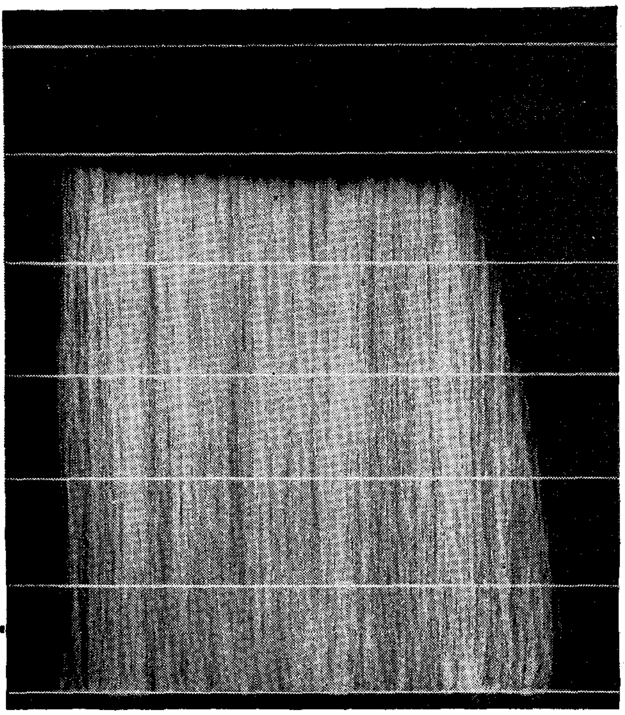
ALICE H. MARKS, over at 6 East 52nd Street, has some American-made replacements for those English breakfast sets which used to be a springtime certainty at this shop. This year a great renaissance of flower-painted glass is taking place there, and you'll see clear crystal breakfast-tray or table services upon which the shop will paint sprays or clusters or scatterings of the flower of your choice (mine would be a pink moss rose). These glass sets are not quite the breakfast ware that their china predecessors were, but they are pretty and fresh and they have what is known as style, as might be expected of anything at this place. Prices start at $27.50; they vary, naturally, according to the decoration. There is also an assortment of glass objects which may be painted to order in the same way: square, chunky-stoppered bathroom bottles, in sets of three with soap dish and tumbler to match ($18.50); a little tray-size jam pot ($3.50) and a larger table-size one ($4.75); a pair of cylinder jars, one fitting into the other, with a cover, to hold cookies or cocktail snacks ($12.50); a coffee addict's set of a small pot with a raffia-wrapped top handle, a cup and saucer, a sugar bowl, and a cream pitcher ($25). You can also have flowers painted on a Lucite tray big enough for cocktails or a commuter's toast-and-coffee breakfast; from $16.50.

Special weekend-present notion: a cheese set of a small, thick, square oak board and a heavy glass knife with its handle wrapped in raffia to match the side handles on the board; all for $2.50.

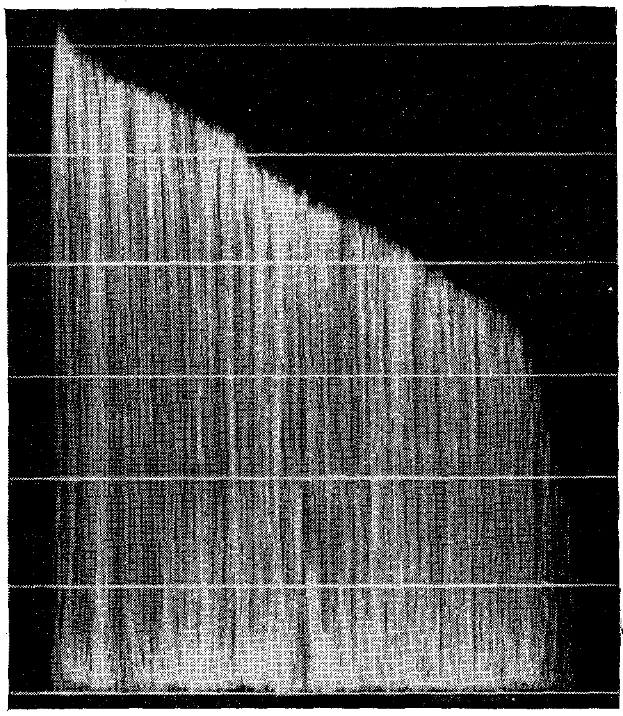
FEW gift shops carry such a varied assortment of household wares, decorative or useful, or both, as the one in Bergdorf Goodman, where baby blankets, scrapbooks, garment hangers, and odd pieces of Victorian furniture mingle happily and with less confusion than you might suppose. A current enthusiasm there is wall decorations by the Mexican artist Jesús Reyes Ferriera, who has painted a series of spectacular figures upon great oblongs of tissuey paper (it may be a weird, beautiful horse, a cock, some strange, mythical creature, or just an abstraction in sweep-



"... *and this is Mme. Durand, whom I call the Schiaparelli of Woodside.*"



This is the way a sample of standard rayon staple looks, with fibers combed out and laid parallel. Notice the nearly perfect uniformity of length, desirable in most uses.



Here is a sample of the new "varied length" rayon staple showing distribution of long and short fibers. The new process permits control to fit the varied lengths typical of wool.

The long and the short of a new Rayon development

YOU WOULD EXPECT the normal result of a technological improvement to be controlled uniformity. But here is a case where the direct opposite, controlled *non-uniformity*, was the aim of American Viscose Corporation research. And why? The answer lies in the new rayon-and-wool blended fabrics now appearing on the market.

Rayon is particularly adapted to blending with wool to create fabrics with many distinct advantages. However, to combine it with wool... *uneven* (or varied) lengths of rayon staple fibers are desirable so that they will more thoroughly blend with the *uneven* lengths of natural wool fibers.

Sounds simple doesn't it? But the solution had to provide a fast, practical and low-cost means of achieving this *controlled non-uniformity*... in pound after pound of precision-made rayon staple, each pound containing more than five million fibers!

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You may not be able to notice any startling improvement in rayon-and-wool fabrics as a result of this development. It is just one of the many technical advances in textile manufacture that can be directly traced to the continuous research program of American Viscose Corporation. Taken together, these small improvements add up to better fabrics of higher intrinsic value . . . designed to satisfy the needs and wants of America's consumers.

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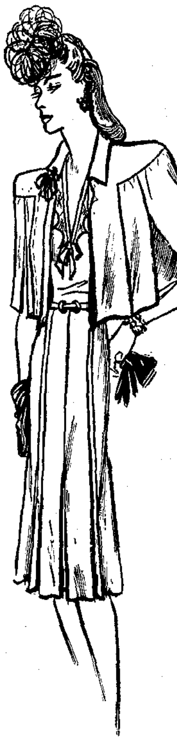

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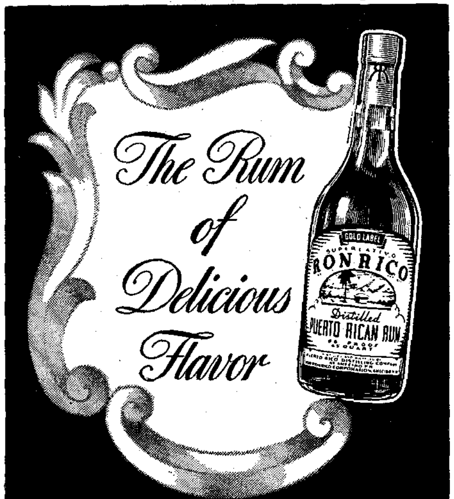
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Copyright 1944 *Trade Marks

ing, swirling brush strokes splashed with gold) beneath which are layers of vari-colored tissue papers whose hues are faintly visible through the sheet on which the painting is done. Unframed, which is the way I like them, these wall panels are $35 each. Framing raises the price considerably and adds nothing much. Moreover, if these panels are covered with glass when they are framed, the result is actually unfortunate.

This shop has some ingenious serving trays on stands. One, for breakfast in bed (I suppose people still do have breakfast in bed, if they're sick), is of painted wood and fits snugly into a rack with legs that fold—an achievement, since this is a wartime affair and is made entirely of wood, with not so much as a metal hinge in its makeup; $10. The Terrace Toter is a really enormous wooden table-height tray with a built-in slicing board and racks with holes for condiment bottles. This, too, has a folding stand, and $12 takes all. Another folding stand, a very tall one this time, supports a portable bar with a red- or green-tiled surface which is galleried at the sides and back and has a bottle rack; the outfit is $23.50 in pickled pine or $35 in solid mahogany.

Transparent plastic table mats, thick enough so they won't curl or buckle, become very handsome when they're painted. You can have your own design—an enormous monogram, flowers, or almost anything you can think of; $3 each, decoration included. There are big makeup boxes of painted wood with glass linings, felt padding underneath, and a lid with the customary mirror on the under side and a floral print on top, for $5; there are hanging curio cabinets and racks of every size and type, starting with tiny ones made for displaying a single cup and saucer. Finally, there are enormous rope-handled woven baskets, as soft as a Panama hat ($1.25 to $3, and wonderful to use as shopping bags), and—a real find—chintz garment bags, with quilted fronts, which are not only made on steel frames but have long zippers; $10 and $11 in pink and blue.

JOHN GERALD, at Altman, has done a new group of five decorated rooms, using nothing but reds, whites, and blues in his color schemes and making people like it. This is easily the neatest decorating stunt in some time, even though Gerald has cheated a little by working in some reds so strongly diluted that they are really pink. There is a big, airy-looking bedroom with a very froufrou embroi-

SOUTHARD'S
Sherries from Jerez
SPAIN
Palma Fina Sherry

PALMA FINA: straw light, dry . . . aperitif supreme

AMONTILLADO: darker, delicate bouquet

OLOROSO: medium sweet, without peer

CADIZ CREAM SHERRY: rich, liqueur-like

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF
Wine Shippers
IMPORT CORP.
40 E. 49th St., New York 17, N. Y.

To Our Readers

Paper shortage has obliged us to request the omission of certain advertisements from this issue and the reduction in size of others. To those advertisers and to their colleagues, who have made it possible for us to accomplish this, we herewith express our thanks.

The Wedgwood Room

At Supper
VICTOR BORGE
RUSSELL SWANN · TALIA
•
Dinner and Supper
LEO REISMAN
and his Orchestra
MISCHA BORR and his Orchestra alternating
Cover from 10:30, $2

The Waldorf-Astoria

dered organdie-flounced tester bed, an enormous oval rag rug in soft, deep blue banded with red ($192.50 in Altman's rug department), and curtains made of white percale sheets which have been edged with pink ruffles and tied with red bows. The country sitting room has a fresh, cottagey, small-patterned wallpaper in deep-sea blues and white above a blue dado, lots of white cretonne with red flowers and blue ribbon bows in the design, and, again, a remarkable rug—an old one this time, in white needlepoint with a red border surrounding a couchant dog which is as large as a St. Bernard but has the general silhouette, coloring, and features of the kind of spaniël seen in old English paintings. You can buy whatever catches your eye in this assortment of rooms; that is, everything but the needlepoint rug. Never mind the price of this; it already bears a "sold" tag, and no wonder. —B. B.

MARKETS AND MENUS

Good Shopping

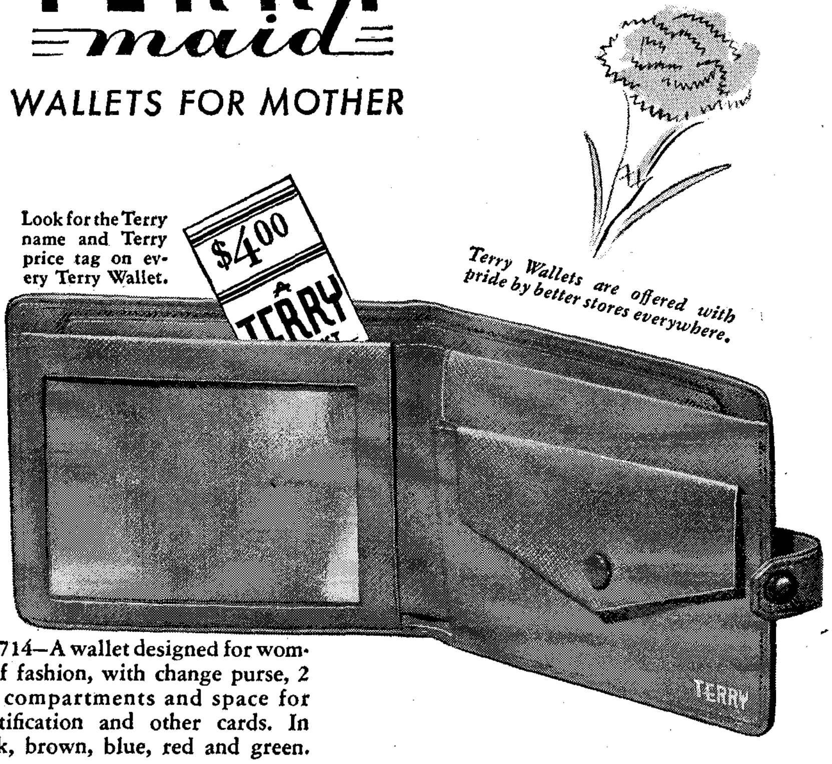
IN spite of rationing, new food shops keep popping up with the most indomitable spirit. The latest arrival is a market opened by the Consumers' Coöperative Services, at 393 Sixth Avenue (8th). The Coöperative has already taken one modest flyer in the grocery business down in the Gramercy Park neighborhood, but this market is a far larger and more ambitious venture.

I haven't yet sampled the store's meats, but they look fine, and so do the vegetables, kept fresh in refrigerated stands. You'll find at the new store some of the homemade breads for which the Coöperative has a solid reputation, and many of the concern's own canned fruits are also on hand. The fresh Pennsylvania eggs which have made a name for the Coöperative's cafeterias are here, too, and the butter is about as good as you will find anywhere.

THERE is a little shop called Tel-Burn of New York, at 161 East 53rd Street, which is not impressive-looking but which has often proved itself a blessing in tracking down some elusive food product. Nothing could appear more unpromising than the scantily furnished shelves and generally amateurish setup of the place. Come to think of it, it's probably the amateur spirit that makes the little shop commendable, for the obligingness with which the management is ready to tackle your problems is startlingly unlike the casual unconcern of the average grocer. Ladies

TERRY maid

WALLETS FOR MOTHER



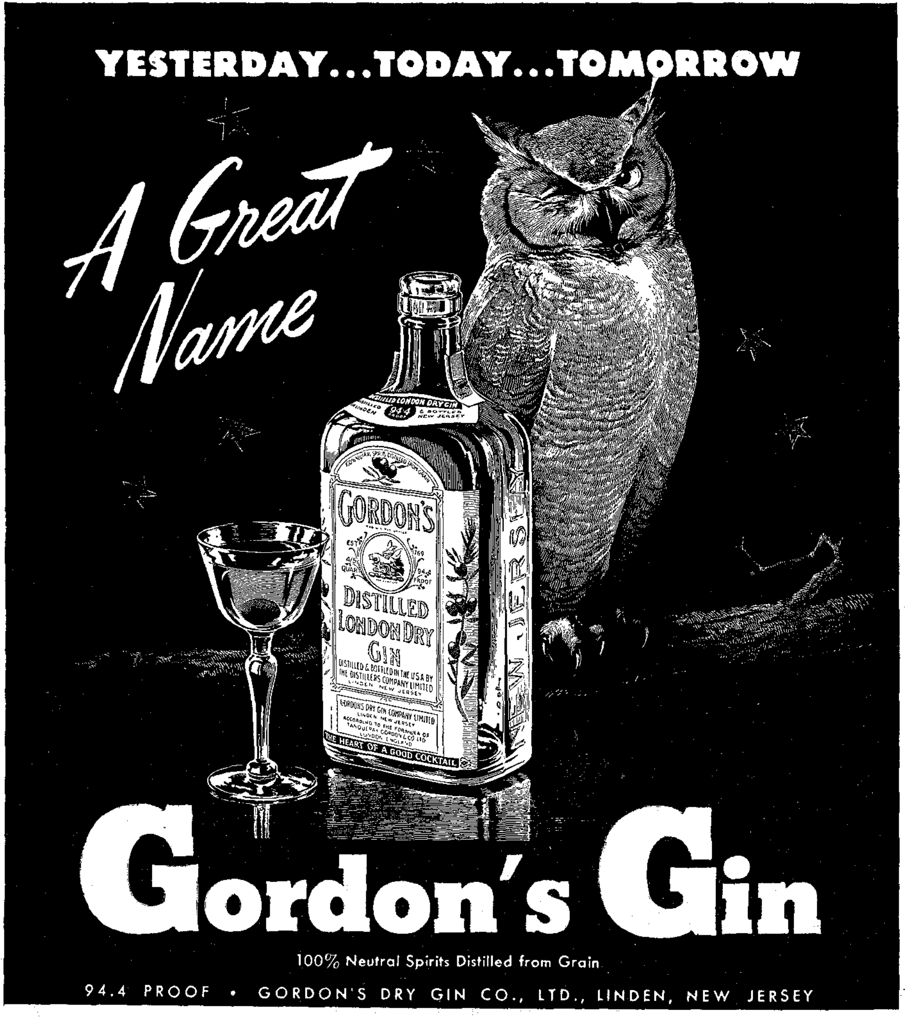
Look for the Terry name and Terry price tag on every Terry Wallet.

Terry Wallets are offered with pride by better stores everywhere.

No. 714—A wallet designed for women of fashion, with change purse, 2 bill compartments and space for identification and other cards. In black, brown, blue, red and green.

Other Terry-maid Wallets—
$5, $6, and $7.50
all prices plus Federal Tax

KAYE-MEYERS CO.
NEW YORK CITY
The Finest in LEATHERWARE



Gordon's Gin

100% Neutral Spirits Distilled from Grain

94.4 PROOF • GORDON'S DRY GIN CO., LTD., LINDEN, NEW JERSEY

in search of a favorite tea and gentlemen who yearn for a special catsup are certain to get action from TelBurn and *almost* certain to get results. Earl Grey tea, Pickapepper sauce, and grinding salt—all hard to find nowadays—are among the items which the sympathetic management has recently run to ground for me with apparent ease. The stock in the shop is, as I have suggested, not very extensive, but it is well worth investigating. Some superior chutneys, excellent olive oil, a long line of dried herbs, and those delicious Raskas coffee candies are among the items you can get at any time.

THE Allerton Fruit Shop, at 546 Madison Avenue (54th), is another small establishment, as different as possible from the TelBurn place. The Allerton's proprietor has already done his tracking down of exotic products and the results line the walls, three layers deep, all the way up to the ceiling. The store is so tiny that two customers and the Greek proprietor will jam the place, and the impression of overcrowding is increased by the incredible variety of foodstuffs. Greek and Turkish products are much in evidence. There is a Turkish confection—a paste made of grape juice and walnuts—which is a great favorite in the Balkans, and *loukhoum* (that's what we call Turkish delight), Greek canned fruits, and such. Not everything comes from the shores of the Aegean, though. The rest of the merchandise, in fact, is veritably a bit of everything from everywhere. There is cocoa, very good bitter chocolate for cooking, fine China tea, marzipan, caviar, all kinds of hard candies (including hopjes), herbs for *tisanes*, spices—just about everything you can think of. I'd be hard put to it to find the right adjective to describe the clientele of this odd little shop, which seems so out of place on Madison Avenue. Delivery boys drop in for one chocolate-covered cordial cherry, young men from the Fifty-seventh Street galleries pick up half a pound of China tea, barelegged, hatless

THE
Persian Room
is proud to announce
the return of
Hildegarde
Beginning Tuesday, May 2
BOB GRANT and his Orchestra
The PLAZA
5TH AVENUE AT 59TH STREET

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206 Madison Ave. • New York • AS 4-3118

HOTEL
MARGVERY
Park Avenue at 47th St.
A small family hotel emphasizing comfort and convenience for year 'round living. Spacious suites, newly decorated and furnished, on yearly lease—a few available for shorter stays.
1 to 3 ROOMS
Mrs. M. M. Grant, *Manager*
Douglas L. Elliman & Co. INC.
Management

Columbia Room
JOSE MORAND
and his orchestra
Nightly except Sunday
Open for luncheon
Broadway
Cocktail Lounge
DICK KUHN
and his orchestra
For cocktails, dinner and supper, except Monday.
NO COVER • NO MINIMUM
HOTEL
ASTOR
TIMES SQUARE

When you need
STORAGE
Call Columbia for the services of skilled packers and movers. Obtain for your valuables and furniture the protection of fireproof warehouses.
Call or write
COLUMBIA STORAGE WAREHOUSES
Since 1891
139 East 61st St. . 56 West 67th St.
REgent 4-7100 ENdicott 2-8200

For Sale
PRIVATE HOUSE
OF CHARM AND DISTINCTION
American Basement, 20 ft.; large sunny rooms; wood-burning fireplaces; unusual staircase; southern garden. Beautiful block in the East 80's between Park and Madison. At the bargain price of
$17,500
Telephone Mrs. Cort,
MUrray Hill 2-2300

girls from I can't imagine where bring in a load of empty beer bottles and collect full ones, and nice old ladies, evidently customers of long standing, make small purchases of licorice and glacial mints.

NOT in the least exotic, but a useful place to know about all the same, is the vegetable store of Frank Merolla, at 963 Third Avenue (58th). Without making any pretense of being a luxury market, Merolla usually manages to offer much the same fruits and vegetables that you will find in the fancy Madison Avenue shops. Strawberries and asparagus seem to ripen here just about as early as they do a block or two west, and the artichokes and peas are as handsome as if they cost two bits more than they do. This market has never let me down when I wanted some of those really tiny new potatoes for a chicken *en cocotte* or some of the very fattest leeks for a salad. As for leeks, maybe you don't know (or have forgotten) how good a salad of leeks can be. Plain-boiled (you'd better tie a bit of cotton thread around each one so it won't go to pieces while it is cooking) and chilled as cold as possible, they are perfect, with a *vinaigrette* sauce, as a side dish with fish or roast. To get back to the Merolla market, it has fresh tarragon right now and later there will be fresh dill to strew over smoked fish. —S. H.

●

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH., March 29.—Mr. and Mrs. Leroy Markham, married 166 years without children, today are parents of a second set of twins—boys this time.—*Detroit News.*

Race isn't always to the swift.

●

A novel of ours, SHORE LEAVE, has been called pornographic by one reviewer. Another thinks it "cheap." So the thrill-seekers are reading it.

This I protest.—*Philip Wylie in a Farrar & Rinehart adv. in the Herald Tribune.*

Maybe you could buy the books back from them.

●

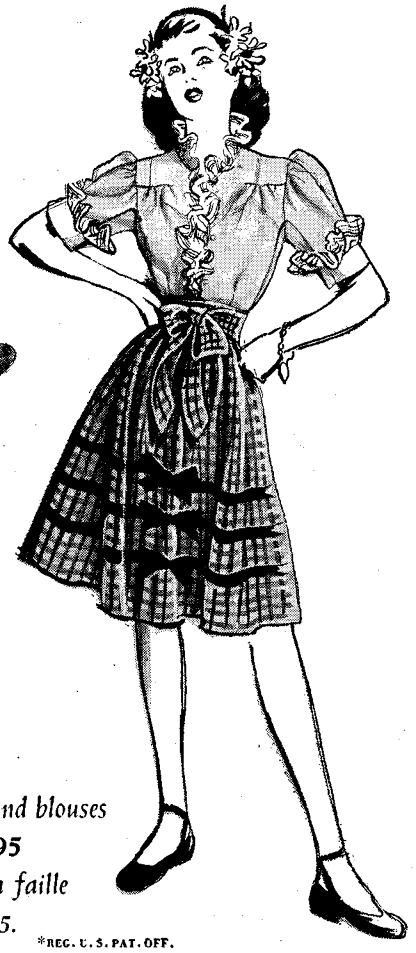
RICH, BEAUTIFUL PROSE DEPT.

[*From the Chicago Sun*]

Joan fought her big loose handbag half way through the recital of that letter, wrested a wisp of lace and linen from it and turned imploringly toward the judge, trying to dam the spatter of sudden tears.

She was in a purple sweater and a black skirt today and wore a purple coat that diffused its royal color into her cascade of auburn hair, and petted her cheeks with lilac shadows.

Oppenheim Collins
Smart Woman's Specialty Shop



Half-Pint*
Pirouette skirts and blouses
Rayon ninon blouses — each $5.95
Checked rayon taffeta skirt, rayon faille skirt — each $7.95 Sizes 9 to 15.
*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
GARDEN CITY • 33 WEST 34th STREET, NEW YORK 1 • WHITE PLAINS

'Neath the waves lived a lovely mermaid,
Quite contented she swam and she played;
A most worldly wise miss,
But when first she spied this
Scarf by Kimball, he won his crusade.
Scarfs by kimball
AT FINE STORES EVERYWHERE

Montezuma Red

Elizabeth Arden's newest lipstick color—Montezuma Red ... inspired by the brave, true red of the hat cord, scarf and chevrons of the Women in the Marines.

A vivid red to wear with black, white, gray, beige, navy and tweeds. A tribute to some of the bravest men and women in the world.

Complete Montezuma Red Makeup:

Montezuma Red Lipstick, 1.50 (refills .75)
Montezuma Red Cream Rouge, 1.25 and 1.75
Montezuma Red Nail Polish, .75
All Day Foundation, Dark Rachel, 1.00
Illusion Powder, Special Mat Foncé, 1.75 and 3.00
Cameo Powder, Rose Beige, 1.75 and 3.00
Eye Shado, Malachite, 1.25
Eyelash Pomade, Dark, 1.00 and 2.00
(prices plus taxes)

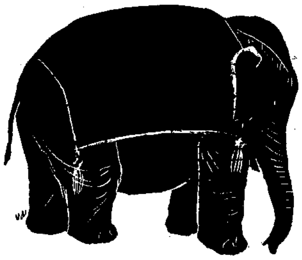
Free a Marine to Fight! Share the great traditions of the Marines. Join the U. S. Marine Corps Women's Reserve.

Elizabeth Arden

WONDERFUL WORLD THAT'S COMING

IN 1916, when I was six years old, my family moved into a strange neighborhood in a remote corner of Brooklyn. All of our neighbors were German, and their children disappeared on Sunday mornings. After breakfast on Sundays, my brother Gregor and I came out of our house and found the leafy street deserted and the air unnaturally quiet. Occasionally a trolley car went clanging down Onderdonk Avenue on its way out to the nearby cemeteries, but otherwise the entire neighborhood was still. Gregor and I waited on the stoop in front of our house. Soon after eleven o'clock the boys and girls came back in their stiff clean clothes. We heard them rounding the corner into our block. They weren't shouting or making queer animal noises. They weren't trying to trip each other up. They were talking quietly. Their deportment on Sundays was so curious, so solemn, that Gregor and I watched them approach as though they were total strangers.

Saturdays we all played soldiers together in the vacant lot next to a paper-box factory. The Brooklyn Union Gas Company had conveniently dug a trench along one side of the lot, and we boys divided into two armies, which took turns charging and defending this stronghold. The girls, with Red Cross bands on their sleeves, knelt in the mud over the wounded and the groaning. But Saturday's battles were forgotten Sunday morning. Sometimes the children came back holding in their clean hands bright picture post cards of bearded old men, and once they were all waving strips of yellow-green stuff. It was palm leaf, they told us. Sonny Kolmeyer and Fritz Strub had fashioned theirs into little crosses, which they pinned to their lapels. This was all very strange to Gregor and me and when we learned that the children had been given these wonderful souvenirs free of charge, it made us very unhappy.



Gregor, who was five years older than I, took the matter up with my father one morning in the kitchen after breakfast. "Pop," he said, "why can't we go to Sunday school like everybody else?"

My father put down his big coffee cup, wiped his long, drooping mustaches, and cleared his throat. He was a tall, handsome man, and impressive, even at that moment, when his pants were held up by a piece of rope.

"My sons," he said, addressing us as though we were a political meeting, "we are freethinkers. We believe in the brotherhood of man. But we say it can only be accomplished by—"

"Besides," said my mother, who was more practical, "we're Jewish."

"What has that got to do with it!" my father shouted across the table at her. He pushed his chair back, stood up, and unbuttoned his shapeless sweater. Then he raised one finger and shook it vigorously. As a young man in Russia, he had been arrested for taking part in a revolutionary demonstration and he had spent several years in a Czarist prison. "In the Socialist world that is coming, there will be no differentiation!"

My mother nodded skeptically. She was studying the pattern of the oilcloth on the table.

"We are preparing you for this new world the best way we know how," my father continued. He began to stride up and down the kitchen floor, his hands clasped behind his back. "We are giving you a fine education. You live in a decent neighborhood. We even give you music lessons. We want you should be prepared."

"Sure, Pop," Gregor said, "we just want to go to Sunday school."

My father stopped pacing. He pointed a finger toward the front room and shouted, "Go practice your piano!"

ONE Saturday night a few weeks later my father announced that we were to start Sunday school.

"Does he mean it, Ma?" Gregor asked.

She smiled and nodded. "Your father has found a Socialist Sunday school," she said. Gregor and I were immediately suspicious.

The next morning there was an unusual amount of excitement in our house. My mother had shined our shoes and pressed our blue suits. She laid two white shirts on top of the bureau when she came into our room to wake us. We dressed hurriedly and ran out into the kitchen, where my father was waiting by the coal stove.

"Sunday school begins at ten o'clock —promptly," he said, looking at his big Ingersoll. He turned toward the sink and stared into the spotted, unframed mirror on the wall above it. We sat down at the kitchen table and my mother tied a towel around Gregor's neck and another around mine, so the oatmeal wouldn't drip on our clean suits.

"In what church is this Sunday school, Pop?" Gregor asked.

"Who said it was in a church?" my father said.

Gregor threw his spoon down on the table. "But it's not a Sunday school if it's not in a church!"

"You don't want to go?" my father asked casually as he combed his mustaches in the mirror. Gregor bent over his oatmeal, scowling.

When we finished our breakfast my mother took us to the front door, kissed us, and gave us each a penny. I took hold of one of my father's hands and Gregor took the other. My father was wearing a jacket that didn't quite match his pants, and a slightly stained Homburg hat instead of the cap he wore when he was on his paper route. I was very proud of him.

"Well, we're off," he said, kissing my mother on the cheek, and the three of us marched into the street.

We passed Sonny Kolmeyer, walking stiffly and holding onto his little sister's hand. "We're going to Sunday school too," Gregor called to him. He nodded at us. At the corner they turned left down Onderdonk Avenue. We turned right. We walked for five blocks and I noticed with some apprehension that we were approaching the cemeteries. But just then my father stopped and looked up at a two-story frame building. It was painted brown and the upstairs windows were of a brown, nubbly glass. The entrance was on the corner. Gregor pointed out that the swinging doors were shaped like the doors of a church. The glass panes were covered with paper in a red-and-blue diamond pattern. My father led us up the two wooden steps to the doors, pushed one of them open, and said, "You see, Gregor, it isn't *exactly* a church."

Although it was dim inside I could make out chairs and tables. There was sawdust on the floor and the place smelled of beer. A fat man in a white apron was wiping glasses behind a long, shiny counter. "Hallo," he said.

"Please," my father said, "could you tell me where—"

"Upshtairs," the man said, in a heavy German accent. He pointed to a door on the other side of the room, and as we started across the sawdust toward it he called, "Haf a pretzel, boys?"

"Thank you, but they just had a big breakfast," my father said, opening the

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

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H.........B. H.........

MUSIC TO OUR EARS

Although keyed to a war economy, the Sherry Netherland Hotel makes every effort to maintain its standards of excellence and superiority. Which is why we find so gratifying this unsolicited testimonial from a Sherry Netherland guest.

The SHERRY NETHERLAND
Fifth Avenue at 59th Street, New York
"Where the Park Begins"
M. Murray Weisman, Managing Director

FOR VICTORY: BUY WAR BONDS

The Oval Room

INFORMAL FOR THE DURATION

Enjoy superb Ritz cuisine and the finest of wines in this delightful room.

LARRY SIRY and his Orchestra throughout the evening. Ritz String Ensemble Sunday evenings. Music at luncheon and for cocktails. Reservations: Charles, PLaza 3-4600 Extension 23

James O. Stack
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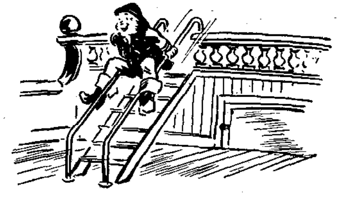
RITZ Carlton
MADISON AVENUE AT 46th STREET


SAYS WILLIE THE WHALER, "Before hitting the donkey's breakfast I'm cutting the painter to bleed the monkey aboard the bark *Wanderer*."

Whaler Bar
MIDSTON HOUSE
MADISON AVE., AT 38th ST.

CORLEAR BAY CLUB
Adirondacks on Lake Champlain
Furnished, housekeeping cottages for rent 2 weeks to season. No car required, daily deliveries. Magnificent view, mile shore front, sand beach ideal for children, all sports. References required.
Address—C. H. Easton Scarborough, N. Y.

Madison Ave's Best Buy
Hotel WINSLOW
LUNCHEON from 45¢
DINNER from 75¢
55th & MADISON AVENUE

door. He pushed us up a steep flight of steps.

The upstairs was one large room with a tin ceiling. There was a little platform at one end and on it stood an American flag. Behind the flag, pasted on the wall, was a poster of a huge, aggressive fist holding a flaming torch. Facing the platform, on folding chairs, sat fifteen boys and girls, all neatly dressed like ourselves, and at the back of the room were some men and women. We recognized a few of the children but there was no one there we ever played with. Ernie Dangler, the butcher's son, was there, and next to him sat fat Auguste Kraus, whom everyone in my class at school hated because his Palmer Method penmanship was so good.

My father told us to go and sit down, and we chose seats in the first row. Two boys were tacking up a banner which stretched across the entire front wall. The banner was made of red sateen and had gold letters on it. I turned and saw that my father had joined the parents who were standing about at the rear of the hall and that he was telling them a story. When he finished, they all burst into laughter and looked toward Gregor and me. My father pointed us out and it made me very uncomfortable. Fortunately, at that moment a thin young man appeared on the platform and said, "Will the comrades at the back of the room please wait downstairs till Sunday school is over?" The parents shushed each other and, giggling like children, filed down the steps to the saloon.

As soon as they were gone, the thin young man cleared his throat, smiled down at Gregor and me, and said, "Call me Walter." Gregor and I nodded. The two boys had the banner in place and Walter led the class in reading loudly and solemnly: "WORKERS OF THE WORLD, UNITE! YOU HAVE NOTHING TO LOSE BUT YOUR CHAINS, AND A WORLD TO GAIN!" The familiar words, said so loud and by so many children, were suddenly terrifying. The sound echoed from the tin ceiling. Gregor and I sat very still, not knowing what to expect next. Walter fished inside a battered briefcase and brought out a book, which he handed to Gregor. On the cover was a picture of six very strong and gross-looking people, three men and three women. Their hair was matted and uncombed, they were naked except for scanty fur mantles, and they were squatting around a fire and eating great joints of meat, not with forks and knives but with their hands. The title of the book, Gregor told me afterward, was "The Story of the Cave Dwellers."

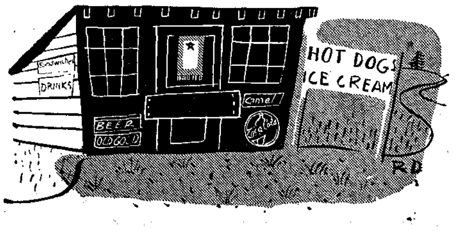
The cave dwellers, Walter said, were Socialists, like ourselves. They shared everything. They hunted together and cooked together and ate together, just as in the picture.

When Walter finished talking, he called on Ernie Dangler, who got up and gave a five-minute speech on "An Example of Coöperation at the Time of the Cave Dwellers." Then a fat girl with a white ribbon in her hair recited a poem she had made up especially for Sunday school. It was called "The Future." Finally, Walter led the class in singing. We began with "My Country, 'Tis of Thee" and ended with a song neither Gregor nor I had ever heard of. It concerned the nasty son of a capitalist who went around singing:

My father had a working man
He also had a mule,
To tell the truth, I do not know
Which was the biggest fool.

At the end of the singing, Walter passed among us with a tin tray borrowed from the saloon below. There was a picture on it of a girl in a low-cut peasant dress, invitingly holding up a seidel of foaming beer. The boys and girls dropped coins onto the tray, so Gregor and I, with some reluctance, handed over the pennies my mother had given us. When Walter dismissed us, we all got up and started for the steps. I could tell by the way Gregor was frowning that he was not satisfied. I was afraid he would either start crying or demand a souvenir of Walter.

Downstairs in the saloon, everything had changed. The gas lights were lit and the place was noisy with conversation and laughter. The parents were sitting at the tables drinking beer. My father had a rim of white foam on his mustaches and his Homburg hat was sitting on the back of his head. When he saw Gregor and me, he called us over, handed us each a pretzel from the bowl on the table, and said, "Well?" Instead of answering him, we munched the pretzels. Mr. Dangler laughed and said, "Next Sunday you boys won't be so frightened!" Then he reached into his pocket and gave us each a shiny white button. Gregor and I felt better immediately. We pinned the buttons to the lapels of our blue suits as though they



For RELAXATION *at home...*

COMFORT *at the beach or country club...*

the new TRIPLER FLANNEL JACKET

$32.50

WORN *by carefully dressed sportsmen and business men throughout America, this new jacket is distinctively styled for ease and comfort. Available in tan as illustrated, also in medium blue, brown or gray. The trousers shown are especially tailored for us by* HICKEY-FREEMAN *in a fine worsted flannel and are priced at* $20. *The ivory shade shirt is of balloon cloth at* $6.90, *and the glen check tie,* $3

MAIL ORDERS *receive prompt attention and perfect fit is assured. When ordering jacket give chest measurement; give measurements of waist and inseam for trousers. Give size and sleeve length of shirt*

☆

BACK THE ATTACK...BUY MORE WAR BONDS

F. R. TRIPLER & CO.

Outfitters to Gentlemen · *Established* 1886

MADISON AVENUE AT 46 STREET · NEW YORK 17

"I forgot"—
WON'T WIN THE WAR

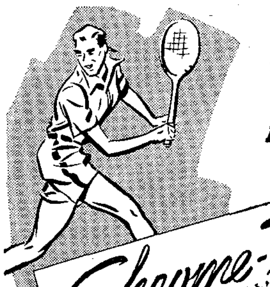
Jot it down-
Do it-
Tear it out-
Live notes only!

Here's a MEMORY SYSTEM that NEVER FORGETS

It's not easy to keep a sure-fire MEMORY. That's why ROBINSON REMINDERS are standard at Douglas Aircraft where they can't be forgetful.
The original perforated coupon book . . . you jot each note on a separate coupon... when attended to, tear it out . . . keep live notes only.
Stationery, department and leather stores. $1.00 to $10.00. Fillers are standard and available everywhere.
WRITE-for FREE catalog, dealer's names. Dept. Y4
also by the makers of ROBINSON REMINDERS.

BILLMINDERS and MISS GADABOUT

ROBINSON REMINDERS
WESTFIELD, MASS.


SEASONED STOCKS AVAILABLE

Chrome-Twist TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
TENNIS GUT

JOHNSON SUTURE CORPORATION
5001 West 67th Street • Chicago 38

were crosses of palm leaf. My father took our hands and led us out into the street. All the way home Gregor felt proudly of his button, which said, in bright red letters, "Vote Socialist."

FOR six months, Gregor and I went regularly to the Socialist Sunday school, and my father nearly always went with us. He enjoyed waiting for us in the beer saloon, and one Sunday he insisted that our teacher, Walter, come home with us for dinner. When Walter was introduced to my mother he told her that he had grown up on a dairy farm in Wisconsin and that he missed good home cooking. Nothing could have pleased her more. At dinner she placed a platterful of potato pancakes in front of him and said, "Walter, soon we make you fat like a capitalist!" He grinned shyly, pulled his chair up close to the kitchen table, and folded his hands in his lap like a little boy. Before my father could spear his quota of pancakes, my mother hurried around to Walter's chair. Reaching across his shoulder, she picked up the platter and slid seven or eight of the crisp pancakes onto his plate.

My father sat back, clutching his empty fork. "Mamma," he said politely, "Walter will help himself. He's not a baby."

"Someone is asking you?" she replied, heaping a mound of applesauce onto Walter's plate. "Now eat, Walter."

Walter picked up his knife and fork and my father was then permitted to go after the remaining pancakes. Gregor and I had to wait until the second batch.

After dinner, my father and Walter sat at the kitchen table arguing about the war in Europe. Walter was against war. It was the annihilation of reason, he said, the retreat to barbarism. "Granted, Walter," my father said, leaning back in his chair luxuriously and picking his teeth. "War is only a symptom of bad health. It is the last sickness of a decaying society. It is the last weapon of a desperate class. In short, it is no good. But what can you do about it?"

This conversation, which was repeated week after week, for my mother loved Walter and had him to dinner every Sunday, at first disturbed Gregor and me. Why should our Sunday-school teacher be so serious about something we played every Saturday and found so exciting? After a while we stopped listening to Walter's arguments and accepted his point of view with humorous indulgence. Presently, however, we began to drop out of the war games in the vacant lot next to the paper-box factory, for we had found new friends

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among the members of our Socialist Sunday school and Walter took us on hikes through Forest Park on Saturdays. He would talk to us about Socrates and Justice and about a very wonderful world that was coming. "Poor boy," my mother would say. "He lives alone in that furnished room, he eats in Schultz's bakery all week long, he works so hard for a better world, and no one cares." Our Sunday dinners became feasts of thick noodle soups, potato puddings, and cornstarch desserts.

One Sunday in February, just after America had broken off relations with Germany, my father said, "There will be trouble when America enters the war. A German neighborhood like this they will watch carefully. What will you do, Walter?"

"I will know what to do," Walter said.

In March our Socialist Sunday school began to get ready for its annual spring festival. Every Sunday, when Walter was through with us, we were taken in hand by Mrs. Dangler, the butcher's wife, a plump, energetic woman who always had a rim of perspiration on her upper lip.

Gregor and I and the other children were to appear in the finale of the festival, a number in which Mrs. Dangler took great pride. It was called "Socialist Flowers." We started by squatting on the platform. Then, as we sang, "I'm a Socialist flow*er*, growing up to pow*er*," we slowly rose. By the final stanza, we were standing upright, singing loudly, "That's the day I want to see, when the workers will be free." Mrs. Dangler, seated at the piano, led us, her head bobbing up and down violently. When she had banged out the final, triumphant chords, she invariably swung around on the stool and shouted, "Next time, *louter!*" We rehearsed this number at least five times every Sunday.

The dress rehearsal came the week before the performance. It was an April evening and the hall was very hot. I was a sunflower, with five great yellow petals jutting out from my neck in a ruff and my body uncomfortably encased in crêpe paper. I squatted on the platform with the younger children, waiting for the opening chords of our song. When Mrs. Dangler began to play, I found that I could not rise up without tearing the crêpe paper, which was too tight about my knees. All around me the other Socialist flowers were rising slowly, their crêpe-paper costumes rattling. I stayed where I was, hoping that Mrs. Dangler wouldn't notice me, but she did, and

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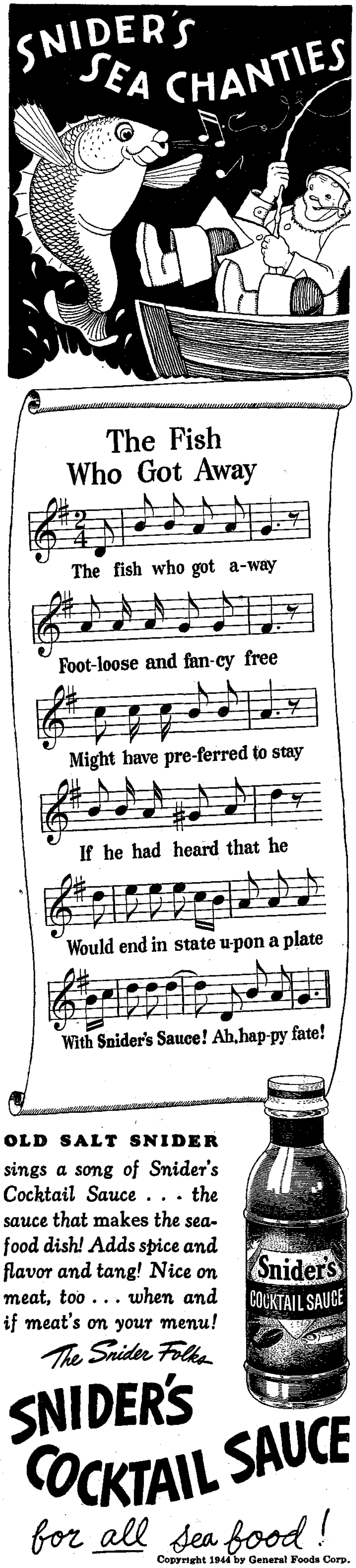

SNIDER'S SEA CHANTIES
The Fish Who Got Away
The fish who got a-way
Foot-loose and fan-cy free
Might have pre-ferred to stay
If he had heard that he
Would end in state u-pon a plate
With Snider's Sauce! Ah, hap-py fate!
Snider's
COCKTAIL SAUCE

OLD SALT SNIDER *sings a song of Snider's Cocktail Sauce . . . the sauce that makes the sea-food dish! Adds spice and flavor and tang! Nice on meat, too . . . when and if meat's on your menu!*

The Snider Folks

SNIDER'S COCKTAIL SAUCE

for all sea food!

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leaped from the piano stool. "What is this? What is this?" she exclaimed, her face flushed with anger. "Three weeks we rehearse and now you don't do it right!"

"I can't," I said. "It's too tight. Couldn't I sing it here on the floor?"

"You listen to me, *Bübchen!*" she said. "For years it has been done this way, and for years it will go on being done this way! If you don't want to be a Socialist flower, there are plenty of other comrades who do!"

At that moment Walter came into the room. He walked over to Mrs. Dangler and spoke to her. His voice was so low that we couldn't hear him, but we saw Mrs. Dangler shake her head.

Walter looked up at the Socialist flowers standing in a row on the platform. "Comrades," he said, "America has declared war on Germany."

"Does that mean we won't have the festival, Walter?" Auguste Kraus asked from one end of the line. He was wearing a ruff of purple petals around his neck. He was an aster, and he looked very sad.

"I don't know," Walter said. "You can't tell what will happen in a week."

"Of course we will have our festival!" Mrs. Dangler said, turning to the piano. She blew her nose and sat down on the stool.

"Now," she said, "everybody ready! One, two, three—*sing!*"

THE spring festival was a great success. The following week our Socialist Sunday school over the beer saloon was closed. Walter had been arrested for making speeches against war on the corner of Onderdonk Avenue and Palmetto Street. He was taken off to jail and we never saw him again.

—VICTOR WOLFSON

•

SPRING BULLETIN

Guerrilla trees,
Scout bushes
Meet,
Conspire,
Raise caps
Behind gray walls
To draw our fire.

Green's gaining!
But
To make the rout
Complete,
The city
Must be taken
Street by street.

—MILDRED WESTON

To transient guests . . .

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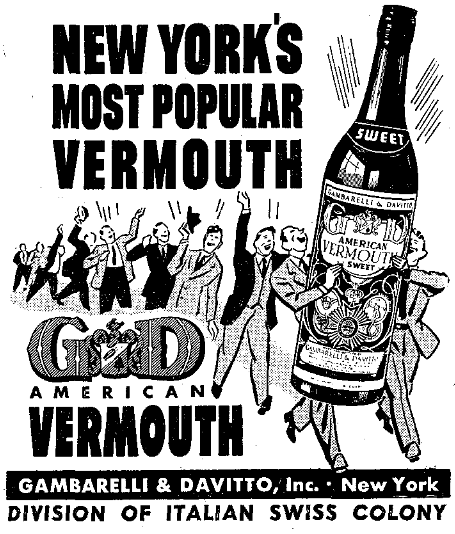

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THE RACE TRACK

It Happened at Jamaica

IT was inevitable, betting on horses being what it is these days, that three million dollars would be wagered at a New York track some afternoon this season. Well, at Jamaica last weekend, it was. To be exact about it, $3,176,553 passed through the tote on the afternoon the Wood Stakes was run. It's a pleasure to report, too, that this race blossomed into a $50,000 affair, for the Metropolitan Jockey Club ran it in two sections, with a $25,000 purse for each. The 41,412 spectators who turned out for the Wood bet $1,039,391 on the two divisions, $26,474 more than was handled on the eight races at Pimlico the same day.

The surprise of the Wood Stakes wasn't that Stir Up won his section of it but that Pukka Gin, who finished fourth behind him, ran so badly. I'll take up Pukka Gin first, and I'm afraid I'll have to take him with bitters, too, since I had suggested the week before that I thought he would win. Neither his trainer nor his jockey had any notion about what, if anything, happened to the colt. I thought that he faltered a bit half a mile from home, and after that all the fire seemed to go out of his running.

Stir Up, I must say, is certainly a runner. He won so easily that there's no telling how good he is. Now that he's going to be the most talked-about three-year-old for the next fortnight, it's not too early to say that he's a chestnut gelding by Stimulus out of Lady Minnie. He was bred by A. B. Hancock and sold as a yearling to Colonel Jock Whitney for $3,800 because the Colonel's trainer took a fancy to the youngster. Stir Up has always raced in the name and colors of the Greentree Stable because Colonel Whitney's stable was merged with his mother's in the autumn of 1942. The horse was no great shakes last season, when he won only three of his twelve starts, but he's done all right this spring, winning three out of four races and $38,450 in prize money.

There's not much to be said about the second section of the Wood except that Lucky Draw made his opposition, which wasn't exactly hot stuff, look pretty ordinary. If the times of races mean anything, and they do to some horseplayers, Stir Up ran his mile and a sixteenth in

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The lovely St. Regis Roof is opening for your dining and dancing and star-gazing pleasure. Come for luncheon, dinner or supper. Dance to the lilting music of Freddie Miller and Theodora Brooks and their orchestras.

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COCKTAILS IN THE PENTHOUSE

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Songs by Virginia Hays
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Federal Cabaret Tax after 9 P. M.
(Dancing begins at 9)

The St. Regis
FIFTH AVENUE AT 55th STREET, NEW YORK

1:44⅕, exactly two seconds faster than Lucky Draw.

ON three evenings last week I sat through the public hearings of the case of Robert Merritt versus the Jockey Club, and found it as interesting as anything that was happening at Jamaica. For one thing, it's a cause célèbre. Up to now no jockey ever had a public hearing in New York, or anywhere else, for that matter. A year ago, as you may know, Robert Merritt applied to the Jockey Club for a license to ride, and his application was denied because, among other things, the stewards of the Empire City meeting weren't satisfied with his handling of an animal named Peep Show in three races the summer before. Well, Merritt wasn't satisfied with the Jockey Club's decision, and took his case to the courts. Last month the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court ordered a rehearing for Merritt before a board made up of the State Racing Commission and stewards of the Jockey Club. Herbert Swope, chairman of the commission, directed that the hearing be public. If you expect an opinion from me, you won't get one because, as these lines are written, the case is *sub judice*, as we paddock lawyers put it. However, I will say that in my book Merritt was the best witness by five lengths.

COLONEL MARTINGALE's favorite numbers story of the week is about the man who went down to the betting ring last Saturday to get six two-dollar tickets on No. 7 because Permane was riding the beast, and somehow wound up with six tickets on No. 6. Things like that sometimes happen. Nothing could be done about it because the man left the ticket-seller's window before he noticed the mistake, so nothing was done—that is, until No. 6 won and paid $53.10 for each $2 ticket. No. 6, as it happens, was Turf R., a filly, who was named after her owner's Turf Restaurant, a steak house on Broadway, and she beat Longchamps Farms' Donitas First. —AUDAX MINOR

•

KING OF DOGS

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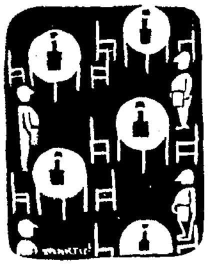
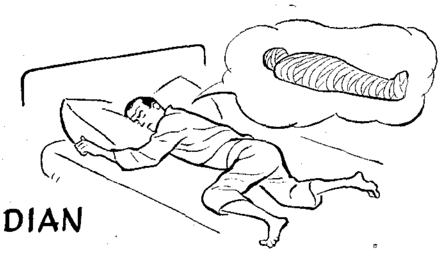
Higher and Higher



THAT peculiar American talent for approaching a given problem obliquely, or completely by indirection, has once again manifested itself in what is ostensibly no more than a new law designed to increase the flow of revenue into the United States Treasury. By providing, in a few simple and not especially well-chosen phrases, that anything you eat or drink in a cabaret shall be taxed at the rate of thirty per cent ad valorem, this law, in the first month of its existence, has had the greatest effect on life after dark of any event since the invention by Rudy Vallée of the microphone. A restaurant is, by legal definition, just a restaurant and not a place of entertainment even though a thirty-piece string orchestra or a hot octet goes with your dinner. Let, however, a crone arise on the bandstand and wend her uncertain soprano way through "Little Grey Home in the West," or let a performer in patently humorous clothes tell a few jokes, or let some of the customers start Lindy-hopping on the dance floor, and a restaurant becomes a cabaret, and taxable. This rather heavy-handed governmental criticism has not gone unheeded by the managements. Accordingly, in several of our best establishments, it is once again possible to eat and talk one's way through an entire dinner with music without being interrupted by a single couple jostling its way to the dance floor or even by the tenor saxophonist obliging the table at one's left with a vocal chorus of "Happy Birthday, dear Wilbraham." In these places, song and dance are back where they belong; i.e., 10 P.M. or later.

In certain of the livelier places, song and dance have disappeared entirely, and a good thing, too. Dancing to hot music—like ice hockey, the making of Martinis, and, for that matter, the production of hot music—is work best left to professionals, of whom there are not nearly enough to go around. And singing to hot music, since the dismal day that the childish, unlettered whiskey baritone of Bunny Berigan was forever stilled, has never been quite the same anyway. At Nick's, in the Village, the dance floor has been sodded over with



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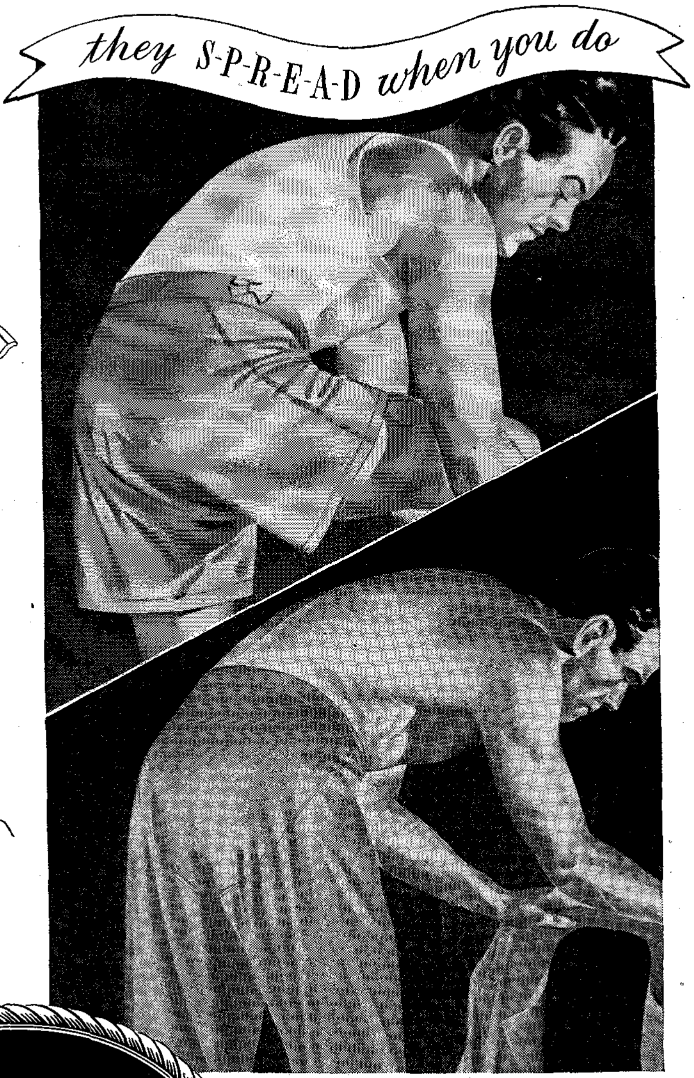

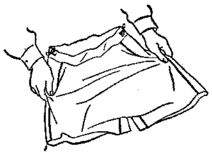

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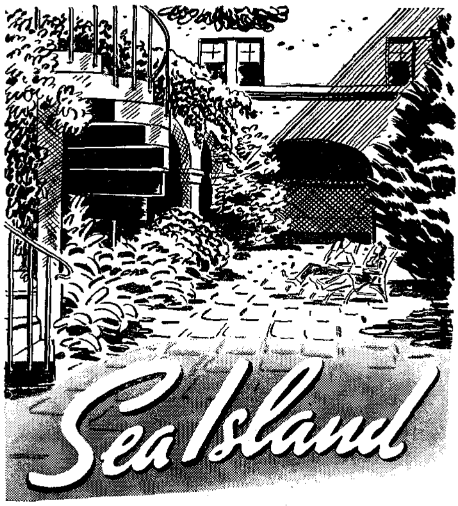
a thin layer of tables, and the tumult and the shouting which once made it so hard to hear what was happening on the bandstand has died away. The music at Nick's, the basic ingredients of which are Miff Mole, Peewee Russell, and Eddie Condon, is usually worth listening to, and it is especially worth listening to at the moment because it has the benefit of trumpet embellishments by Bobby Hackett, who recently dropped in there for a rather long weekend. Several of the places along Fifty-second Street have followed suit by putting the rugs back on the floor, apparently without hurting the feelings of any of the customers.

Still other clubs have gone in for a sort of split personality. Thus, at Monte Carlo, the bar is now cut off from the sunken living room by a velvet rope, and the tax-free peasant, perched on his stool at the bar, can watch the tax-ridden gentry beyond the rope dancing but cannot join them. At Versailles, the curtain between the bar and the main room is out again, so people who stop in just for a drink or two no longer see anything of what is being put on in the dining room for the taxpayers. Versailles, by the way, has pulled itself together. The young ladies of the show, as toothsome as ever, now have very handsome costumes, and further glamour, of a more Continental though no less traditional sort, is provided by Carl Brisson, his silk hat, his accent, and his sweet singing. The dance music, which used to be rather placid, has been enlivened by the acquisition of Ray Sinatra's band, including a saxophone and a clarinet which could hold their own in the very warmest company.

As for the hotels, whose clientele tends more to out-of-towners and service boys and girls who don't intend to let any grass grow under their furloughs, dining and dancing understandably continue to go hand in hand. The big places around Broadway, too, are operating about as usual.

IMOGENE COCA, who hasn't been around much lately, is back in town again. She is still hoydenish, but in the diffident manner of a very cheerful young lady who, at her first party, has been to the punchbowl once too often and is about ready to go to work on some of her older sister's beaux. Miss Coca's odd face and gestures, and her peculiar voice, are of great assistance to her in the songs she sings, which in general are just as comic as she is. She is at the Ruban Bleu. Along with her, there is Irwin Corey, who is just about this



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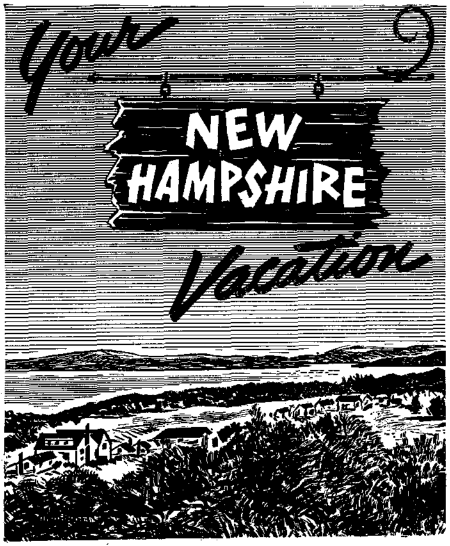

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department's favorite monologuist. I never am very sure what he is talking about, but I find myself laughing whenever I think about him, which is every second day. He has a few lines which I wish he would put back where he found them (the Columbia burlesque wheel, I should judge), but aside from that I can't see, or hear, anything wrong with him. The rest of the show, which is all new, is further proof that the management is still picking its apples from the top of the barrel.

This is a good place to point out that there is no such thing as artistic temperament in the Ruban Bleu; you can walk in there quite late on a miserably rainy Wednesday night, when there are only a dozen or so people brooding on the banquettes, and see everything—Miss Coca, Mr. Corey, torch singer, piano players, and hot instrumental trio—run off on schedule and without a whimper. It's an idea to be hinted at in the next federal tax bill.

WHAT goes on after dinner in Maison Pierre, over at 156 East Forty-ninth Street, will take you back to those lovely and disastrous days of prohibition. Around ten, a very fine professor, on his face the age-old sorrow that is the garb of all true professors, sits down at a trundle piano and, to put people in the mood, wanders through the songs of the thirties and twenties. Around ten-thirty, Tommy Lyman, who has been sitting around with friends, starts his nightly patrol of the premises, walking the floor with that familiar, impudent little strut, now talking and now throatily singing the lyrics of his songs. Some of the lyrics are the ones we all know, some—and these can get quite bawdy—are his own. Lyman, though, has that special wisdom of the old-time performer which can distinguish between what is merely lowdown and what is funny, and he stays on the funny side. Maison Pierre is just an eight-stool bar, a row of booths, and a few tables. It and its cast of characters will probably someday be spirited away for a Hollywood documentary on our metropolitan night life. Let's hope that Hollywood won't spoil this bit of genuine Americana. —R. E. M. W.

•

W. T. writes: What causes facial paralysis?

REPLY

Trouble with the facial nerve, which goes out of commission temporarily. Recovery is the rule although several months may be required. In the meantime, the patient cannot whistle. —*The News.*

Good!

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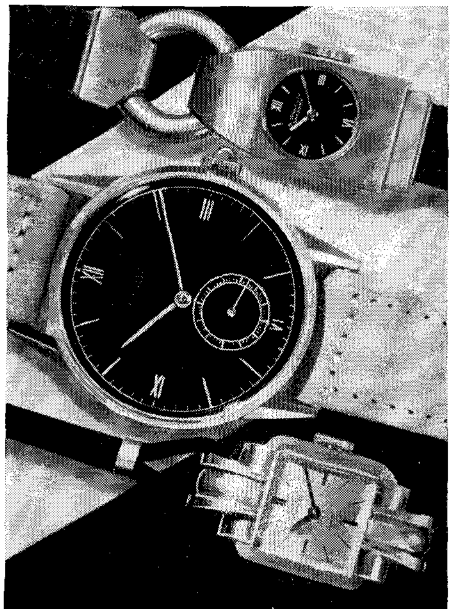

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NOTES ON SPORTS

Graduate Work

AMONG the older ball players who are *not* still in the game this year are Lefty Gomez and Ethan Allen, who have drifted into radio, following the example of Waite Hoyt, Dizzy Dean, Frank Frisch, Jack Graney, and other major-league figures who have gone on the air. Gomez left the Yankees last season after fourteen years on their pitching staff, and Allen wound up in 1938 with the Browns after twelve years in the outfields of the Reds, the Giants, the Cards, the Phillies, and the Cubs. They are now together on WINS twice every afternoon, once right before the Yankees' game and once right after it (they talk about baseball). Gomez also has a job as recreation director of the Norden bombsight workers, and on weekdays the post-game programs originate in his office, so he doesn't have to spend too much time away from recreation directing. As often as possible, arguments about the relative merits of the National and American Leagues are built into the programs. Allen defends the National League, with emphasis on the Giants, and Gomez promotes the American League, especially the Yankees. Allen has been given the more dubious end of this controversy, but he is cheered by the spectacular start the Giants have made. If they had one more pitcher like Voiselle, he would feel even better. Gomez has agreed to take care of Allen's laundry bills for a year if the Giants finish in a better position than the Yankees.

As this department learned the other afternoon when it dropped in for a visit, the programs are partly extemporaneous and partly written. Gomez is a little alarmed by big words, and while the boys are on the air Allen is given to pointing ahead to any that appear in the script, just to make his partner fidget. Between the two programs, while they are listening to a broadcast of the Yankees' game, Gomez is apt to wander around the room winding up and delivering imaginary pitches. Frequent reminiscences are indulged in. The afternoon we were there Allen remarked that in the last game he played he had helped the Browns beat Gomez by getting two hits. Gomez remembered the game and added that he had been beat-

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en by only one run and had given only three hits. Allen said he thought it was four hits. "Well, I know I usually had lousy control in St. Louis," Gomez said, admitting to one of those idiosyncrasies which are likely to puzzle the layman. It's not easy to see why a pitcher should have a better grip on himself in Boston, say, than St. Louis.

THE Yankees won their home opener from the Senators last Saturday with the help of an accidental single by Ed Levy, who tried to get his bat out of the way of the ball and didn't succeed. The Senators looked pretty good until around the seventh inning, in which they indulged in a few errors. The pitcher they were failing to support at the time was Alejandro Carrasquel, one of a bunch of able Cubans on the team. The Senators value their Cubans highly and were grieved to hear a little while ago that there was some talk in Selective Service circles of asking them to register for the draft. The general feeling is that if this comes about, the Cubans are apt to go home instead.

OFFICIALLY, the Phillies are the Blue Jays this year, that name having been judged the winner of a public contest. The players have even had blue jays sewn on their uniforms. However, they are still universally called the Phillies, which seems to be considered a more apt name for a Philadelphia club and less arbitrary than a breed of bird. —D. L.

•

MR. TAFT. I understood the Senator from Tennessee to say that they all agreed they would rather not have anything.

MR. BARKLEY. The Senator and I agree to that; but we have to have something.

MR. TAFT. It seems to me the logical way to go about not having a thing is not to put anything about it in the bill. That is the way to obtain the result the Senator from Kentucky wants, and what the Senator from Tennessee wants, to strike out the House provision, and stand by our guns. Then we will not get anything. That is the only way I know of that will result in our not getting anything, which is the result we all desire.—*Congressional Record.*

You mean you want plenty o' nuttin'?

•

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[*From the Times*]

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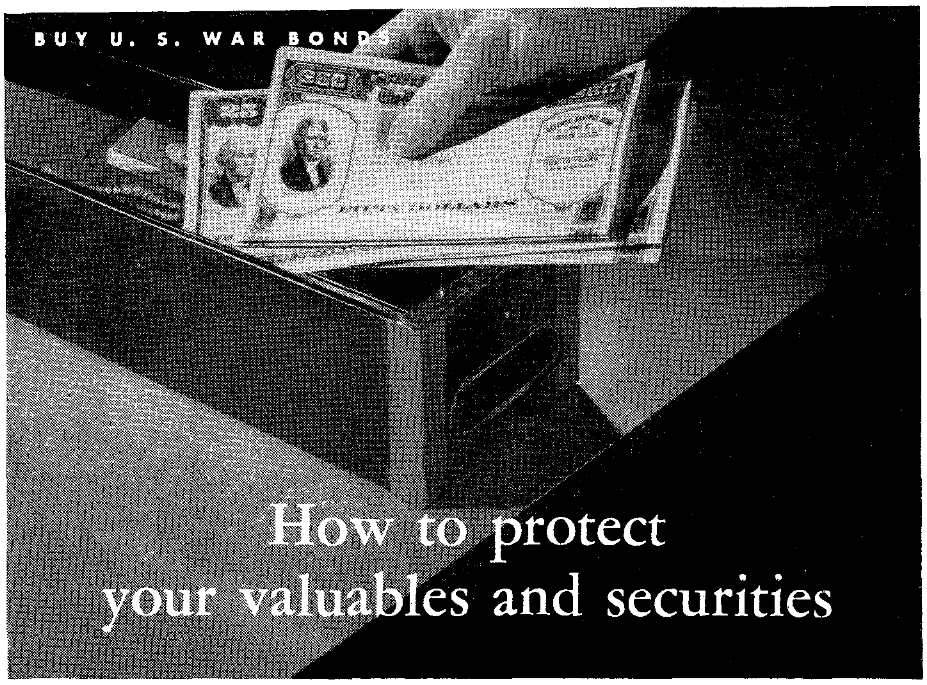

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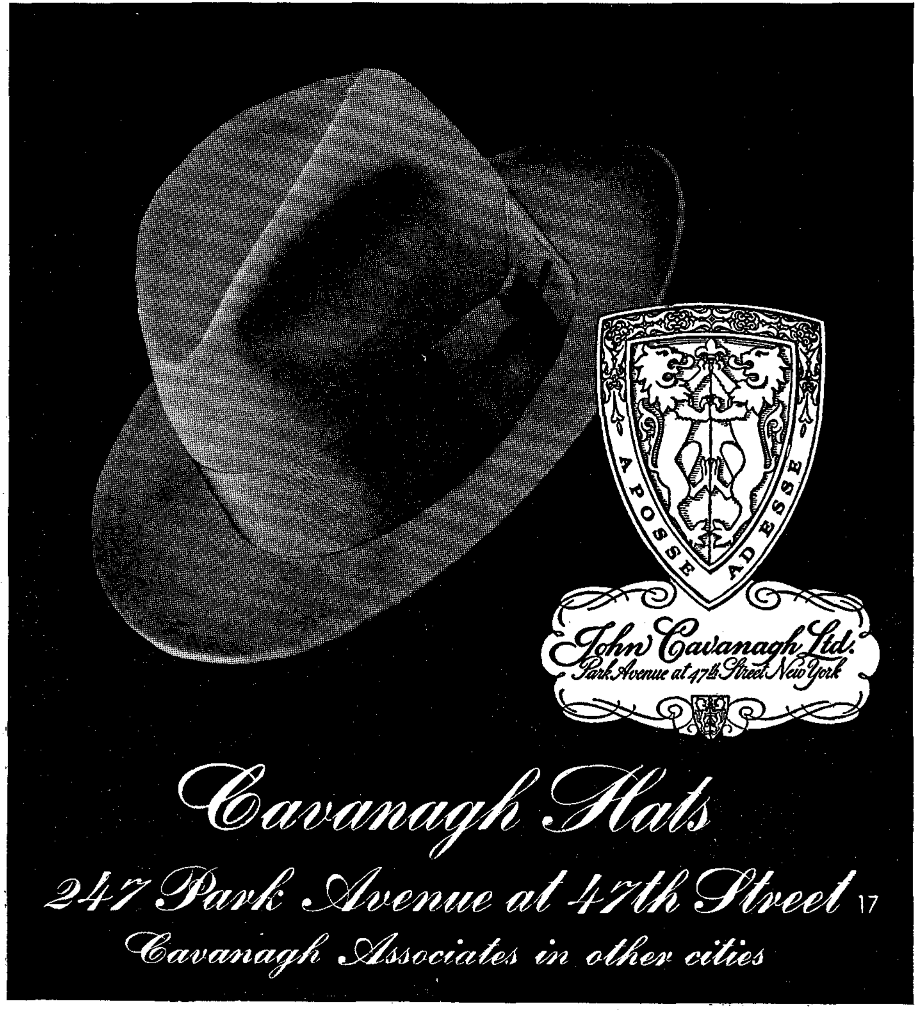
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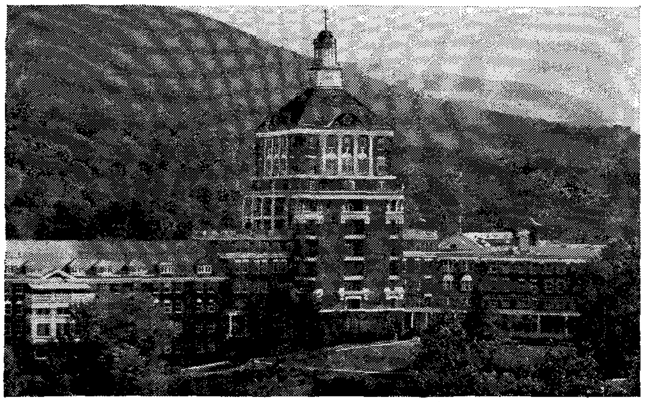

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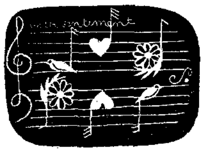
MUSICAL EVENTS

Mostly "Fancy Free"



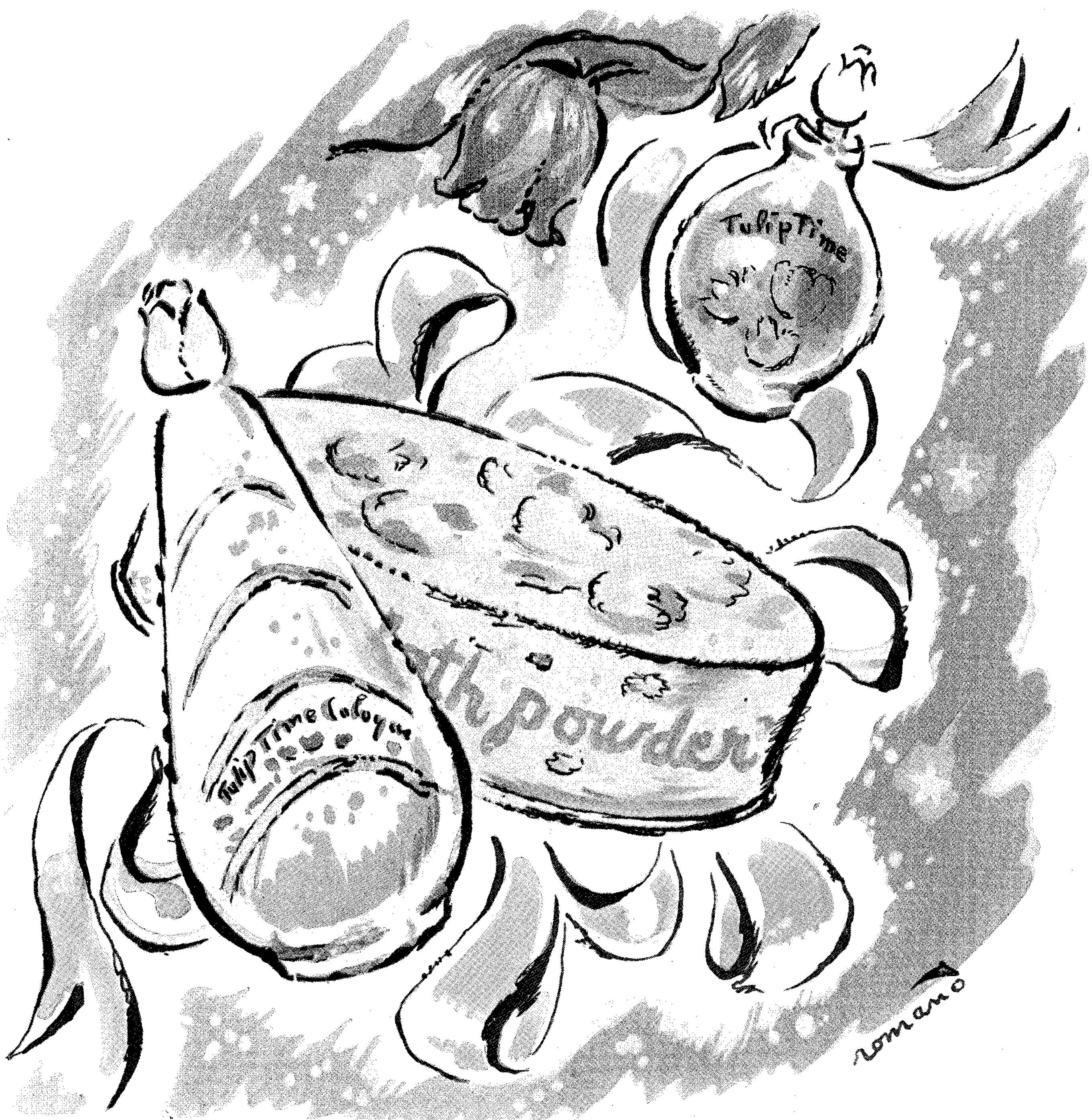
"Fancy Free," which was given its première last week by the Ballet Theatre at the Metropolitan Opera House, hit a whole row of jackpots. The story was chipper and simple, Oliver Smith's setting was gay and helpful, Jerome Robbins' choreography was smart and skillful, Leonard Bernstein's music was effective and entertaining, and the whole performance had lots of bounce and bang.

"Fancy Free" has no argument. "Argument," as you know, is the traditional word for the plot of a ballet or opera. All that the program had to say about the action of "Fancy Free" was that it involved "three sailors on shore leave," the time being "the present, a hot summer night" and the place "New York City, a side street." Among the side street's attractions were a bar and three girls identified only as "passersby." The three sailors visited the bar with a couple of the passers-by, treated them to beer, entertained them with solo dances, fought over them, lost them, and wound up in pursuit of the third passer-by.

These developments took place against a background (or, more accurately, foreground) of romping, jazzy music, expertly scored and always skillfully attuned to the doings on the stage. Even the conversation of the two girls was paralleled in the orchestra, and you had a good idea of what they were saying. Mr. Bernstein, appearing as guest conductor for his own ballet, drew an enthusiastic performance from the orchestra with his vital, almost pugnacious direction.

This was the début of Mr. Bernstein as a ballet composer and also the première of Mr. Robbins as a choreographer. Both young men made it plain that they knew their business. Mr. Robbins' staging was as expert as Mr. Bernstein's writing. The responsibilities of a choreographer didn't interfere with Mr. Robbins' own able dancing as one of the three sailors, and it might also be noted that the most brilliant solo turn in the ballet was one he devised for Harold Lang, who stampeded the clientele with it.

A curious aspect of "Fancy Free" was that the bar in which most of the action took place was apparently occupied only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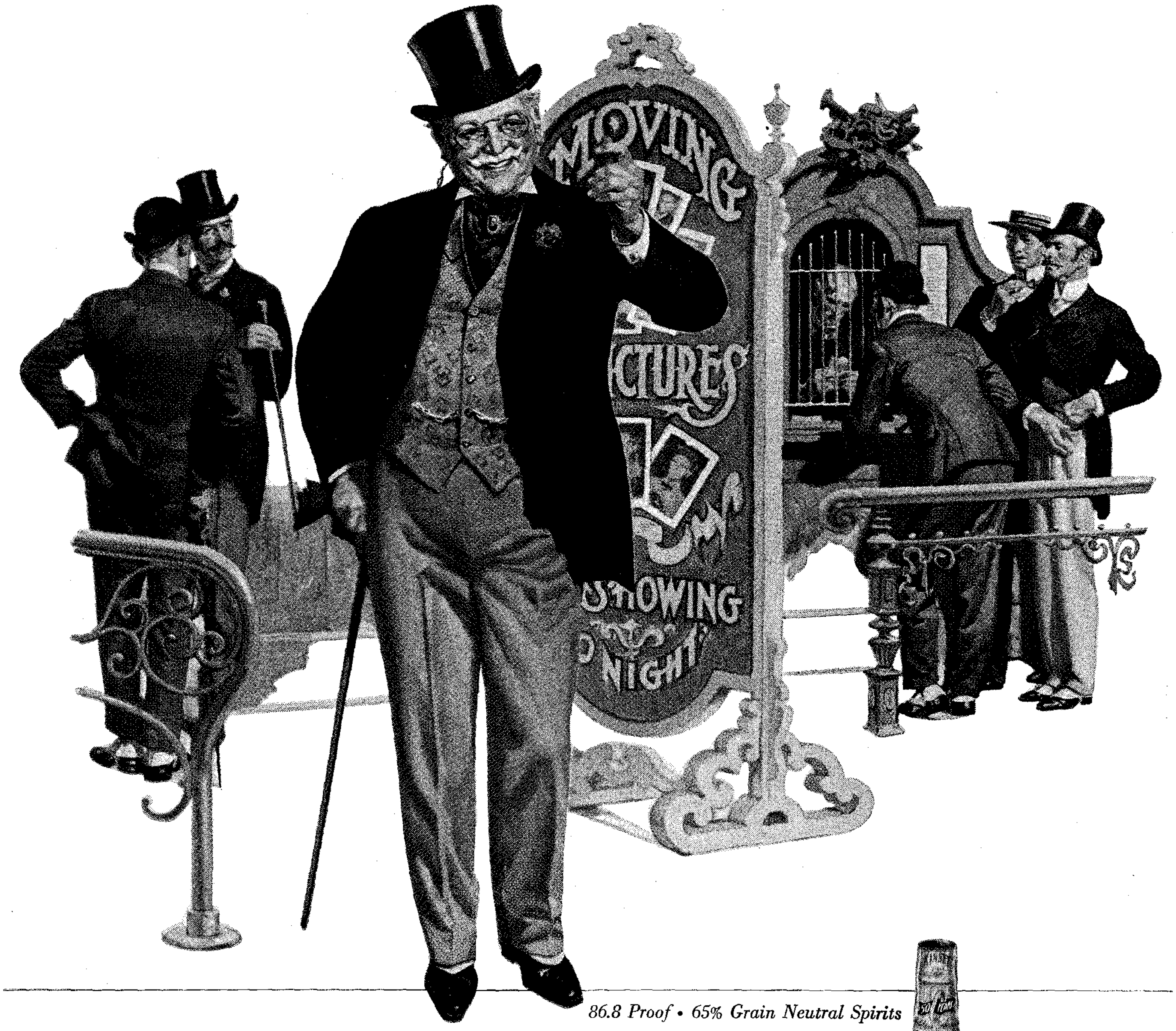

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ENJOY THIS DISTINGUISHED WHISKEY, SIR . . . NOW AS IN 1892 by the three sailors, two of the passersby, and the bartender. It was an attractive place, and the only explanation for the paucity of patronage would seem to be the beer that was served. It was prop lager, which stayed in the glass even after it was supposed to have been swallowed with every possible evidence of enjoyment.

THERE was a pleasing exhibit of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century music at the season's second Town Hall concert by the Bach Circle of New York. The participants were the accomplished harpsichordist, Yella Pessl, who is director of the Circle; Mildred Hunt-Wummer and John Wummer, flutists; Janos Scholz, who played 'cello and viola da gamba; and the English Duo, who are Viola Morris and Victoria Anderson, specialists in vocal duets. It was educational but not academic, because everybody sang and played as if the music was fun to perform.

The major novelty of the occasion was "L'Espagnole," a sonade and suite by François Couperin, which was of interest stylistically and also as charming music.

IF you are a record collector, you undoubtedly have read the many useful and informative leaflets written for Victor's Musical Masterpiece albums by Abraham Veinus. Mr. Veinus, now a member of our Air Forces, has written a book, "The Concerto," which is a concise and readable survey of concertos from the sixteenth century to almost last month. It's valuable for reference and stimulating as musical discussion. Its passing allusions to reasons for the popularity of certain works suggest that Mr. Veinus might sometime do a book on why people like particular compositions. —ROBERT A. SIMON

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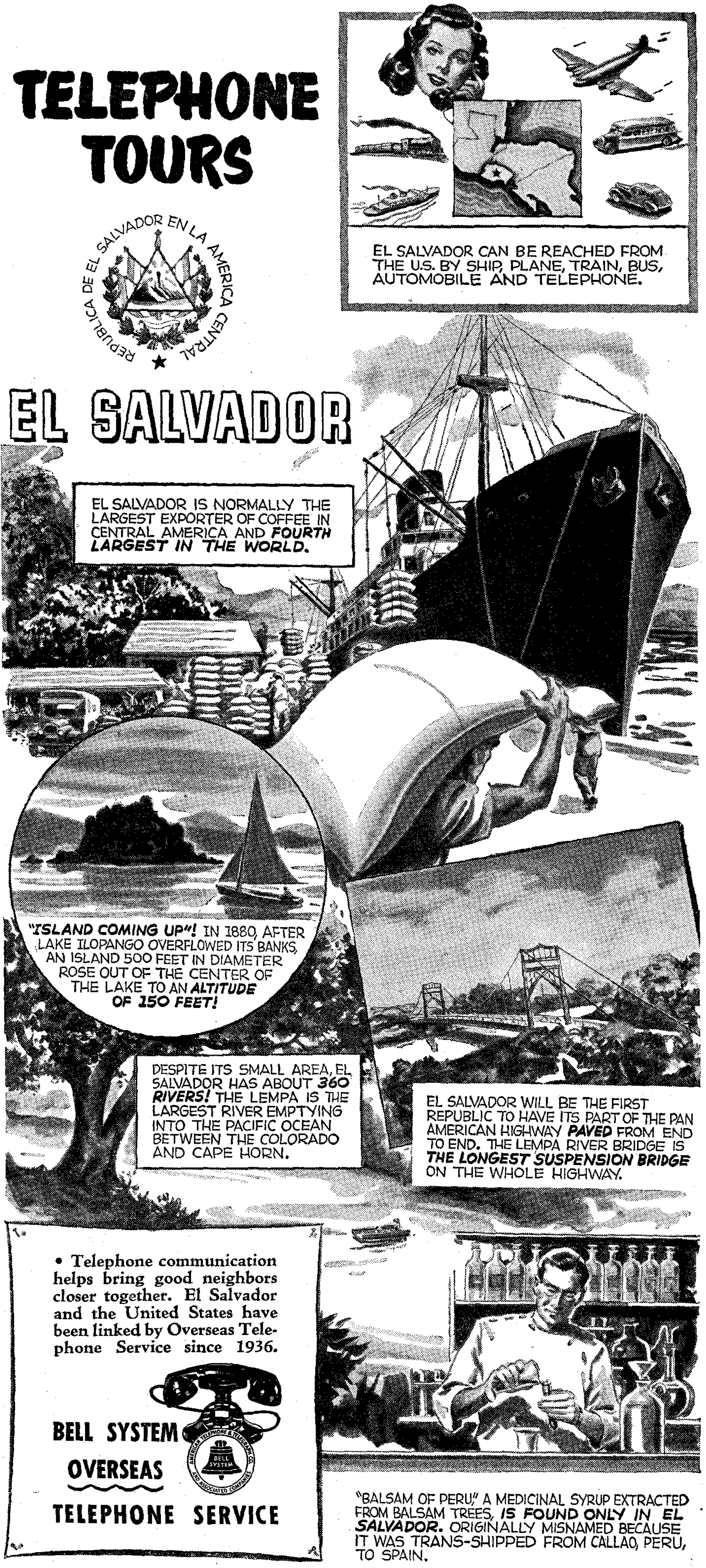

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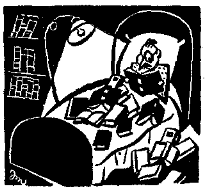
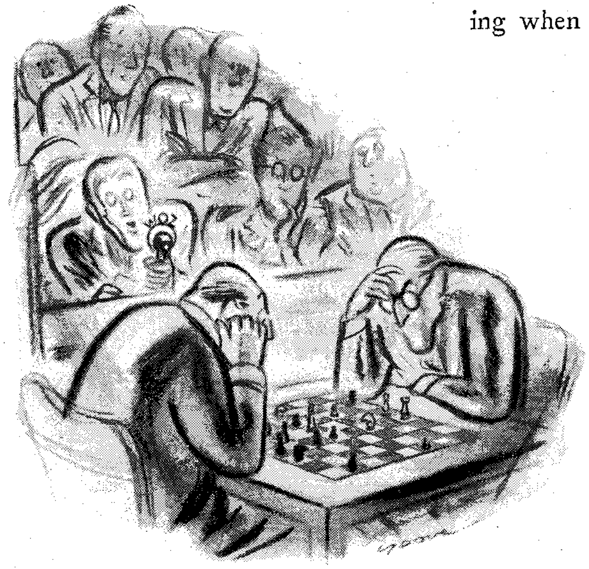
BOOKS

J. Dover Wilson on Falstaff

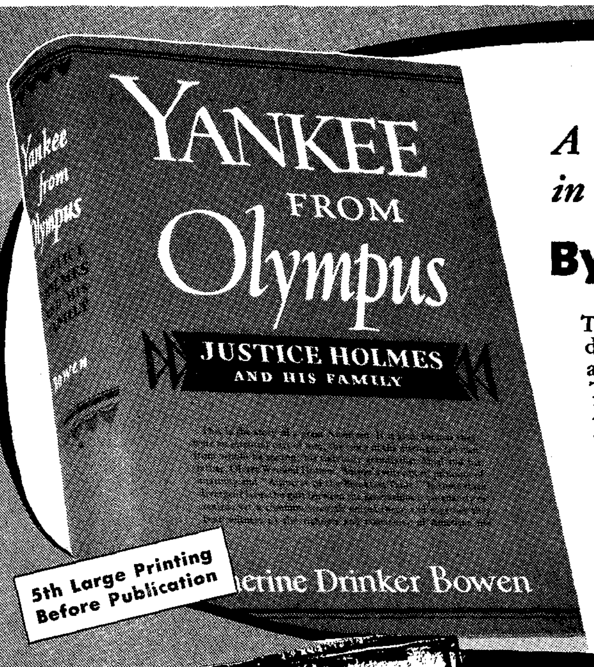


I DARE say that no other national poet presents quite the same problem as Shakespeare to the academic critics who study him. Goethe and Dante were great writers by vocation: they were responsible and always serious; they were conscious of everything they did, and everything they did was done with intention; they were great students and scholars themselves, and so always had something in common with the professional scholars who were to work over them. And this was hardly less true of Pushkin. But Shakespeare was not a scholar, or self-consciously a spokesman for his age as Dante and Goethe were; he was not even an "intellectual." He was what the sports-writers call a "natural," and his career was the career of a playwright who had to appeal to the popular taste. He began by feeding the market with potboilers and patching up other people's plays, and he returned to these trades at the end. In the meantime, he had followed his personal bent by producing some extraordinary tragedies which seem to have got rather beyond the range of the Elizabethan theatre and by allowing even his potboiling comedies to turn sour to such a degree as apparently to become unpalatable to his public. But he displayed all along toward his craft a rather superior and cavalier attitude which at moments even verged on the cynical—a kind of attitude which a Dante, or a Dostoevsky, could hardly have understood. He retires as a serious artist—in "Cymbeline" and "The Winter's Tale"—before he has stopped writing, and says farewell to his audience, in "The Tempest," through a delightful and rather thoughtful masque.

It would perhaps be an exaggeration to say, as John Jay Chapman did, that Shakespeare regarded the writing of plays as a harmless kind of nonsense. Certainly Shakespeare came to see himself as Prospero: a powerful and splendid enchanter. But it is difficult for the professional scholar to understand the professional playwright; and there is always the danger that a pedant who does come to direct his attention toward the theatrical tradition behind Shakespeare may end by attempting to resolve him into terms of mere stage conventions. It is equally difficult for the scholarly critic who has been nourished on the moralistic literature of the English or American nineteenth century to understand a pure enchanter for whom life is not real and earnest but a dream that must finally fade like the dramas in which he reflects it. Mr. J. Dover Wilson, the English scholar, whose studies of "Hamlet" are well known and who has just published a study of "Henry IV" called "The Fortunes of Falstaff" (Macmillan), is an exception to both these limitations, and he has criticized them with much common sense. A good deal of his recent book is occupied, in fact, with exposing various errors that derive from these sources; and, though always pleasant to read, it is thus not always of especial interest to the ordinary reader or playgoer who is accustomed to getting Shakespeare at first hand and has never been bemused by the atmosphere, so curiously un-Shakespearean, engendered by the dramatist's commentators. It does not occur to us today to try, as was at one time a critical fashion, to examine the creations of Shakespeare as if they were actual persons about whom it would be possible to assemble complete and consistent biographies. Mr. Wilson shows how very different the development of Falstaff is from even the kind of presentation of character that one gets in a modern novelist who has worked out a dossier in advance. He makes us see how the personality of Falstaff is created as the long play progresses, and how it exists only in terms of this play. Nor is the ordinary admirer of Shakespeare very likely to have been misled by the theory of certain critics who cannot bear to admit that Falstaff is a rascal and who have attempted to prove, for example, that he never behaved like a coward: a school of opinion not hard to confute.



Mr. Wilson does occasionally himself fall into another kind of error. He belongs to the rarer group of critics—of whom A. W. Verrall, the Greek scholar, is one of the most conspicuous examples—who have themselves a touch of the creative artist, whose virtue is that they seem to wake the text to a new dynamic life by force of their own imagination and whose fault is that they sometimes read into it new dramas of their own invention. This last is what has happened, I think, in the case of Mr. Wilson's version of the scene after the Gad's Hill robbery, in which Falstaff boasts of having put to rout a group of assailants whose number increases in the course of the conversation as the boastful mood carries him away. Mr. Wilson has convinced himself that this passage is not merely a comic "gag" of Shakespeare's not very top vintage—in spite of the fact that these plays, especially "Henry V," are full of crude and implausible jokes—but a particularly subtle bit of comedy only to be grasped by the most intelligent spectators: Falstaff has been aware all the time, according to Mr. Wilson, that the two men who chased him were the Prince and Poins, and, in boasting to them now of his boldness, he is merely playing up to their joke for reasons which Mr. Wilson leaves rather unclear. If Falstaff really knew all the time that his antagonists were the Prince and Poins, then he must also have been merely pretending when at Gad's Hill he ran away from them roaring—a supposition which is surely absurd and which it seems to me that Mr. Wilson rather slips out of facing. And, as it proceeds, Mr. Wilson's story of the affair of Prince Henry and Falstaff gets slightly at a tangent to Shakespeare's. He is excellent in tracing the phases through which Prince Hal and his companion pass in the two parts of "Henry IV" (the growing sense of responsibility of Hal under pressure of his father's im-



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The Moon Was Red by DANA SAGE started out, back in June, 1943, with an idea for a brand new detective character. He was DONALD O'KEEFE ADAMS III, known as DON O'K south of the Rio Grande. Product of generations of Salem traders, educated at Groton and Harvard, this hemisphere industrialist was Good neighbor No. 1 in the abandoned era B.N.R. (before NELSON ROCKEFELLER.)

That brief profile sold us. So we began to look for a novelist to put DON O'K into a book that would have suspense, excitement, and plenty of inside South American stuff. This wasn't the first time that we had gone a-hunting for the right man to turn an idea into a book. But before this it had always been a non-fiction idea, in a field where acknowledged authorities existed. Finding an accomplished novelist willing to collaborate with an idea-man was a different problem. In fact, the candidate we called said wearily over the telephone, "There's no such thing as a brand new kind of detective. If you'll buy me a drink I'll come down and prove it to you." Half an hour later, he signed the contract.

During the next two months DANA SAGE (both the idea-man and the writing-man lurk behind that monicker) lived, breathed and ate South America. He turned up with a quarter of a million words of notes on customs, superstitions, anthropology, geography, architecture, flora and fauna. He had a dream of a plot. And—he had SANCHO.

SANCHO started out as stooge for DON O'K, secretary, bodyguard, and general utility man. SANCHO was a Lengua Indian; thus he and his boss would be a symbol of hemisphere collaboration. So far, so good. Then along came WINSTON CHURCHILL with a speech in which he said that Basic English would be the international language of the future. DANA SAGE got a brainwave, and SANCHO talks Basic English—the first character in fiction to use it. It turns out to be quite a language. (DRS. OGDEN AND RICHARDS, Basic's inventors, didn't know their own strength.)

Nobody can accuse *us* of that. As soon as we read the finished manuscript, we began to rent housetops from which we could shout: read

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pending death and the simultaneously increasing impudence of Falstaff, what Mr. Wilson calls his "comic *hubris*," which has been stimulated by the undeserved glory that he has acquired at the Battle of Shrewsbury); and in pointing out that the dramatist has been plotting these curves all along for the moment when they shall intersect, with the inevitable disastrous result. He is contending against the disposition to become sentimental over Falstaff and to denounce the crowned Hal as mean-spirited and harsh when he turns him off at the end so firmly. But I think that Mr. Wilson overdoes his case in trying to reduce the pathos when he talks about the "wicked smile" of Falstaff just after the repudiation, as he says, "Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound." The old man has been completely discredited: he must accept his humiliation, and he is sportsmanlike and hence pathetic. It is perhaps Falstaff's greatest line, the first stroke that makes us sympathize with him completely. It prepares the way in turn for the report of Falstaff's death in "Henry V." And I think that Mr. Wilson goes entirely off the track—since he has already shown the close continuity between the two parts of "Henry IV"—in trying to rule out this deathbed as irrelevant. It is true that in the epilogue to "Henry IV" Shakespeare had announced to his audience an intention of making Falstaff play in "Henry V" a more considerable and more comic rôle than he does in the play which he actually wrote. But we do not know what Shakespeare may have then thought of writing; we only know what he did write; and he certainly shows Falstaff crushed. This is not a made-to-order sequel like "The Merry Wives of Windsor": it is the true end of Falstaff's story.

I want to suggest another kind of view of the relation between Falstaff and Hal which has not occurred to Mr. Wilson and which—though my reading in this field is not great—I have never seen expressed. Certainly it is true, as Mr. Wilson insists, that "Henry IV" is not open to criticism on the ground that Prince Hal is the hero and that he is made to behave like a prig. As is usual with Shakespeare, the two main personalities are played off against one another with the full dramatic effectiveness that results from his making us feel that each is fulfilling the laws of his nature and that there is no easy escape from a conflict in which one of them has to break. Mr. Wilson has shown us, furthermore, that the adventures of Prince Hal with Falstaff were

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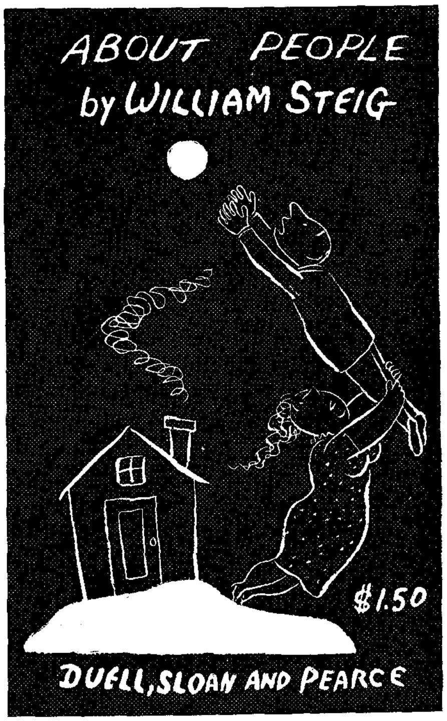
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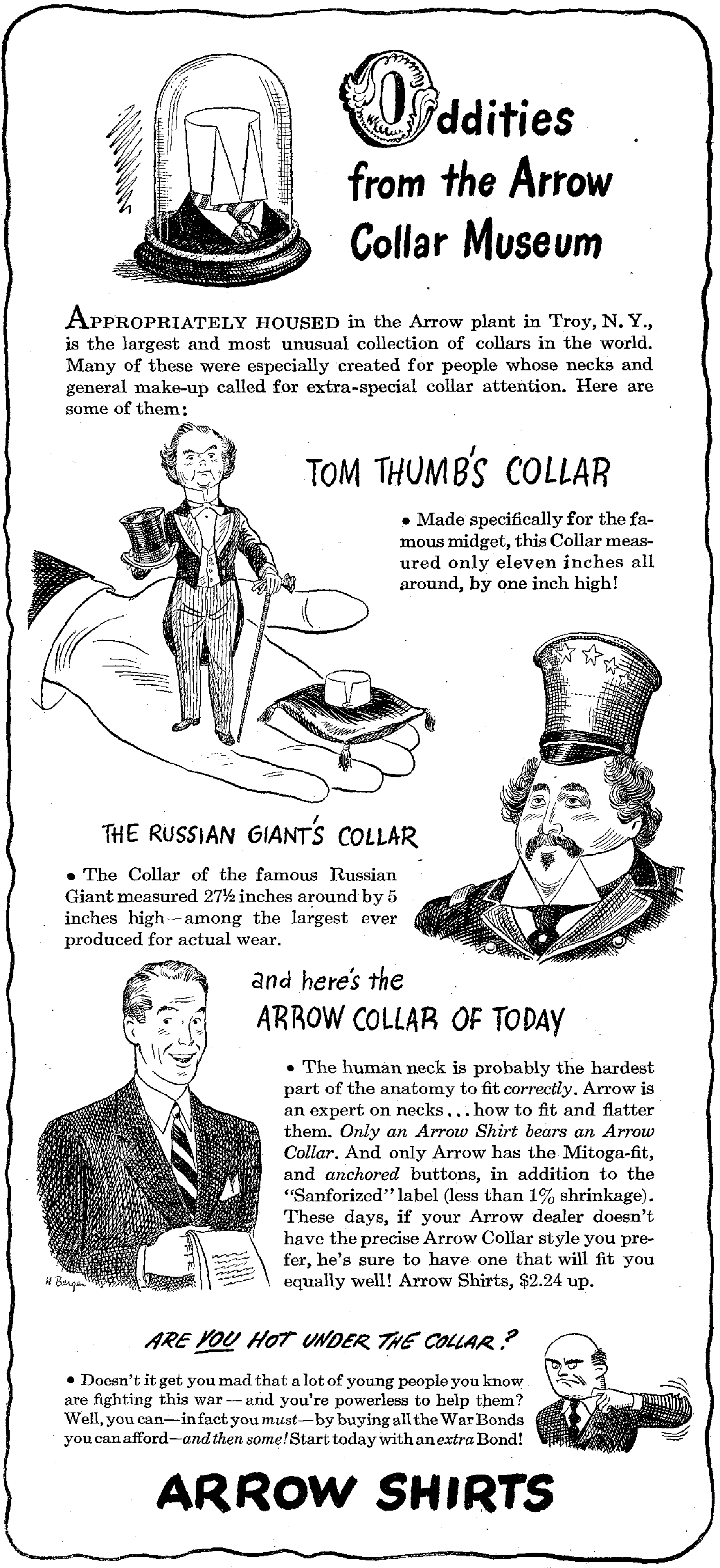
following a traditional formula derived from the "morality" of Everyman or Youth and his temptation by Vanity and Riot, at the end of which the Elizabethan audience would expect to see virtue triumphant. But there is surely something more to this problem. Mr. Wilson, who much invokes Dr. Johnson as a witness to the worthiness of Henry, fails to take account of his remark to the effect that the reader's interest suffers a fatal slump from the moment when Falstaff and his friends fall victims to the new Henry's reforms. Everybody does feel this, as Johnson says, and everybody feels that "Henry V" is, for Shakespeare, relatively thin and relatively journalistic. But if the dramatist really meant Henry V to be taken as the model of a prince, why should this be the case?

I believe that in Shakespeare's more conventional plays, we must always, in order to understand them, look for a more personal pattern behind the ostensible plot. In saying, as I did above, that Shakespeare was a fabricator of potboilers both at the beginning and at the end of his life, I did not of course mean to imply that these pieces, even aside from the magnificent poetry, had nothing in them of serious interest. On the contrary, he could hardly write anything without projecting real emotional conflicts in the form of imagined personalities. Now, these Henry plays just precede "Julius Caesar," and "Julius Caesar" just precedes "Hamlet." The great salient patterns of Shakespeare that give us symbols for what is most personal and most profound are beginning to take shape in these plays. The reader finds his sympathy weighted (as no doubt the Elizabethans did, since Falstaff became so tremendously popular) for Falstaff as against Hal, because Shakespeare, though he can give us both sides and holds the dramatic balance, is identifying himself with Falstaff in a way he cannot do with the Prince. He has already made us sympathize queerly with those of his characters who have been bent out of line by deformities or social pressures and whose morality is twisted, whose motives are mixed. Faulconbridge runs away with "King John," and Shylock, the "Menace" of "The Merchant of Venice," becomes by a single speech a great deal more interesting than Antonio. Has not even Richard III in his horrid way a fascination—as of a Quilp or Punch into whose motives we have been made to see—which the author could not possibly give Richmond? Falstaff is not deformed in quite the same obvious way as these oth-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ers, but he is both physically and morally monstrous, and his nature is also mixed. And from Falstaff through Brutus to Hamlet is not such a great step. Hamlet is also complex and also out of tune, though what is wrong with him is less obvious still; like Falstaff, he is at once very clever and extremely inept at action, a brilliant and constant talker and a man always at odds with his social group. The opposition between Falstaff and Henry unmistakably reappears in the conflict between Hamlet and Fortinbras; and "Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound," with the deathbed scene that follows, is to flower into the tragic eloquence of that series of final scenes in which Shakespeare is to make us feel that Hamlet and Othello and Lear and Antony and Coriolanus, muddled and undone though they are, have been rarer and nobler souls than the opponents, unworthy or worthy, who have brought their destruction about. In "Hamlet," the Falstaff figure, with changed mask but a similar voice, completely holds the stage; Prince Henry has dwindled to Fortinbras, who is felt mainly as an offstage force, but still represents the straight man of action who is destined to take over in the end. But later we shall have Antony and Octavius, Coriolanus and Aufidius. Here, too, the balance will be evenly held, and we shall never get melodrama. We are not allowed to sentimentalize over Antony any more than we are over Falstaff. Octavius, like Henry, is perfectly right, but we shall always like Antony better, just as we did poor old Falstaff: the prototype, even more clearly than Richard II, of Shakespeare's tragic heroes.

—EDMUND WILSON

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

PETER DOMANIC, by Victor White (Bobbs-Merrill). In seven hundred and four pages of intelligent, literate prose the author tells the story of the childhood and early youth of his hero in Vienna before and during the first World War. Peter is illegitimate and desperately poor, he hates his adopted mother and yet is bound up emotionally in an intensely close and unhealthy family life. After a brutal apprenticeship in business, the youth associates himself briefly with the Socialists of the postwar period, but his interest actually lies in making money and he drops politics for the more profitable traffic in black markets and speculation in foreign ex-

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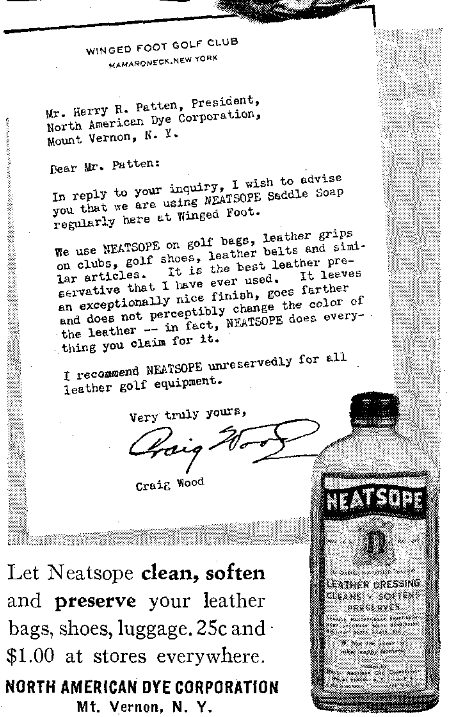

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change. We last see Peter as he prepares to leave Vienna and join his mother, whom he has never known, in America, having abandoned a long-cherished ambition to track down and kill his English father. In spite of Mr. White's talent for characterization and for creating the atmosphere of the places and periods of which he writes, he never really excites the imagination and the reader never becomes very deeply involved in the development of the hero. The publishers quote several unidentified critics who variously liken the novel to the works of Stendhal, Proust, Gide, and Dostoevsky, but it would perhaps be more to the point to say that the book has something of the charm (though not the humor) of "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn."

GENERAL

The Idea of Nationalism, by Hans Kohn (Macmillan). A study of the origins and background of nationalism, with special emphasis upon the forms it has taken in the more important countries of the world. The French Revolution, according to the author, was the first manifestation of modern nationalism, and he traces its roots from ancient times up to that event, promising, in his preface, a second volume that will bring his subject up to date. Dr. Kohn is very thorough, his footnotes alone taking up a hundred and fifty pages, but this thoroughness all too frequently becomes a pedantic barrier that many readers may find it hard to overcome.

They All Had Glamour, by Edward B. Marks (Messner). A helter-skelter, rough-and-tumble chronicle of some of the more legendary women of the American theatre, beginning with Jenny Lind and ending with Adah Isaacs Menken. Mr. Marks, who apparently holds to the barrel theory of literature, has dumped everything he could lay his hands on into his book, but, thanks to his own enthusiasm and to a series of lists he has compiled that include everything from a "Who's Who" of theatrical figures to a catalogue of old ballads and songs, it will probably be of interest to those who have an antiquarian enthusiasm for the American theatre.

The Way Our People Lived, by W. E. Woodward (Dutton). Eleven essays in which the author, one of our more relaxed historians, tries to

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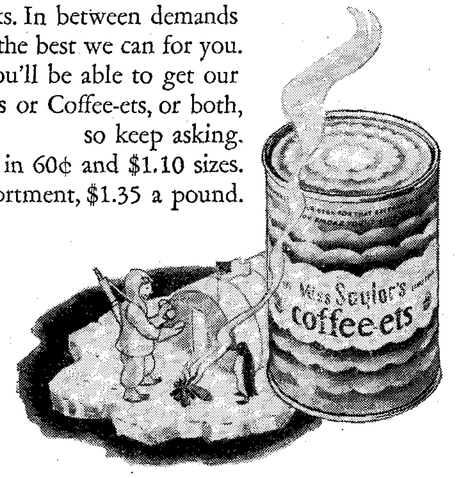

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tell the story of America's past—from Boston in 1652 to New York in 1908—in terms of its everyday life and ordinary people. The method employed by Mr. Woodward is that of the historical novelist; each essay gives much the impression of being a chapter from a work of fiction, complete with heroes and heroines. The result of the author's labor is lively and fairly entertaining, but the fact that the reader can never be sure where fact ends and fiction begins makes his book, as a historical record, of rather uncertain value.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE CROOKING FINGER, by Cleve F. Adams (Reynal & Hitchcock). Tough and heartless goings on in San Gorgonio, Nevada, a wide-open community where a private detective has recently been shot in the course of his investigations on behalf of the local Improvement League. Rex McBride, a partner of the victim, takes over and somehow manages to survive and to make monkeys out of the local police. If you want to be scared silly, this may well do the job.

THE CLOCK STRIKES TWELVE, by Patricia Wentworth (Lippincott). Miss Maud Silver, one of the least annoying of the drab little old lady detectives, is called in to straighten things out for the family of James Paradine, an English industrialist who dies from a fall off his terrace just after complaining that someone in his household has stolen some vital blueprints. Miss Silver's detective work will please readers who like their mysteries to be leisurely and very genteel.

* * *

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In Washington, Dr. L. C. Spencer, scheduled to make a speech in Louisville, lost his plane seat to a colonel with a priority, canceled his talk, flew home to Boston, learned that the colonel had flown to Louisville just to hear him talk.—*Time, December 27, 1943.*

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—*PM, March 12, 1944.*

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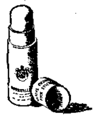

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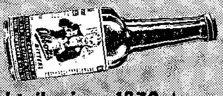

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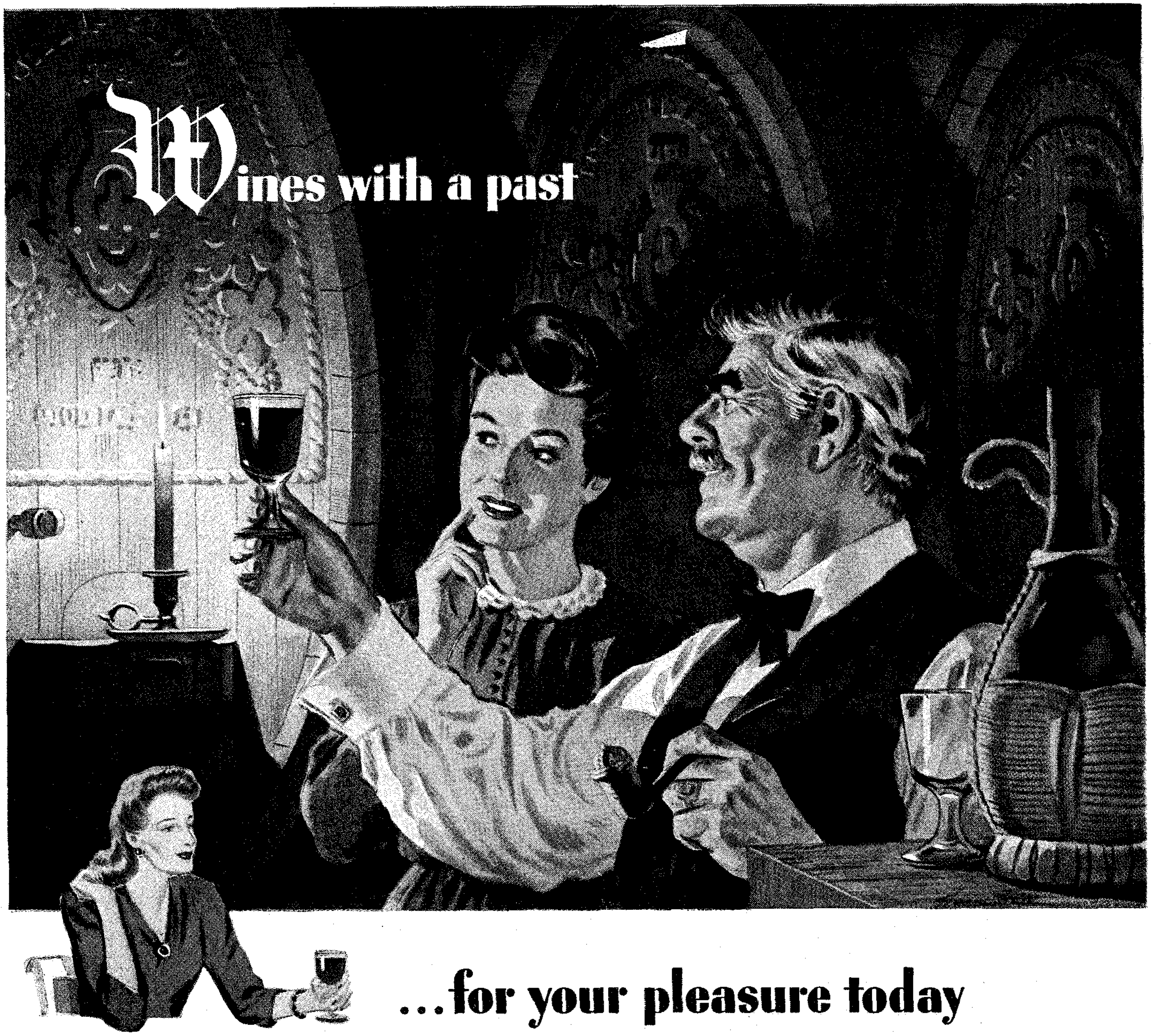

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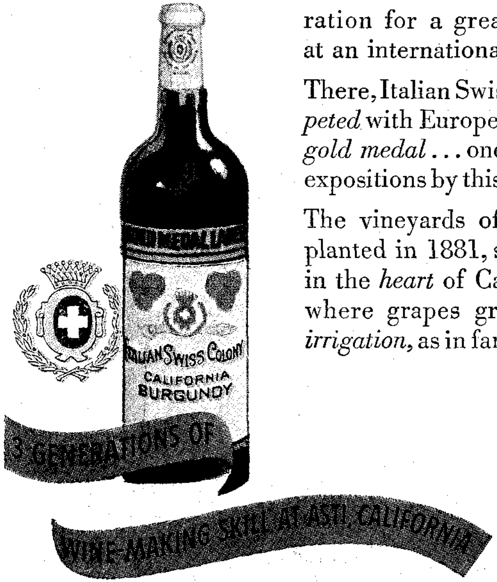

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